



# SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## THE FRONT PAGE.

JUST what should be the relations between a university and the city in which it is situated? Should they be friendly and sympathetic, or should the attitude be that of "highbrow" to "lowbrow," with polite disdain on the one hand, and sullen hostility on the other? If the relations are strained and unpleasant, whose fault is it apt to be?—that of the "dons" or of the men on the sidewalk?

These interesting questions have been raised recently by an address delivered by Dr. T. Wesley Mills to the McGill Medical and Dental Convocation, in which the professor pointed out that the relations between Montreal and McGill University were far from satisfactory. He seemed inclined to lay the blame more particularly on the city, which he accused of an excessively commercial and materialistic spirit, as shown in its treatment of its artists and prophets, whom it generally starved out. But he also pointed out that all was not right with the University, more especially in its growing neglect of the humanities, and its ever-increasing absorption in purely technical matters. Even this, however, the professor attributed to the fact that the university was being brought under the influence of the commercial life of the city.

Without going into a detailed consideration of this particular case, which after all concerns only one university and one city, the subject of the relations between a university and its city or district is a very interesting and important one, which it would perhaps be well to consider. In the development of civilization education is a very important element, and in modern systems of education the university holds a very high and influential place. It is therefore worth while to consider why it is that the average business man so often has so little use for the average university and the average university man, so far as he belongs to a distinct type.

Most men nowadays readily admit the importance of education and of the kind of education that a university is supposed to give. They are even inclined to repeat a number of the wordy platitudes which are current on the subject. But when it comes down to supporting the university in their own town, either with the moral support of their presence at university functions, or with the still more eloquent support of accepted cheques, they show a distressing inclination to refrain. And they are apt to back up their refusal with many complaints of the way in which the university is conducted, and of the attitude of the institution to the general life of the city.

In this, as in most cases of strained relations, the fault is very apt to lie on both sides. But as the side of the university has received frequent and detailed expression in magazine articles and letters to newspapers—college professors being proficient at such exercises—it might be well to point out that there is also something to be said for the business community and its point of view.

The first and greatest complaint which a business man is apt to bring against a university, and the one from which flow almost all the others, is that a university is so seldom in anything like complete accord with the spirit of the environment in which it finds itself. Although the purpose and province of such an institution is the fitting of young men—not to speak of "fair co-eds"—for the highest duties of citizenship, it very frequently happens that the men who are at the head of universities are not only not in accord with the spirit of such citizenship, but frequently very much opposed to it. Nor is a certain amount of opposition to be deprecated, as it is well for universities to stand out against such tendencies of the times as are being carried to extremes. But an opposition of this kind is a very dangerous thing to handle, and it is very easy to carry it so far as to hamper a university very greatly in the fulfilment of its high functions, for the perfect development of which the sympathy and encouragement of the public is a vital factor.

It is from such opposition that estrangements occur, such as that deprecated by Dr. Wesley Mills in the case of McGill University and the city of Montreal. It is clear from the professor's remarks that he regards the city as too exclusively devoted to commercial and material interests, and therefore out of sympathy with the finer aspects of life as represented by the university and what it ought to stand for. This may be true. But if his attitude towards the city is shared by the rest of his colleagues, it is not difficult to understand that the general public of Montreal should be slow to give to the university the money which results from such devotion to low and unesthetic pursuits. The ordinary business man is apt to be sensitive about the manner in which his activities are regarded by the apostles of culture.

The humanities must hold a very high place in any comprehensive scheme of education, and it is quite unnecessary here to dwell on the importance of their influence. But at the same time this is a commercial age, and the young men who are being trained at college are being trained for life in a commercial world. The so-called "high brow" attitude is therefore the very last which should be taken by the heads of an institution designed for the furnishing of such training. But that it is very frequently taken is clear from the number of speeches on the same lines as that of Dr. Wesley Mills.

A PROPOSAL which originated, no one knows precisely where, that the whole business of granting liquor licenses be placed in the hands of a Central Licensing Board has met with favor in some localities where the liquor question has been a disturbing factor in local politics. As one Orillia paper explains it, the duties of such

a board would be those now performed by the License Commissioners of each riding; the granting of licenses, and the sanctioning of transfers. In carrying out these duties, says this journal, the Board would be free from local prejudices, from political pressure and from the restrictions of county boundaries. They would be compelled to hear all interested and to give their decision in accordance with the evidence before them. Already the Pioneer, the official organ of the prohibitionists has placed itself on record as opposed to the scheme on the ground that no Board would administer the department as vigorously and fearlessly as Mr. Hanna has done. One is disposed to think that the Pioneer is in the right in the matter. The whole scheme shows too much of the centralizing or bureaucratic tendency and far from taking the license problem out of politics it would result in

daily contact, and are thus obliged to be fairly honorable in their dealings, would be administered solely for partisan advantage. One does not mean to insinuate for one moment that the Whitney administration, with its all-powerful majority and admirable personnel, would not see to it that a Central Board exercised its powers in an upright way. But the day will come in this province, just as surely as snow will fall before January, when the Conservative regime will not be so all-powerful as it is to-day, when its reins will fall into the hands of weaker men, when it will be tempted just as was the last Liberal administration to use every means, fair and foul, to cling to power. Therefore, this province cannot afford to adopt any measures which could be used in time of stress for unfair party advantage. Centralization would be an ideal system of administration were all men perfect and

was simply a brilliant romancer. All churches work steadfastly for an elevated standard of conduct and ecclesiastics, Protestant and Catholic, and are generally agreed that the less said about theological questions the better. A heresy hunt nowadays may provide breezy newspaper copy, but it possesses no more significance than the average by-election.

While here in Toronto the first few chapters of Genesis are the cause of lusty argument among the Methodist clergy, over in Madrid Protestantism has, with the aid of the Spanish Government, won a distinct victory. By a Royal decree issued on the 11th inst., non-Catholic religious societies may now ring their church bells, place a sign on the doors or steeples of their houses of worship, if they so please, and in other ways conduct themselves as do religious bodies in other lands. As yet the State subvention of the Catholic Church stands in Spain as it did in the days of the Armada, but, according to all reports, its years are numbered, for Republican Spain now demands that it be withdrawn. In other words, they demand that all churches be treated alike, and that all religions be placed on the same footing.

The world moves in spite of all endeavors to put on the ecclesiastical brakes.

THE resignation of Lord Kitchener as Inspector General of the Mediterranean Forces was a foregone conclusion. The Duke of Connaught resigned the post because there was nothing to do but look pretty, and then Kitchener, the foremost soldier of his day, was through the usual political labyrinth, named for the post. There are, of course, many people more or less directly connected with British army affairs who would have been only too glad to bury the hero of Khartoum in any old hole and corner. As a matter of fact Lord Kitchener is a most uncomfortable and unmanageable chief for those who would rather loaf than work. To the men who look upon the army as a sinecure, and who prefer comfortable quarters "in town" where they may wax and grow fat at their leisure to seriously hustling in the field, the Field Marshal is probably the most disagreeable neighbor that the British Empire contains.

Petty politics and intrigue has always been the serious affliction of the British army in times of peace, and this abortive attempt to bury Kitchener alive is a fine example.

IT appears that Toronto is not the only centre where the ever busy Lord's Day Alliance has the gift of making itself ludicrous as well as objectionable. The French cruiser Surcouf, in accord with the usual customs in the navy of that Republic, makes Sydney its port of call on this side of the Atlantic. Here the French war vessels are provisioned and coaled, and here they entertain very largely and generously the citizens of Sydney and other Cape Breton towns. In fact the comings and goings of these French warships are the events of the summer season in this otherwise somewhat dull community. The citizens are ever on the qui vive for invitations from the officers of these vessels, and many of these entertainments of the quieter sort are held on the first day of the week.

On Sunday last, in accord with the regulations of the French Navy, a regulation which by the way applies to other navies as well, the sailors of the Surcouf (at least such as could be spared from duty and who had no black marks against them) went ashore in charge of an officer. They proceeded to the park, permission having been obtained previously by the captain of the Surcouf, and there began to indulge in their usual play, which took the form of a game of football and gymnastic exercises.

In the midst of the game, and no doubt much to their surprise, they were ordered to cease their undue frivolity by a policeman who had been duly escorted to the scene by some members of the Lord's Day Alliance.

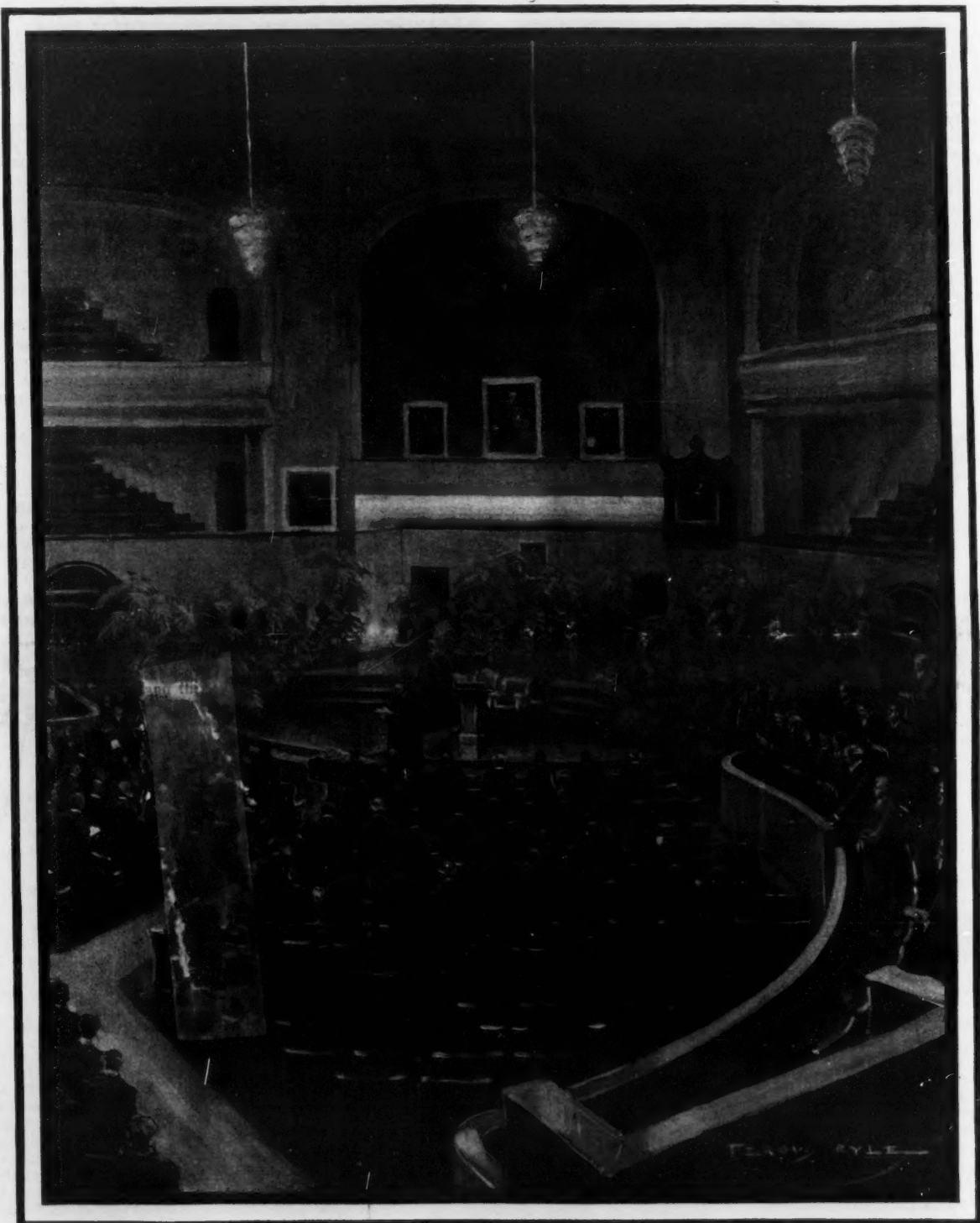
The officer in charge of the detachment explained to the policeman and the ministering members of the Lord's Day Alliance that they were following their usual custom and had no idea of breaking the law; and it might also be mentioned in extenuation that at this very hour on the Sabbath day hundreds of the citizens of Sydney were visitors on board the French cruiser, making work for the officers and crew.

As a sample of international discourtesy the incident is a wonder; and at the same time it is questionable if the Lord's Day Alliance was not exceeding its powers. Ordering about one's own hen-pecked citizens like a lot of school boys may be within their jurisdiction and their rights, but when it comes to doing this with the representatives of a foreign nation it's another matter.

The commanding officer of the Surcouf should through the proper channels demand an apology from the Canadian Government.

IT is rare indeed that the trial of a chief of police for any crime on the calendar has attracted such universal attention as has that of Fred C. Kohler, the "golden rule" chief of the Cleveland, Ohio, force, who at the moment is facing charges of drunkenness and other offences of even graver character.

Kohler, even his enemies admit, has given Cleveland the best police administration in its history. Under his guidance the force became enormously effective, and at the same time the arrests were reduced from 30,000 to 10,000 annually. This decrease in arrests was mainly due to his order to the men under his command to apply the "golden rule." Drunken men who were not guilty of any crime or disturbance of a serious character were taken home; petty quarrels were adjusted without either party



THE PASSING OF GOLDWIN SMITH.

The public funeral service held in University Convocation Hall, where so often he was a conspicuous figure and where many of his notable utterances were delivered.

welding the whole liquor business into a vast political machine. It has been charged in the past that it was so under present conditions, but local sentiment has been a strong check on any glaring act of political injustice. Such a Board would necessarily be appointed by the Provincial Government and would be subject to dismissal by that Government. The Provincial Secretary or the Minister in charge of the licensing branch would still be a vital factor. For instance, the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario railway is run by a commission, but it was necessary when the Whitney administration came into power that this commission should be in sympathy with the Government. Similar situation must exist in connection with all duties performed by Government commissions. Now, if a question of such purely local importance as which hotels shall or shall not be licensed were placed in the hands of a Central Board, this Board would, under present circumstances, necessarily consist of Conservatives, just as six years ago it would necessarily have consisted of Liberals. These men could not act in absolute ignorance in allocating the licenses and would be obliged to take advice from some source. The source would, in all probability, be the Conservative member for the riding, or the Conservative executive (provided the Conservatives were in power) or the Liberal member and Liberal executive if the reverse were the case. The granting of licenses is not a matter of legal equity like the adjudication of disputes between municipalities and railroads. It must ever be a valuable patronage which, without the check now provided by local commissioners, must bear the criticism of neighbors with whom they come in

all politicians pure-hearted idealists, but it is a dangerous instrument to place in the hands of any body of men who are subject to human frailties.

JUNE, which is the month when many churches hold their annual gatherings, has brought its annual effort to revive the grand old sport of heresy hunting. This used to be literally the sport of kings, but in these days it has degenerated into the mild speculation of academic thinkers. Having no longer the thumbscrew or the stake, the faggot or the axe, to enforce his views, the ecclesiastic or the monarch with theological theories is really powerless to really punish anyone who does not subscribe to certain dogmas. Occasionally a man may be temporarily deprived of his income and forced to adopt journalism instead of preaching as his means of livelihood, but scepticism to-day does not even carry with it social penalties. No one will pretend that because a great many doctrines and legends have been relegated by thinking men to the realm of folk lore, practical religion is a whit less stronger to-day than it ever was in the history of the world. Never was there as much devotion to the cause of humanity, which is true religion. The masses who attend the traditional churches do not really know whether they hold the historical beliefs or not because they are forbidden to think and argue about them. Those who attend the evangelical churches may wrangle about dogma, but in them a standard of moral conduct is so deep-rooted that it would not be affected were indubitable proof obtained from the ruins of Nineveh that Jonah had never been outside its walls, had never seen the sea and



being hauled into court. In fact, citizens were given every latitude. At the same time Kohler pursued the real criminals to the bitter end. A man with a bad criminal record was not even allowed to remain in Cleveland, while the Chief posted in front of houses of questionable reputation men in uniform who warned the frequenters away.

This is Kohler's record, and against it we have the evidence of men and women, good, bad and indifferent. These witnesses allege all sorts of crimes of a trivial character, but which fit ill upon the shoulders of a chief of police. On the other hand, there is the evidence of many leading citizens of Cleveland who directly contradict the testimony of Kohler's enemies, among whom are a powerful coterie of gamblers.

Is this a conspiracy against a really good man, a man who through many years has been faithful to his trusts or is he really guilty as alleged?

Theodore Roosevelt, who has proven a fairly good judge of men, once said that Kohler was the best chief of police in the country, and the average citizen of Cleveland who has no political axe to grind or grudge to work off, is not inclined to contradict the statement. But the question is: What will the court believe?

THE advocates of the new science of Eugenics, which, to put it as delicately as possible, is a system of reproducing the human race with scientific care in the selection of mates, might at this time when Royalty is in everyone's mind point to the marriage of the present King and Queen as a happy working out of their theories. It was a definite application of the principle of Eugenics when the late Queen Victoria decided that the future Queen of England and the mother of its princes should be Princess May of Teck, the Queen Mary of to-day. She carried out her policy with that decision which marked her whole career. Princess May was betrothed by her direction to Prince Edward, and when he passed away before the espousal, her will in no wise faltered. By her command Prince George, the new Heir Apparent, became the husband of her favorite and to-day possesses a wise consort, a Queen with a mind of rare executive capacity, and a most admirable mother for his numerous children. At one time Queen Victoria's view of the matter was repugnant to those fed on romantic ideas who think that marriages are made in heaven and that affinity blindly discovers affinity. Her wisdom will be gainsaid by no one at the present time.

In looking back over the pedigree of George V. and the House of Hanover one begins to realize how important a matter queenhood is. The succession has been in a most surprising degree through the female line. The Mohawks of the prehistoric period in America had a crude but effective manner of arranging the succession of chiefs through the female line. The chief's son did not inherit his father's honors. Though this system has never been applied in any civilized community, the pedigree of George V. resembles in some respects such a mode of succession. His grandmother, Queen Victoria, was the daughter of a younger brother of William the Fourth, whose issue were barred because they were the outcome of a morganatic alliance. Twenty years before Victoria's accession it was generally assumed that the next sovereign would be a Queen, the Princess Charlotte, daughter of George the Fourth, who tragically predeceased her father. All four Georges were in the direct male succession, but they owed their throne to the fact that they were "heirs of the body of Sophia of Hanover." The Stuart dynasty ended with another woman, Queen Anne, whose seventeen children died in infancy. Sophia of Hanover never sat on the throne of England and was only distantly related to Queen Anne, but she was the daughter of Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, who was a daughter of James I., the first Stuart King of England. Thus the pedigree skips every Stuart monarch except James. He in turn owed his throne to a woman. His mother was Mary Queen of Scots, the granddaughter of Elizabeth, wife of Henry the Seventh. Elizabeth was a daughter of Edward the Fourth, of the House of York. This brings us back to the Wars of the Roses and the rival claims of the Houses of York and Lancaster. Back of these, the Angevin or Plantagenet monarchs trace to the Conqueror through the male line in rather steady succession. The first Plantagenet, Henry II., however, owed his throne to the fact that he was the son of Maud, grand-daughter of the Conqueror and through the same Maud's mother, Margaret of Scotland, could trace his descent to the early Saxon Kings. There is Saxon blood back of King George and there is Norman blood, but there is no Tudor blood whatever and very little Stuart blood. That he is on the throne at all is due to a series of Queens and Princesses, few of whom were themselves occupants of the throne of England. It will thus be seen that the birth and education of a Princess may be as important for the purposes of time as that of a Prince.

SENATOR Depew's recent remarks in Washington pertaining to the Spanish-American war and William McKinley's part therein, referred to in these columns last week, has brought forward a large amount of confirmatory evidence from many sources. Among those who speak with knowledge on the subject is Wayne MacVeagh, who will be remembered as being one of the men mainly responsible for William McKinley's nomination and election to the Presidency of the United States. According to Mr. MacVeagh's story, which by the way is vouched for by James Boyle, formerly secretary to the President, he found Mr. McKinley at the Executive residence pacing the floor, wringing his hands and declaring that there was nothing ahead but war with Spain. MacVeagh thereupon suggested a way out, which was that he draft a proposal to Spain. By this proposal Spain was to first give Cuba a government similar to that given Canada by Great Britain; a second clause gave a three months' armistice in Cuba, and a third clause made it possible to have an international Court report upon the Maine disaster. The proposition was sent to Spain and was actually accepted by that country.

There we have it in a nutshell. The President of the United States knew, even if the country at large did not, that there was absolutely no excuse for the forcing of a war upon Spain. That country had given way in every particular; but this did not prevent the gory-minded Senators and Congressmen from forcing the hand of the President and making him, William McKinley, the only man in the Republic who had the authority to bring on this conflict, declare war.

A RECENT press despatch passes on the word that twenty-five short term prisoners left the jail at North Bay the other day and are now working on the highway which, when completed, will open up the Porcupine district of Ontario.

This is cheering news, and it is to be hoped that other centres will follow the example and give their convicts some good healthy out-of-door employment on the highways of the province.

Hard work in the fresh air and sunshine is good for most folks, and it has been found particularly beneficial for the criminal classes. As a matter of fact, if these men had in former days been compelled to work sufficiently hard the great majority would now be good citizens in



THE EDITOR OF PUNCH.  
Mr. Owen Seaman who succeeded Sir Francis Burnand as Editor of England's historic comic weekly is largely responsible for the revival of interest in this publication which has taken place in recent years. Previously its fortunes were waning. His recent idea of publishing in sequence all the cartoons on the late King which had appeared in its columns during the monarch's lifetime, was a masterstroke, and his ode on the King was the best which appeared despite the fact that more noted versifiers had tried their hands at the same task. Mr. Seaman holds that there is more genuine humor in the English people than in any other race.

place of being boarded at the expense of the taxpayers.

Another consideration is the immense amount of good that our jail birds could accomplish on the highways of the Dominion. If we did but realize it, fine roadways stretching out in all directions are the greatest asset that a country can have. In comparison our mineral fields sink into insignificance, for after all is said and the sum totaled up, Canada must live on her farmers, and the farm can never reach the height of production until the highways of the entire Dominion are as smooth and as well kept as is our own University avenue.

City men as well as country men should bear in mind that well made highways are just as important to the community at large as is the well ballasted, finely graded ribbon of steel to the railway corporation.

THE Committee of Civic Improvement has made a complete and withal a most satisfactory report pertaining to the systematic beautifying of Toronto. It now remains for the citizens of this city to keep everlastingly at it until this plan or a similar one is adopted. The Guild of Civic Art has done excellent work in connection with the preparation of these plans, and it now remains for the citizens to appoint a commission with powers to carry out the project. The completion of any comprehensive plan of magnitude will naturally be the work of years, perhaps a half century will elapse before the task is done, but the time to inaugurate the work is now. Money conscientiously and systematically expended in giving Toronto more and better parks, and broad avenues running at right angles with the present streets, together with a development of the ravines and the harbor front will be money well expended no matter how many millions it may cost. And, as I said before, the time to begin the work is now.

A SKETCH, "The Juggernaut of Progress," in the Ottawa Free Press, by its editor, Mr. E. Norman Smith, casts more light on conditions as they are in England than most of the letters that are written from the Motherland. Mr. Smith, who is himself an Englishman, has recently returned from London, and details a conversation that he had with a "bus driver." This man was lamenting the fact that he could now earn only \$6 (twenty-four shillings) per week owing to the advent of motor buses. Mr. Smith naturally asked him why he did not learn to drive a motor "bus." The man replied that he was forty-seven years old, and no one over forty-five could obtain employment in that capacity. He sighed for the days when, working fifteen hours, seven days of the week he could earn \$12.00 (two pound ten). The predicament of this man was hopeless. He had a wife and six children, and, as was natural, no provision against a rainy day. He could not emigrate to Canada, for, while he could, no doubt, pick up a livelihood in some capacity in our cities, our immigration laws restrict assisted immigration to farm labor. Mr. Smith says he told the story to a Canadian on his return, whose only comment was: "What right had the man to have a wife and six children?"

It is a hard question to answer and the whole problem of this man (the writer adds that there are hundreds like him) is one that cannot be grappled with off-hand by the Canadian used to our extravagant modes of living. Only his own health and the uncertain tenure of his job stood between the poor "bus driver's" living, pinched and meagre as it was, and absolute starvation not only for himself and for his youngsters. The whole sketch throws a good deal more light on the causes of social unrest in England than the numerous essays by philosophic observers one has read of late.

AN incident occurred at a recent meeting of the Toronto Board of License Commissioners which was an example of fair-dealing unfortunately too rare in public dealings with the liquor traffic. The Massey-Harris Company, of Toronto, has works located and employs thousands of men in the district served by the Palace Hotel. Since the hotel has been well conducted in accordance with the law, the company has hitherto made no effort to have its license cancelled, although it was desirous that no hotel be located on that point. Recently, however, when the proprietress decided to go out of the hotel business and to dispose of her franchise, the company took a hand and offered to compensate her to the extent of \$5,000 if the license were transferred to a point distant from the district covered by its works. The board acceded to this arrangement and the license was transferred to a site in the "wet" district, or business section of Toronto. The particular territory in which the Massey-Harris works are situated thereby became "dry." The action of the Massey-Harris Company, a majority of whose partners are religious people of temperance principles, is in refreshing contrast to the attitude of the average group of prohibitionists desiring to get rid of a license in any stated locality. The usual cry of those agitating against renewing the license of a hotel keeper is, "Turn him into the street; let him starve; what do we care if all his

savings are invested in the business; it's nothing to us." It is true that bodies like the Anglican Synod have placed themselves on record as in favor of compensation when the property of a license holder is destroyed, but the average deputations which appear before the authorities seeking the removal of a license grow enraged at the suggestion of any measure of equity. The method adopted by the Massey-Harris Company is an example to prohibitionists the country over. They would gain much in the respect of moderate and thinking men if they exhibited a similar spirit of fairness. Another evidence of enlightenment which cropped up in connection with the same matter was the announcement that on the removal of the hotel, Mr. Chester D. Massey, the head of the company, proposed to erect a club house for the use of his employees, where they might spend their leisure pleasantly. This is a recognition of the argument put forward by many thinking opponents of the liquor traffic, that if we are to abolish the saloon we must provide some substitute for it. Probably no employer of labor on a large scale desires a saloon at his doors, but all are not so ready to apprehend that the man who works hard at uninteresting toil must have some means of relaxation and that the real power of the liquor traffic lies not alone in the appetites of men, but in a necessity for social amusement which must be met if the toiler who works with his hands is to remain contented and happy.

PRESIDENT SCHURMAN, of Cornell University, spoke justly in his address at Toronto University, on June 10th, when, with the case of the late Goldwin Smith particularly in mind, he held that no man should be condemned for having failed to foresee the precise development of this country, the pushing westward of the frontier of the United States, and the pressure northward of the borders of settled and civilized Canada. A great many politicians who have remarkable hindsight to-day and wax eloquent about our glorious heritage would have been extremely backward to recognize the possibilities of our development had they lived in Canada forty years ago. It seems to be admitted that Sir John A. Macdonald who, when convinced of its possibility, pushed forward the building of a great Canadian nation stretching from ocean to ocean, was at one time no enthusiast on the subject, but like all astute politicians, felt his way very cautiously. He was not endowed with the dreamer's enthusiasm such as animated his staunch supporter, Hon. Alexander Morris, one of the early advocates of Confederation, and later Governor of the Northwest Territories. Nor did he have the superb confidence and optimism of Sir Charles Tupper, who had much to do with identifying Canada's expansion with the policy of the Conservative party. And speaking of Sir Charles let us not forget that he is still alive and vigorous, a man who, from the day when by force of his own character, he hurled the Maritime provinces into Confederation practically against their will, has been Canada's grand old optimist. He is the only surviving public man who can claim to have possessed as a Canadian expansionist, foresight as well as hindsight.

IN the Criminal Code there is some mention of lotteries, and occasionally an individual is brought into court and fined for conducting an enterprise which comes under this general indictment. I am led to mention this in view of some correspondence recently sent me pertaining to the erection of a hall in Kemptville, Ont., the same being constructed under the auspices of the Church of England.

In connection with this hall, which the letter tells us is being utilized as a Sunday school, there is a debt, and in order to liquidate the same, certain merchants, acting with the Citizens' Committee of Kemptville, have organized a "Grand Tombola." It appears that someone has donated to the cause a hundred acre farm located in the county of Carleton, and in order to dispose of the same for the benefit of the cause already mentioned, a plan was formulated whereby a gamble for this farm is to take place in the near future. Books of tickets, of the value of \$50 (25 tickets at \$2 each) are being sent out to the Toronto firms who have business dealings with these merchants. The tickets are numbered as in an ordinary raffle, and the lucky number will win the farm, the drawing to take place on July 30.

Some of the Toronto wholesalers respond to this species of "hold-up," while others resent the attitude of one Kemptville merchant, whose letter says as plain as day that unless the Toronto firms come down with the cash they will be put on the black list.

Aside from the questionable business ethics of the Kemptville merchant mentioned, there is a more serious point involved. Why should churches, of all institutions, not only tolerate but become a party to a breach of the Criminal Code?

Only a short time ago here in Toronto the manager of a moving picture house was hauled into court and fined for numbering his admission tickets and announcing that the lucky holder of such and such a bit of pasteboard would be given such and such a prize. This man was fined for a breach of the Criminal Code, which says that it is unlawful to conduct a lottery. Why, then, should the congregation of the Church of England in the village of Kemptville be allowed to conduct a lottery with a view of paying for a new Sunday school room?

If the ordinary citizen of the world infringes not upon the laws of the land, why, then, should the congregation of a church be allowed to do so?

If a Sunday school is dependent upon a gambling game for the roof over its head, what better is it than John Smith who attempts to run a poker game around the corner in payment for the roof over his head, or the bookmaker who gambles on the race tracks for his bed and board?

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW has of late suffered something of eclipse, inevitable in the case of a man who is requested to say something smart and original on every event which arouses public attention. There is no doubt, however, that he struck the true Shawian note in his comment on Col. Roosevelt's speech urging oppressive measures against the Egyptian nationalists and demanding that for their own good Great Britain adopt a more absolute system of administration in the Nileland. Shaw's answer is briefly that if the Colonel's argument holds good, Great Britain should reconquer the United States because its own publications proclaim a most deplorable state of misgovernment in that country. Grave papers like the Springfield Republican find serious moral import in Shaw's satirical remark. Assuredly the tone of the United States press toward its own institutions has undergone a wonderful change within a generation. There is little of the boastful spread-eagles that seemed so vexatious to outsiders twenty-five years ago. In those days editors like the late E. L. Godkin, who hinted that all was not perfect in the United States method of doing things, were held up as objects of public scorn. Now they give the tone to the more authoritative newspapers of the United States. Col. Roosevelt is sometimes unlucky in the time he chooses to make his speeches. The accusations of laxity in Egypt come at a time when in his own

country half the newspapers are making charges, which appear at this distance to be exaggerated, of weakness and venality against the administration of President Taft. A few years ago he promulgated his "big stick" message proclaiming his self-imposed task of maintaining order in the Latin republics at the very time that McClure's Magazine published statistics to show that the percentage of murder and crimes of violence was much higher in the United States than in any other civilized country. Col. Roosevelt the strenuous, does not see too many sides of a question. He is like the marksman who, when he finds a target to shoot at, looks neither to right nor left, but bangs away. Moreover, his appetite for big game, whether as statesman or marksman, is unlimited, and though he may go gunning in other lands, he has never established any close season for domestic evils. That is why we may look for some sport on his own preserves now that he is back in America.

THE observance of great State functions, such, for instance, as the funeral of King Edward VII., brings to the surface some curious questions of precedence. Mediaeval traditions upon which such ceremonies are largely based, are, according to some modern Englishman, greatly in need of revision.

Such papers as The Morning Post, The Westminster Gazette, The Manchester Guardian, and The London Chronicle have all referred recently to the fact that the Prime Minister of Great Britain had no place in the official list of those taking part in the recent ceremonial. It is true that Mr. Asquith attended the funeral, but only as a private citizen. The representatives of the nations of the earth each had their places assigned; the army and navy were represented; those representing the police department had their places assigned to them, as did the members of the Royal Household, but the King's Prime Minister had no place in this great State pageant. In other words, the people were not represented.

"In one sense the funeral ceremonies require interpretation," says The London Post. "The procession is not a reproduction of the nation which it represents. The ceremony is arranged in accordance with tradition, a tradition much older than the modern State. It reflects rather the state of the Tudors, if indeed that is not too late a period to be named in this connection."

"The Army and the Navy and the Royal Household have their places. But the machinery by which the country and the Empire are now governed, and have for a century been governed, is of more recent development than the forms of a State procession. Accordingly, the Cabinet, the Ministries, and the Houses of Parliament have no place in the order. If a Minister, a Peer, or a member of Parliament was there it was not because he is a Minister or a Peer or a member of Parliament, but because of some other office which he holds."

"Even the Empire of to-day finds in these ceremonies no adequate expression of its existence. A careless spectator might have come away unreminded of the existence of India, of her many peoples, and of the great Service that ministers to her welfare. Perhaps it is characteristic of the love of the British for old tradition that the ordering of a funeral procession keeps itself carefully five hundred years behind the growth of British society and institutions."

"At any rate, it is characteristic that none of the countless spectators was conscious of any incongruity between the old order, represented in the moving column, and the new order in which those through which it moved live and have their being. Our links with the past are so strong, so self-understood, and we are in general so little conscious of them, that only by an effort do we realize the historical meaning of the moving pageant by which we revere the memory of our departed King."

The Westminster Gazette recalls the fact that one might search the long line from one end to the other and find that no place had been assigned to a Cabinet or ex-Cabinet Minister. It is true that Lord Rosebery attended, but it was in his capacity as a Royal Archer, and the First Lord of the Admiralty who walked in the procession, not as a Minister, but as President of his Board of Admirals.

"If some archaeologist a few thousand years hence," says The Gazette, "were to dig up this record, and to generalize from it about the government of this country, he would not suspect the existence of the Prime Minister or the Cabinet. Here is one of those singularities of ceremonial which strike the foreigner as so oddly unreal, but which an Englishman regards as marking in a subtle way the different kinds of power."

The London Chronicle gives its quota of criticism in the following terms:

"Scant consideration for the claims of Members of Parliament was shown by those responsible for the arrangement of King Edward's funeral. This was highly unbecoming treatment of men holding the responsible and important positions of Members of the House of Commons. Again, no regard whatever was paid to the civil side of our national life. It would have detracted nothing from the spectacle, and would have added greatly to its impressiveness as a demonstration of the nation's grief, if other phases of our national life than the fighting services had been reflected in the funeral procession. In some respects Great Britain, the home of freedom and democracy, is still in the thrall of mediocrity."

*The Colonel*

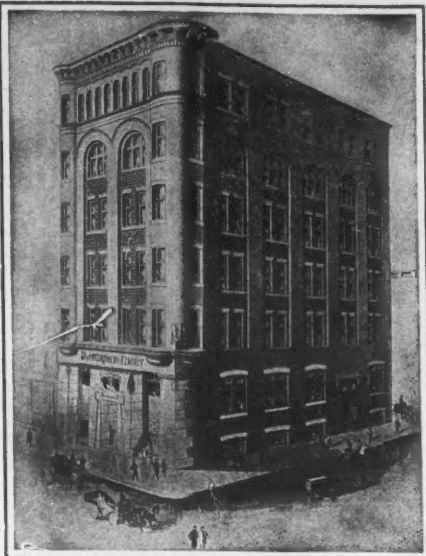
### Kitchener's Driving Power.

IN an article on "Lord Kitchener's Future," the "Saturday Review," says: Although in the opinion of all open-minded men Lord Kitchener has proved himself to be a first-rate business man in the real and best sense of the opinion which the official mind has invariably formed of him. He has an inborn hatred of red-tape and the tiresome trivialities of officialdom. He knows what he wants, and he strikes at once at the root of a matter, undeterred by precedent and words. He possesses, in fact, immense driving power, and therein lies the great secret of his success. We have heard hidebound officials, both military and civilian, declare that he is unbusinesslike in his methods. But his work is sufficient answer to such vapouring of small minds. In the Sudan campaign the little Egyptian Army proved itself to be a most workmanlike machine. Yet in this force correspondence and returns were reduced to a minimum. The whole affair was essentially businesslike.

### IT WAS GOOD JOURNALISM.

In recent years there has been no better manifestation of the potency of well directed journalism than exemplified in the exposure of Canadian Estates, Limited, by Toronto Saturday Night. Good reporting got at the facts and effective editing drove them home.—Toronto News, June 9, 1910.





## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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FREDERICK PAUL, Editor.

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## ! DOUBTS ABOUT PEOPLE !

### Lord Rosebery's Grand Uncle.

FEW are aware that the great publicist, Lord Rosebery, had a grand uncle who played a prominent part in the public life of Lower Canada half a century ago. He was the Hon. Francis Ward Primrose, advocate, who lived most of his life in the city of Quebec and died in 1860 at the age of seventy-six. The deceased gentleman was the second son of the then Earl Rosebery, and might, of course, have had a prominent career in England. He came to Quebec in early manhood, for reasons which made it inconvenient to live in England. For many years he stood at the front of the legal profession in Quebec, and that he earned and retained the good opinions and respect of his fellow practitioners, is illustrated by the highly flattering and complimentary resolutions adopted by them after his death. His remains were interred in Mount Hermon cemetery. Mr. Primrose maintained no correspondence with his family in England during his residence in this country. Prior to coming to Canada he sat with honor in the Parliament of Great Britain and Ireland, where he was a consistent supporter of Liberal principles. An obituary notice published in The Quebec Telegraph at the time of his death, said: "He was one of the junior counsel of the unfortunate Queen Caroline, and in youth was a prominent cadet of a great Whig family, and, even then, a trusted member of the Whig party. Like his brother, the present Earl of Rosebery, he was an intimate friend of Lord Brougham's, when Brougham, a rising barrister, was struggling at the bar without his noble and honorable friend's advantages of birth and station. He was equally intimate with Denman and a whole galaxy of the forensic talent of his day. In Canada he wore the robe of Queen's Counsel with dignity, conducted the Crown business for a brief space impartially and well, and was an advocate of the first rank, uniting the fire and energy of youth to the caution and experience of age, as all will admit who heard his full and elevated voice and noticed his vigorous and appropriate action on his very last appearance before the Courts, or noticed how he could quote old statutes and old authors from the capacious stores of his vivid and accurate memory, while young men with book in hand painfully toiled after him, or the manner in which on occasions he poured forth the lessons of constitutional and parliamentary law from the deep and rich lore of English history."

### When French Makes the Pace.

THOSE who have seen General Sir John French during his stay in Canada have been unable to resist mentally comparing his wiry fitness with that of the fleshy officers of the Canadian militia who have been participating in the various reviews organized in connection with his visit. An amusing illustration of this occurred at Montreal a fortnight ago. A big demonstration was arranged at Lafontaine Park when the General inspected the garrison of that city. The inspection over, he rode away from the Park attended not only by his own aides, but by a staff composed of the leading military officers of Montreal, most of whom are men of light and leading and also girth. He at once started off at a brisk trot, not a canter, and kept it up all the way to the Windsor Hotel. When he arrived he looked around for his staff, but found only his personal aides in sight. The various Montreal officers were scattered at varying distances over the route of two miles. Sir John said nothing at the time, but at a dinner in the evening he remarked the traditional ability of Canadians to ride anything with hair on it, and in so doing glanced at one or two of the officers just significantly enough to make them conceal their confusion to beakers of champagne.

### The Power of Conscience.

THE power of a guilty conscience was well illustrated in a Toronto store the other day. A customer entered, somewhat the worse of liquor, and asked the sole clerk for the loan of a dollar. Being an optimist, the

clerk complied with the request. Some days passed, and, as the borrower did not put in an appearance, the clerk began to feel that his money was gone, never to return.

One day a strangely familiar face appeared before the counter; its owner made a purchase and then turned to go out. "Wait," said the clerk, "aren't you going to pay me the dollar you borrowed the other day when you were slightly under the influence?"

The "visitor" looked at him fixedly, hesitated, then drew forth the required amount, and took his departure. The next day another man entered the store with a very depressed air and hailed the clerk.

"Here is that dollar I borrowed from you the other day when I was a little the worse of wear," he said, with an insinuating smile.

The clerk put his hand to his forehead. "So you are the man?" he muttered at length, scanning the visitor's features.

"Yes," admitted the guilty one, unconscious of the plight of the clerk.

After he departed the clerk had some qualms about the unfortunate who had been accused of being intoxicated and had been obliged to pay a dollar for his admission. He was ultimately found and the dollar was restored to him, but he failed to explain what he had been doing on the memorable day when he paid it over.

### Cunard of Canada.

FEW of the thousands of Canadians who are familiar with the name "Cunard" and associate it with steamships are aware of the fact that the man who made his name for ever associated with Atlantic travel, was himself a Canadian—or it would be more correct to style him a Nova Scotian, for the broader application of the word "Canadian" has obtained only within the memory of the present generation. Sir Samuel Cunard, the founder of the great Cunard steamship line, was born at Halifax, Nova Scotia, in November 1787. He was the son of a Philadelphia merchant, and for years carried on a mercantile business at Halifax, owned a line of whalers running from Nova Scotia to the Pacific and was interested in coal mines in Pictou and in Cape Breton, as well as in lumbering operations in Miramichi. In 1830, when in middle life, he conceived the idea of a mail service between England and America by steamers from Liverpool to Halifax, but it was ten years later before the project became an established fact. Mr. Cunard began his enterprise by going over to Great Britain in 1838, where he met an eminent marine engineer, Robert Napier, of Glasgow. His mission was so successful that Mr. Napier undertook the construction of four steamships of 440 horse-power each, and 1,200 tons burden. In 1839 he formed a partnership with David MacIver, of Liverpool, and George Burns, of Glasgow, under the name of the British and North American Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, and early in the same year the new company entered into contract with the Government to carry the mails for seven years between Boston and Quebec and between Liverpool and Halifax, for £80,000 per annum. In 1859 he received knighthood on the recommendation of Lord Palmerston and in 1860 was one of those whose counsel was asked in connection with the construction of the Intercolonial Railway. He had been elected a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society in 1846. He made his home and his later life at Kensington, London, where he died in 1865, leaving an estate valued at £350,000. For the first seven years of his contract with the Government for the carriage of the trans-Atlantic mails, which commenced in July, 1840, six boats were employed, but after that time the Government decided upon a weekly service, and the fleet was increased to eleven vessels. The annual subsidy was increased to £145,000 and again to £197,000 when the service was made to include New York. The *Persia*, built in 1855, was the first iron boat used in the service, and was not only the largest but the fastest vessel in the fleet. From the first, the use of iron steamers was so satisfactory that no side wheelers were built after 1862, when the first large steamer, the *China*, crossed the Atlantic, propelled by a screw. Probably no name is so fully identified with the reduction of time in ocean travel as that of Cunard.

### Chief Justice Hagarty's Masterpiece.

FROM time to time there reappears in the press allusions to a celebrated paraphrase on "The House that Jack Built" which contains a wealth of synonyms not less remarkable than its mock, pompous and grandiose descriptions of the commonplace incident. It was published anonymously and went around the world but is generally admitted to have been the work of the late Chief Justice Hagarty of Toronto. Below are given the last two stanzas of this extraordinary production:

Lo! here, with hirsute honors doffed, succinct  
Of saponaceous locks, the priest who linked  
In Hymen's golden bands, the torn unthrift,  
Whose means exiguous stared through many a rift.  
Even as he kissed the virgin all forlorn,  
Who milked the cow with complicated horn,  
Who in fine wrath the canine torturer skied  
That dared to vex the insidious muricide,  
Who let the auroral effluence through the pelt  
Of the sly rat that robbed the palace Ian had built.

The loud cantankerous Shanghai comes at last,  
Whose shouts aroused the shorn ecclesiast,  
Who sealed the vows of Hymen's sacrament,  
To him, who robed in garments indigent,  
Exosculates the damsel lachrymose,  
The emulgator of that brute morose,  
That tossed the dog, that worried the cat, that kilt  
The rat that ate the malt that lay in the house that  
Jack built.

### Under Six Sovereigns.

TORONTO has had a few citizens like the late Goldwin Smith, for instance, who have lived under five sovereigns, George IV., William IV., Victoria, Edward VII., and George V., but few who have lived under six. In Scotland, however, there is a man who can claim that distinction and is still, in some degree, active in public affairs. The distinction is claimed by Colonel Thomas Innes, of Leary, Aberdeenshire. When he was born—in October, 1814—George III. was on the throne, thus the present Sovereign is the sixth under whom he has lived. Though in his ninety-sixth year, this veteran Scottish laird, who is Aberdeenshire's "grand old man," is still in vigorous health, and he is offering a prize of five pounds for a model in clay for a statue in granite of King Edward VII., to be placed in front of Marischal College, Aberdeen, in commemoration of his late Majesty's and Queen Alexandra's visit to the Granite City in September, 1906. Colonel Innes, who was in the 3rd Gordon Highlanders, and was married two years after Queen Victoria ascended the throne, succeeded to the estate of Leary in 1879, on the death of his mother who had inherited it from her father. Colonel Innes was given the C.V.O. in 1901.

## The Duke of Connaught

By ALEXANDER GRAY

IT seems to be almost settled that His Royal Highness, the Duke of Connaught, will be Governor-General of Canada, in succession to His Excellency, Earl Grey. If so, the honor will be unique—hardly a greater could be conferred upon Canada—and the fact that the brother of the late King Edward and uncle of His Majesty, King George, is the official representative of the Crown, will add greatly to the prestige of the Dominion. No better choice could be made, no more acceptable personality or conspicuous qualifications could be considered. His Royal Highness had been mentioned in connection with the Governor-Generalship, but it was almost out of the reckoning to expect him to favorably consider the matter. However, the announcement that he has been selected and that he will accept, has the element of authenticity, and while Canadians will regret the departure of Earl Grey, they will accord to His Royal Highness a western welcome.

Before the change takes place, it is intimated that the Duke of Connaught will visit the South African colonies and open their new Parliament. This courtesy was to have been extended by His Majesty the King, as Prince of Wales. Death having interposed its veto, the programme contemplates making His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught the spokesman for His Majesty not only in the sub-tropics but in the greatest of the Dominions Beyond the Seas.

There will be added dignity in the new order of things when the reports are verified. To those who regard royalty with more or less awe, who consider those who dwell in the light that beats upon a throne as something too removed from the terrestrial herd, the proximity of the Duke of Connaught and his entourage would be an enlightenment. One of the special functions of royalty is to be the part without offending the humblest. In this respect His Royal Highness is distinguished as much so as he is for his fidelity to public duty. No one has a fuller sense of prerogative, yet the domestic environment of his family always has been ideally informal. An incident will illustrate prevailing misconceptions regarding Kings and Princes in general.

It is related that a very piquant and withal proper American grand-dame was doing London. She had the *entree* to the smart set, was familiar with the members of the Society of Souls, dined with the very best people, was captivated by the gay life and the stateliness of English men and women of quality in their own homes. One evening she was particularly impressed with the guests. There was wealth and refinement. Her escort to dinner was a graceful, unobtrusive clear-eyed young man whose name she did not catch when she had been introduced to him. Seated at table they chattered along through the courses. He was deferential and the opposite of consequential.

It was the regret of the American that she had not been privileged to meet any of the Royal Family. She wanted so much to have that honor, for really she had heard so many conflicting stories, she wondered whether they were exceptional, exclusive—apart from ordinary mortals. Before she returned to Gotham or went on "the Continent," it was her fondest wish to breathe the same atmosphere as Royalty.

Never had grandame more courteous auditor. So winsome was the young man, the dinner was about over when



H. R. H. The Duke of Connaught.

the fair American babbled, "Oh, I did not get your name!" "Arthur," was the prompt response. "Arthur what?" pursued the lady. "Connaught."

It was Prince Charming of Connaught she had been confiding in—and her wish had been realized.

The home life of the Connaughts and the refinement for which it has been noted is matter of common knowledge. A glimpse of it during a few years at Ottawa would hardly have the effect feared by a somewhat apprehensive McGill professor, who hastened to publicly remark that a Royal regime might be somewhat demoralizing. "How far," said this academic gentleman, "a Royal Duke will be able to avoid magnificence is quite another question. The efforts of the *nouveau riche* to gain prominence by their expenditures will undoubtedly be redoubled. The style of living of our rich is already twice or three times as costly as it was six years ago, and going up all the time, and it is a most demoralizing example. If we are going to have anything like the pomp of an Indian Vice-Regal Court in this country, with a sort of Dorchester street Durbar every now and again, the outlook is not promising."

Anonymity shields the identity of the professor, who has taken alarm at the danger threatening Western democratic institutions. Were he in closer touch with Lord Strathcona, one of the benefactors of McGill, who occupies most intimate relationships with the Royal Family—to numerous princes he is "Uncle"—he might have avoided the contrast drawn when he also delivered himself of this gratuitous fling at Ottawa society: "Everybody knows how Earl Grey has worked to oppose the tendencies to extravagance and false display on the part of our *nouveau riche*, discouraging unduly lavish entertaining and going in for the smaller and more intimate social affairs. When he first came out there was a strong effort on the part of some of our people to gain prestige by the mere spending of money; but the Earl was able to counter that very effectively, and after the first year there was very little heard of it."

Inferentially, therefore, the McGill professor declines to accede to the Duke of Connaught the same degree of common sense as that manifested by Earl Grey, whose informality was the result of colonial experience. As we



H. R. H. Prince Arthur of Connaught.

have few anciently rich, with the Oxford drawl and a pedigree dating back to a primordial protoplasmal globule-like Pooh Bab, and as the *nouveau riche* are going to enter upon an all-the-year-round silly season in which frumpieries are to give way to trumperies, the professor, to be consistent, should have refrained from patronizing Royalty in this strain:

"In his personal character I believe the Duke to be simple and democratic, and not at all fond of pomp and pageantry. But a considerable amount of pomp and pageantry is inseparable from the very nature of Royalty itself."

As well might it be alleged that a considerable amount of bucolics is inseparable from a professor who cannot disassociate his own conceits from the facts. The most democratic of Kings—whom death has just claimed—cultivated dignified splendor—not the "sounding brass and tinkling cymbal" variety. When occasions require it, meretricious displays are usually vetoed by Royalty. There are good forms—which even professors can learn without sacrificing principles—and perhaps the advent of His Royal Highness, the Duke of Connaught, will be educational in this respect.

### "O. Henry's" World.

TAKE the late George Gissing and Pett Ridge, and Jerome, and Arthur Morrison, take all they know, all they have seen, all they have written of London of yesterday and to-day, and well—"O. Henry" is to New York what these four are to London." So writes a New Zealand admirer of the distinguished short story writer who has just passed away. Among other things we are told what it is to know and understand O. Henry. "On my book shelves before me as I write," says this reviewer, "are three dumpy little red-backed volumes, 'The Four Million,' 'The Voice of the City,' and 'The Trimmed Lamp.' Read them, understand them—here and there the 'language' is just a trifle baffling—and you will know New York—at a distance. You will know the Honorable Patrick J. Graftigan, Tammany 'Sachem' with his bull neck, his big diamonds, and his fat cigar; you will know, too, foxy-eyed Mat Feeney, who 'runs' the saloon in the 'Tenderloin,' corner of 'Sixth Avenue' and 'Thirty-Fourth,' you shall see the barman 'opening wine' for the 'boys' at the behest of generous Dan Murphy, who has had a stroke of luck round at Jake Floshtstein's 'faro-bank'; you shall meet and admire Sadie and Hattie, and Mamie, and a host of other pretty and virtuous typewriter girls, or 'Pompador'-haired young ladies from the big 'department' stores. You will be 'up' in the slang of Wall Street, and the slang of the men who sit on 'rockers' all day in Broadway hotels, and smoke—and chew—as they listen to the tale of joy—or woe—told them by the never idle 'ticker.' These you shall know, and others, the Western 'buyer,' who is taken 'round the sights' by young Ike Goldstein; and the broken-down ex-scion of the 'Five Hundred,' who sleeps on a bench in 'Union Square,' is in mortal fear of the 'cops,' and has his recognized place in the 'bread row.' Also, you will have been introduced to a vast crowd of artists, reporters, 'bunco-steerers,' musical and dramatic 'artists'—from the Opera House variety down to the performers in a 'five cent Bowery show,' to 'candy' sellers, to 'ice-cream men,' to men who own big palaces up the Hudson and ten thousand dollar automobiles (no 'motors' in New York), and to men who don't know where their next 'dime' is coming from."

### Shakespeare as a Teacher.

SHAKESPEARE has teaching to offer about human life which can most simply be described as spiritual," says Canon Beeching, of the Temple Church, in the Nineteenth Century, in an article on "Shakespeare as a Teacher."

"The answer as to whether Shakespeare was a teacher or not," he says, "will turn chiefly upon the general meaning to be assigned to the tragedies which are evidently the poet's most serious compositions. How can we ascertain what Shakespeare meant by the tragic catastrophe? Is it an indictment of the world, or an attempt to teach the lesson of the world?"

"There were two chief types of tragedy in the popular Elizabethan drama. Some of these, the most popular plays of all, dealt with what newspapers still speak of as 'domestic tragedies,' that is to say, they were murder cases dramatized from the deed to the conviction. Of quite another sort were the tragedies which described the fall of some notable person from his pride of place—Thomas More or Thomas Cromwell."

Canon Beeching says that the ultimate question to be determined about Shakespeare's tragedies is whether they are optimistic or pessimistic. He holds that they are optimistic, although they belong to the second type. Shakespeare, in his tragic heroes, preserves the ideal type, from Brutus to Antony. The main interest of Shakespeare's tragedies is an ethical interest, as it turns upon the character of the hero.

Among other things, Bjornstjerne Bjornson died without leaving any clue to the pronunciation of his name.—*Topeka Capital.*



# WHAT IS THE NEWS

BY DR ANDREW MACPHAIL

IF we cannot make our own literature in Canada we can at least make our "boiler plate." Persons who are ignorant of the methods by which the smaller newspapers are manufactured may not be aware that only a portion of the matter they contain is set in the office from which they are issued. The remainder is purchased ready-made in the form of plates made of papier-mache. The part which is printed from these plates is known as a "patent inside." In certain cases the sheets are delivered in finished form, and all that then remains to be done is to enclose the local newspaper in these folders. This folder is commonly known as the "literary supplement," or by the more ambitious designation of "magazine section."

The material which these sheets contain is known as "syndicate stuff," and is often of very high value. The writing of it affords profitable employment to well-known authors, who can demand a much higher price for an article which is to appear simultaneously in a number of newspapers than they could for an article which was written exclusively for one periodical.

There is an immense saving of labour in hiring a writer to supply the same material to a hundred newspapers at the same time. There is, also, the advantage which all machine work has over hand work—cheapness, facility of production, and a certain standard of quality. There are disadvantages, however, namely, uniformity, lack of distinction, sameness and dullness. Occasionally, too, a ludicrous mistake occurs, such as often befalls the purser or surgeon of a ship, who makes the same remark to every passenger as they proceed on their morning rounds.

Most of this "boiler-plate" is made in the United States, and it aims to strike the average of what will interest the readers of a newspaper in Fort Leavenworth and Calais, Maine, for example. This literary feat is not so difficult as might appear at first sight, since all the people of the United States are interested in pretty much the same thing. They think in the same way, that is, if over the exploits of some *Tartarin Americain* in the jungles of Africa, or the performance of some Presidential aspirant who displays his "Americanism" by flouting the spiritual and temporal powers of Europe. But these things are of no interest whatever to us, and yet they are thrust under our eyes in any Canadian newspaper which we choose to pick up.

One of these supplements which lies under my hand was issued as a newspaper in a town of some ten thousand inhabitants. It is, of course, badly printed, the type blurred, and the pictures smudged. With unctuous rectitude the section begins with a sermon which is alleged to have been preached in Chicago, and "stenographically reported," on Memorial Day. As a eulogy of public men of the United States, and an "encouragement of patriotism," it is excellent; of its value as a religious stimulus I am not so sure.

Then follows an elaborate account with appropriate illustrations of "American brides in Europe," in which the beauty, the intellect, and the clothing of these unfortunate women are extolled with proper flamboyancy. There is, of course, the "Home Department," which is chiefly an apotheosis of the feminine; yet one cannot refrain from wonder that out of every twelve marriages with these glorious females of the American race, who are taught by their newspapers to make a wash-stand from a packing case and a dressing-table from an empty flour-barrel, one marriage ends in divorce; and this notwithstanding the sound principles of morality inculcated in the column devoted to "Mother, Home, and Heaven," which bears "Aunt Barbara's" signature, and is probably written with a pair of scissors and a paste-pot by a young man in a pink shirt.

Nor is the farmer neglected. He is recommended not to leave his harvesting machinery exposed to the snows of winter. He is advised to wile away the tedium of a winter's evening by appropriate games, charades, and simple dramatic representations. He is urged to keep himself in good physical condition by regular exercises performed by the aid of a contrivance of pulleys and ropes, and he is offered sound advice about the investment of his savings, and protecting his house from the effects of lightning.

A full page is devoted to advertisements. The reader is informed how he may be cured of a cough in a day, or deafness in thirty; how his cancer may be removed without the use of the knife, after all other methods have

failed; how a woman may convert a drunken husband into a model of sobriety without his knowledge or consent. To the wives of farmers it is explained how they may regain their youthful figures at the price of a dollar a box, with appropriate discount if six boxes are purchased at the same time. His daughters are provided with sovereign remedies against freckles, sun-burn, and other diseases of the skin; and these miracles are performed by specialists whose modesty is such that they conceal their identity in a post-office box in some small town of Indiana or Illinois.

I am not saying that these factory-made newspapers have no legitimate place in the world. On the contrary, they might have a very high value in Canada, as they undoubtedly have in the United States, if only they were written in Canadian terms. If there are no writers in Canada, no scissors and paste-pots, for the assembling together of these shreds and patches of literature, the necessary appliances could be procured in the United States. Writers are singularly free from prejudice, and could easily be hired to minister to the predilections of Canadian readers. We hear much of the power of the press, and there is yet a certain influence remaining to it. Whatever power it has should be exercised in furthering our own interests, and not in extolling the ideals and institutions and men of an alien race.

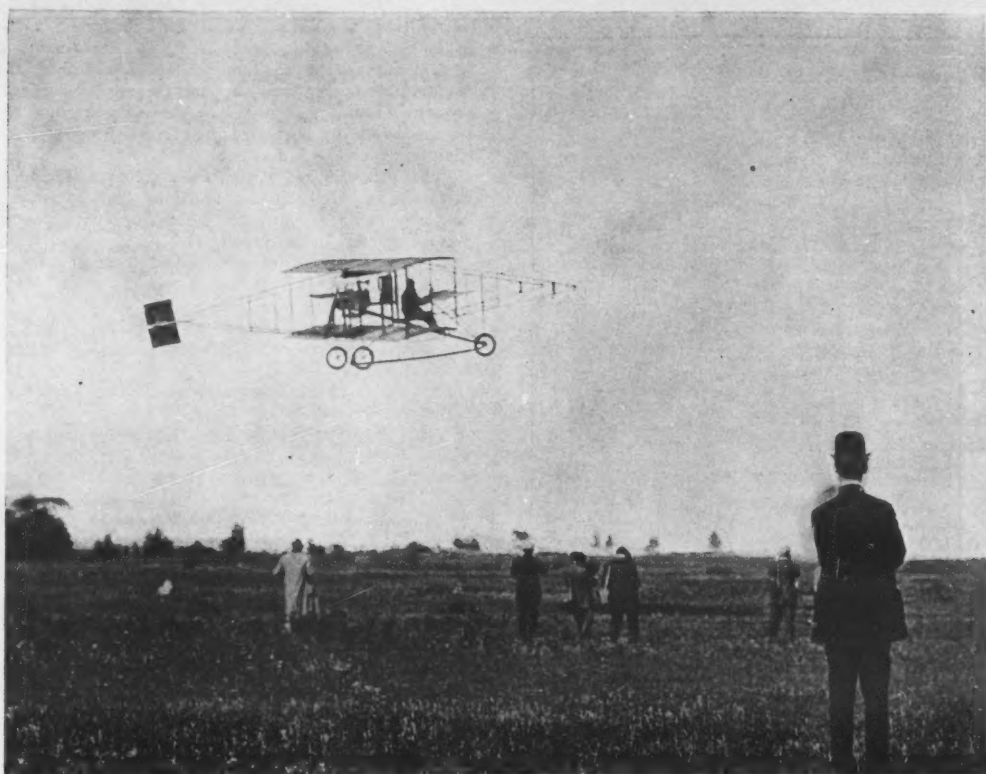
The "boiler-plate" method of production is not restricted to newspapers. It is employed in the manufacture of text-books which are used in Canadian schools. One book which is publicly authorized in three provinces, at least, for the teaching of physiology, hygiene, and the pharmacological effects of certain potions on the human organism, repeatedly betrays its origin and age. In one place it reads: "in this country of fifty million people"; and yet the title page bears the name of a Toronto firm. Unfortunately the teaching which the book contains is as false as the assumption that it was made in Canada by the people under whose imprint it appears.

In a modified form this system of "boiler-plate" is applied to disseminate news which comes to America by cable; and we are at once confronted by the difficulty, that news which is manufactured for the use of one community may not be at all to the taste of another community, which has an appetite for a different commodity. For example, in the ceremonial which has just been conducted in London the central figure in Canadian eyes was the body of their King, as it was borne to rest. Close to that in the pageant of mourning was George V., and next to him the German Kaiser, who is believed to hold in his hands the peculiar treasure of kings, namely, the issue of peace or war. To Americans, the outstanding figure in the procession was Mr. Roosevelt.

Obviously, two accounts of the spectacle were necessary. Neither need have been false, and both might have been true; or rather, the two accounts might have been complementary the one of the other; that is, if we cared to know anything whatever of the conduct of Mr. Roosevelt in those solemn surroundings.

From the accounts which have reached us by mail, and indeed, from many of the despatches received by cable, especially from special correspondents of Canadian newspapers, we are inevitably led to believe that the mourning for the dead King was an affair of profound solemnity and gloomy splendour. We are furnished with a picture which bears obvious marks of truthfulness; a whole people overborne by an unexpected disaster of personal and national loss; five million people content to endure for a part of a night and a day the inconvenience of hunger and thirst, of heat and rain; a silent, tearful and even prayerful concourse of respectful subjects, desiring to manifest reverence for a King and affection for a friend. Many of these people, we are informed by "The Spectator," had passed the night in the streets; but their long vigil left them patient, orderly, well-mannered, with a quiet dignity and reticence which was marvellous.

We have reason, too, to believe that Mayor Guerin and Alderman Tetreault, of Montreal, occupied an honourable place in the procession; and yet, in the face of all this, here is the American-made, "boiler-plate" account which was given in a Toronto newspaper of the spectacle: "The crowds buzzed with comment on the principals in the procession, identifying and commenting frequently with a shocking lack of respect. The lions of the occasion were easily, Lord Kitchener and Theodore Roosevelt, with the Kaiser a close third. 'There's Teddy,' was the cry set up. The new King seemed worn



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## A NEW AVIATION RECORD.

Charles K. Hamilton, in his great flight from New York to Philadelphia and return. In his Curtiss biplane he made the trip of 172 miles in 209 minutes of actual flying time. He would probably have broken all distance records, but for an accident to his propeller.

and troubled. Only the solemnity of the occasion prevented volleys of cheers from greeting Mr. Roosevelt. He alone, as a civilian, raised his hat in passing the draped standards; all the others in the procession giving the military salute."

The complaint is not that the newspapers give us too little news, but that they give us too much, some of it trivial, and some which is obviously designed for other communities than ours; and of this last much is uninteresting and some offensive, as in the case of the dispatch which I have quoted. All the news of the world comes into the country under a yearly contract at a rate which is ridiculously low. Indeed, copy is supplied to newspapers by the telegraph companies and syndicates at a price which would little more than cover the cost of transcribing the same number of words from a dictionary.

Those who remember the columns of nonsense which came from the United States, and was so faithfully printed in Canadian newspapers, about the recent appearance of Halley's comet may use that as an illustration of my meaning. When "the celestial visitor"—that, I believe, is the proper term to apply to the phenomenon—returns a century hence, and enterprising journalists search the files of old newspapers to discover what was thought of it on the occasion of its previous appearance, I fear they will conclude that this planet was inhabited by very silly people in the year 1910, as silly as those who, in earlier times, believed that the spectacle was a portent of some impending disaster.

The Government has apparently been impressed by the disadvantage which the country lies under in receiving European news through American sources, and it has subsidized a Canadian press service. But a press subsidized by a government is an anomaly in a free community. This organization does for Canada what the American press agencies do so admirably for the United States. It ministers to our national pride by informing us of the profound impression which Canadian visitors make upon the public life and thought of Europe. In Montreal a dispatch from London was printed on May 30th, which conveyed the intelligence that an Ottawa physician had stated in an interview that "the action of electricity on the human system is only in its infancy. The day is not far distant, he declared, when thousands who are suffering from debility as the result of imperfect assimilation of the blood [sic] and defective power of the blood will have such deficiencies corrected to a remarkable degree by the scientific application of electricity and massage to the great ganglionic blood centres. I feel confident," he said, "that we are at the commencement of the discovery of the uses of electricity which for years has been employed more as a toy than anything else."

To us, this is intensely interesting; and yet, I fear, that there would be little prospect of its appearing in the United States in Metropolitan daily papers, even if it were furnished to them free of cost. Our editors are much more generous in supplying us with similar news which is of less interest to us than it might be, we shall say, to the inhabitants of South Bend, Indiana.

Here, again, is a touch which would delight the heart of an American editor, who is concerned above all else in giving to his story what he calls "human interest." It is taken from a dispatch which appeared in the Montreal "Gazette" on June 1st, describing a reception of Mr. Roosevelt in London: "On being spoken to by the C.A.P. man, who had been introduced as representing the Canadian press. Mr. Roosevelt remarked: 'The press, eh; I'm right glad to see you. Indeed, I am, I swear by Canada.'"

We have grown accustomed to news-stands laden down with American magazines which make their way by sheer force of the advertising which they contain. A careful scrutiny during the present week of five of the largest news stands in Eastern Canada, controlled by two of the railway companies and one hotel, failed to disclose a single Canadian Magazine. There is this, however, to be said on the other side: A careful reading of American magazines informs us of the actual condition of affairs in the United States; it serves to check our enthusiasm for their institutions and to make us more contented with our own.

But one is not obliged to buy a magazine; he cannot well do without a newspaper. This dependence upon foreign sources for what we shall read is merely a mark of early development from which in time we shall free ourselves. Surely it is not asking too much of the newspapers that they shall do something to hasten that day by having their "boiler plate" made of Canadian material and removing foreign colour from their news.

Canada depends for its existence upon the maintenance of the East and West idea as opposed to the North and South idea. All Canadian writing to-day is an effort to express this East and West idea. The railways depend for their very existence upon it; and yet how many Canadian magazines or Canadian books are for sale upon their news-stands or upon their trains? That is an inv-

igation which I commend to every reader when next he makes a journey. All that Canadian writers ask is that they shall not be discriminated against merely because they are Canadians.

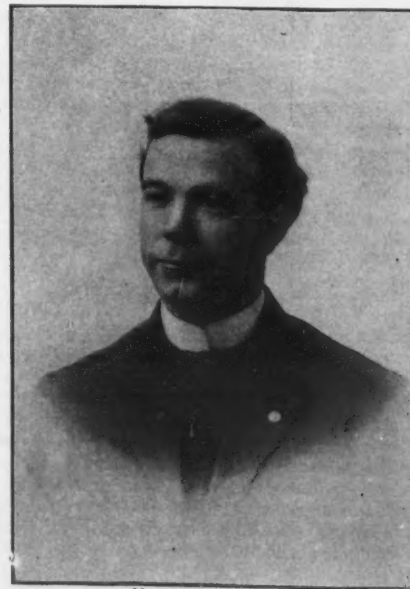
A. M.  
The title of Dr. Macphail's article to be published in next week's issue of *Saturday Night* will be "Reciprocity."

## Organized Labor's Representative.

MR. JAMES SIMPSON, who has been appointed a member of the Royal Commission to investigate Industrial Training and Technical Education, by the Dominion Government, is an active newspaper worker, and a whole lot of other things besides.

James started out selling newspapers at an early age. He came to Canada when he was fourteen, being born at Lindal-in-Furness, Lancashire, England, thirty-six years ago. After hammering stove boards in the Kemp tin works here, he started printing over in The News office, joining there in the strike of compositors that led to the formation of The Star. On the latter paper James Simpson has worked for fourteen out of the seventeen years of its publication. He promoted the Toronto Labor Temple idea, and, it is said, was such an energetic advocate that he raised nine-tenths of the sum of \$10,000 with which the Temple was started. The list of positions that James Simpson has filled and still fills in the labor field, would take much space to enumerate. He finds no difficulty in securing important posts among his fellow workers, but when he runs as a Socialist for Mayor, as he has on one occasion, he gets his bumps. James Simpson has taken a great and active interest in education matters for the last nine years. He served for three years on the Technical School Board before Technical, High and Public School boards were amalgamated. He is now chairman of the Board of Education, and he has been for six years a member of that board. When the Board of Education in 1909 formed a commission to investigate United States technical education, he was appointed on the commission. At the Quebec Convention of the Trades and Labor Congress, Mr. Simpson was chosen as the representative of Labor to serve on the Commission to which he has just been appointed.

James Simpson is municipal reporter and municipal editor of The Toronto Star. He has received valuable presents galore from bodies to which he has rendered service, but although he has occupied a hundred different positions connected with the labor movement or industrial or technical educational circles, the work was all of a purely honorary nature, with no salary attached in any instance. In earlier years James Simpson was something



Mr. James Simpson.



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## OPEN AIR PREACHING ON BROADWAY.

Grace Church, the famous and picturesque, at Broadway and 10th Street, New York City, has begun a summer campaign against Satan of a novel sort, as far as the Episcopalian denomination is concerned. A pulpit has been erected on the grounds of the church and from it during the afternoon sermons will be delivered to the throngs of shoppers and business people that are to be found on this part of Broadway.



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NEW YORK, JUNE 15, 1910.

NEW York is all up in the air. As a matter of fact we have not really been down since the passing of Halley's comet; and it is just possible we owe our sudden and overwhelming interest in aviation to that celestial fugitive. At least his passing directed our glances skyward, and gazing thus, we saw for the first time the titanic struggle going on for the conquest of the air. There is nothing against such a theory except perhaps its fancifulness. Neither does it contradict a theory advanced at the Press Club dinner to Curtiss the other night. Tracing the causes of America's backwardness in aviation, President Hennessy finally landed on the multi-millionaires who "give their superfluous wealth to libraries and tuberculosis cures and leave the poor newspapers to advance the newest of the world's sciences out of their small profits." By implication the press, facetiously or otherwise, takes all the glory you see. But whatever the cause, the fact remains that aviation is king at this moment. Business may be indifferent. Stocks as low as the barometer; but the thoughts of the public fly upward; and imagination is actually taking wing before the advance of this new factor in our economic development. The confession, of course, has still to be made that we are stirred only through our economic senses. But, that the imagination of a New Yorker should be stirred at all, is something.

Interest began with Curtiss' sensational flight from Albany to Governor's Island, a feat which puts the humbler achievements of Hudson and Fulton, celebrated here last year, into about the Paleozoic age. It continued with the still more remarkable flight of Hamilton to the Quaker City and return, and is being sustained in the contemplated trip between Chicago and this city.

The newspaper claim to credit has a basis in fact. Emulating the noble example set by The London Daily Mail, the New York World offered a prize of five thousand dollars for the Albany trip. The Times, still pre-occupied in astronomical observation, promptly made up for the "beat" by engaging a special train to follow and record the flight. It afterwards arranged the more ambitious Philadelphia trip, and is putting up half the prize money for the Chicago competition.

RIVALRY in aviation news has been keen enough to even drive Rooseveltian platitudes off front pages. There may be wisdom in this, of course, for, whatever the ultimate fate of his half-hour studies of Egyptian and other little foreign questions, Roosevelt must return to America and the Republican party with unimpaired prestige. And there has been a feeling among the more enlightened, that the crudity of American politics has been sufficiently exposed for the present. Luckily for the returning traveller and the preparations before us for his return, the critical portion of the public is not a serious quantity. The Roosevelt "hold" is on the common imagination, and numbers alone count on polling day. To this dear credulous voting public he returns a world figure of colossal and quite unprecedented proportions. Alexander, Caesar and Napoleon were some hero in their time and had their innings of glory. But the national shout that is waiting to be let loose when Teddy comes up the bay might well stir the dead ashes of these illustrious forerunners with envy.

"Sentimentality," to quote one of the priceless gems of the Guildhall speech, "may be the most broken reed on which righteousness can lean," but it is nevertheless a splendid reed for a politician to play upon, and Teddy knows every stop. These are among the reflections that crowd one on the other, while we are waiting to write a new page in hero worship. But, already the band is playing, and streamers that have hung limp and lifeless are fluttering happily in the breeze. Orators with a keen sense of the sound, for instance, of "conqueror of corruption"; and politicians, tireless in their activity for their country's good are taking their places in the grand stand at Battery Park. The civic address of welcome concluded, and the freedom of the city conferred in accordance with ancient custom, the procession starts. At its head and acting as bodyguard to their one time colonel, are the Rough Rider heroes of San Juan. Immediately behind, and mounted on elephants—symbol of great movements—are the members of the "return from Elba Club." Military and civic bodies follow afoot. Slowly and majestically the procession wends its way along the world's leading thoroughfare, through so I'd banks of cheering throngs. Teddy with no more worlds to conquer is home again, home to the bosom of his people, home to spread terror and dismay among democrats, trusts and other evildoers; but home most of all to rally the scattered hosts of Republicanism for the fall elections. The political importance cannot be overstated whatever the disproportion of all the rest.

NATURALIZATION would, under ordinary circumstances, seem remote enough from a Mayor's office; yet our busy little Mayor has found time to glance casually over this branch of Federal administration and report certain abuses he found there to the Washington authorities. Possibly he made this little side trip to show to an impotent executive how effectively he could deal with Federal matters were they under his supervision. We may therefore regard it in the nature of his bow on the larger platform of Federal affairs. Here is his report, written with all that irritating directness that characterizes his public communications:

June 7, 1910.

SIR,—Immediately after I became Mayor I began to receive complaints of persons applying for naturalization in the Federal Building here, that they had to stand in line day after day, and find themselves each day further down the line than on the previous day, by reason of persons lower down the line being placed ahead of them by favoritism, and by payment of money; until finally they were obliged to give up trying to get their papers as they could not stand the loss of time.

Finally, the complaints continuing, I called in the Police Commissioner of this city and had him station detectives in the line, and I inclose a copy of his report. You will see that his men had no trouble in detecting the crime. They were freely approached for money, and arrested the man to whom they paid it. I finally feel it my duty to call your attention to this long-standing scandal. I cannot effectively deal with it for the reason that it is outside of my jurisdiction. When men cannot get naturalized without paying corruption money for it they

cannot be expected to feel otherwise than that government is corrupt throughout. Very truly yours,

W. J. GAYNOR, Mayor.

HON. GEORGE W. WICKERSHAM, Attorney-General of the United States.

Those who have concluded that the difficulties which hedged their efforts to obtain citizenship in this country were purposely placed there to emphasize its privilege, are therefore now confronted by a more painful reflection. The government is to blame to the extent that its methods expose would-be citizens to humiliations, loss of time, and loss of self-respect from which they are only too glad to escape at any cost. No wonder the more sensitive, gazing on this long line of aspiring candidates, forego the exalted privilege altogether and remain aliens, or paying the toll of petty grafters, accept with contempt a contemptible enrolment.

THEATRICAL managers have had splendid encouragement in the "revivals" of this spring. Not only have these "revivals" brought us the pleasantest experiences of the season, but the measure of popular support leaves no doubt of future possibilities in this direction, provided always that adequate presentation is given. "Caste," with Marie Tempest and an excellent all-star—which in this case meant a thoroughly competent cast—had a joyous run of several weeks. "Jim the Penman," not so adequately presented, and holding none of the pre-eminent qualities of Tom Robertson's classic, nevertheless proved a source of real interest to lovers of this early melodrama. And now comes "The Mikado," reviving half-forgotten melodies of former days, and singing its tuneless way across the waste places of our operatic life. One fact is made clear that we have had nothing half so good in all the twenty years of musical comedy effort since we went about singing "The flowers that bloom in the spring," or "She's going to marry Yum Yum." The popular success of this revival is phenomenal.

J. E. W.

**Their Boyhood Dreams.**

IN McClure's Magazine for January, 1900, Mark Twain's article on "My Boyhood Dreams" appeared. In this article he tells of a meeting in Boston, many years ago, of Howells, John Hay, T. B. Aldrich, Brander Matthews, Frank Stockton, Uncle Remus and others. At this meeting all these authors, then just budding into fame, stated what had been their boyhood dreams—all shattered by the practical world. Howells wanted to be an auctioneer. "As he told of it I remember that Howells' voice broke twice, and it was only with great difficulty that he was able to go on; in the end he wept." John Hay wanted to be a steamboat mate on the Mississippi. "Hay climbed high toward his ideal; when success seemed almost sure, his foot upon the very gangplank, his eye upon the capstan, misfortune came and his fall began," etc.

"And the young dream of Aldrich—where is that? I remember how he sat there that night fondling it, petting it; seeing it recede and ever recede; trying to be reconciled and give it up, but not able yet to bear the thought; for it had been his aim to be a horse-doctor."

"Look at Brander Matthews. He wanted to be a cowboy. What is he to-day? Nothing but a professor in a university. Will he ever be a cowboy? It is hardly conceivable."

"What was Cable's young dream? To be a ring-master in a circus. What is he to-day? Nothing but a theologian and novelist."

And so on, and so on, winding up with a poem "To the Above Young People," but preceded by this tender paragraph:—

"Oh, our lost youth—God keep its memory green in our hearts! for Age is upon us with the indignity of its infirmities and Death beckons."

Fanatical friends of the former President have discovered that Mr. Taft "hesitated" over the appointment of the Colonel as funeral envoy. He does seem to have shilly-shallied until the King was dead.—Minneapolis Journal.



LIEUT.-COL. SIR A. J. BIGGE, G.C.V.O., K.C.B., K.C.S.I., K.C.M.G., I.S.O.

Private Secretary to His Majesty King George V. He was Private Secretary to Queen Victoria from 1895 to 1901, and then went to Marlborough House as Private Secretary to the Prince of Wales, now King George. His admirable tact and consideration for all who have had dealings with him at Marlborough House have made him universally popular. He has twice visited Canada with the present King.

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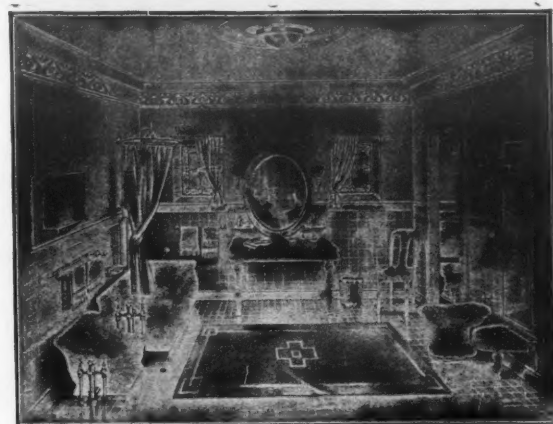
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BOX B, Saturday Night

# MUSIC



Samuel Coleridge-Taylor, the Anglo-African  
composer.

THE Anglo-African com-  
poser, Samuel Coleridge-Taylor, whose portrait  
is seen on this page is gradu-  
ally building up a perman-  
ent fame for himself by his  
highly original and richly  
colored music. His mother  
was an English woman, but  
his father was an educated  
negro of the West Coast of  
Africa, where the blacks are  
said to be of a higher type  
than most of the other tribes  
of the dark continent. He  
was born in 1875 and had the  
benefit of an all-round train-  
ing in music at the Royal  
College of Music. His teach-  
er in composition was Sir  
Charles Villiers Stanford  
and he has been industrious  
in that direction ever since  
his youth. His last publish-  
ed work was marked Opus  
59, which will give some idea  
of his prolific tendency. The  
work which has won him  
most fame is his setting in  
the form of a three-part can-  
tata of Longfellow's "Hia-  
watha." The National Chorus,  
under Dr. Albert Ham,  
has given two sections of this work  
in Toronto and the freshness of  
inspiration and beauty of feeling which  
characterized it have preserved it in  
the memory of those who heard it.  
Two or three of his orchestral works  
are included in the repertoire of the  
Toronto Symphony Orchestra and  
their remarkable rhythmic quali-  
ties and rich color make them popu-  
lar on all occasions. Other work of  
his which has not been heard in this  
country include twenty-four negro  
melodies for the pianoforte, numerous  
choral ballads and an especially fine  
work for solo, chorus and orchestra,  
entitled, "Endymion's Dream." Some  
years ago Coleridge-Taylor visited  
America, but owing to the color pre-  
judice which exists on this continent  
and is almost unknown in England,  
he only conducted for a few negro  
choral organizations in the south. He  
is an orchestral conductor of some  
note and for a time had an orchestra  
of his own at Croydon, Eng., which  
was his boyhood home.

ACCORDING to E. A. Baughan,  
the distinguished London critic,  
"Strauss is not a great genius,  
but he is a genius. He has some-  
thing very definite to say, although  
we may not always admire it. There  
is something small in his musical  
thought, for even allowing for the  
necessity of short themes for Strauss'  
particular style of treatment, a great  
genius would invent more distin-  
guished themes." That's it precisely,  
says H. T. Finck, and that's why  
Strauss is not so great a composer as  
men like Franz, Jensen, Grieg, Mac-  
Dowell, who, though they made much  
less noise in the world, invented more  
distinguished melodies.

THE other day in private talk  
with a friend in Berlin, Strauss  
for once resented the recurring re-  
proach that the detractors of his mu-  
sic like to throw at him. "It is a mis-  
take," he said quietly, "to believe that  
I write brutal music in order to amaze  
and upset the mob. I write as un-  
derstanding, imaginative and emotion  
prompt me. . . I am working still  
at my new opera, 'The Knight of the  
Roses.' I can't tell you more than  
that I intend it as a light comedy—the  
antithesis of what I have hitherto  
written for the stage."

IN his article on "Music and Shake-  
speare," which appears in an  
English publication called Musical  
Antiquary, Dr. E. W. Naylor points  
out that the treatment of music in  
Shakespeare's works is nothing short  
of astonishing in its fullness and vari-  
ety. A rough notion of the extent  
of this department of Shakespeare  
study may easily be arrived at by a  
simple inspection of certain columns  
in Bartlett's Concordance. One  
hundred and forty-six passages from  
the plays are quoted in full which  
contain the word "music," while the  
cognates "musical" and "musician,"  
supply respectively eight and twenty  
examples. The poems have ten more.  
The total number, therefore, intro-  
ducing the word "music" in its vari-  
ous forms is 184. From these about  
13 may be subtracted as being too  
general in character. Proceeding to  
the word "sing" and its derivatives,  
"singer," "singing," "singing-man,"  
and others, we find in plays and  
poems together, a total of 247 cases,  
including 57 instances of the word  
"song" and 107 of "sing."

Then turning to the names of mus-  
ical instruments, Dr. Naylor comes  
upon between thirty and forty pas-  
sages where such are spoken of by  
Shakespeare not only with familiarity  
but with a technical freedom quite  
unknown to the modern stage. The  
violin, or viol de gamba—Sir Andrew  
Aguecheek's viol-de-gamboys—is  
mentioned four times; the virginals  
are twice alluded to; the recorder  
five times, other flutes twice, the or-  
gan or organ pipe four times, and the  
lute as many as eighteen times. In  
addition to these there are the names  
of the various classes of musical  
compositions: Galliard, measure, cor-  
anto, volta, jig, canaries, sinkapace,  
dump, and others, an incomplete list  
of which mounts up to fifty or more.  
Here the "measure" (i.e., the pavan)  
holds its own with seventeen refer-  
ences. In the course of his article,  
Dr. Naylor gives descriptions of the  
various instruments spoken of by  
Shakespeare, and mentions that Henry  
VIII., who, being originally design-  
ed for the Church, appears to have  
achieved some skill in composition,  
owned 154 flutes, of which 76 were  
recorders, (beak flutes.) "Passe tyme  
with good companye. The Kyng's  
balade" was, by the way, introduced  
by Saint-Saens in his opera "Henry  
VIII."

OPERA going in Florence must be  
an exciting pastime, says the  
London Telegraph, to judge from a  
description of some of its features  
given by Mrs. F. H. Snyder, a lady  
prominently connected with musical  
doing in St. Paul, Minn., who has re-  
cently visited the Italian city. "The  
Florentines," according to this au-  
thority, "are frightfully critical, and  
if every little thing is not done in  
exact accordance with their concep-  
tions of musical right and wrong,  
they act in a dreadfully savage fash-  
ion. I once saw a performance of  
'Lucia' there which had to be stop-  
ped on account of the actions of the  
audience. A substitute who appeared  
for the tenor did not come up to ex-  
pectations, and the result was that  
when his hearers had hissed him and  
thrown at him everything that was  
convenient for them, they pulled the  
seats of the auditorium from their  
fastenings and tried to drive him off  
the stage with them. They eventual-  
ly succeeded in the last scene, when  
the tenor had the scene to himself.  
The orchestra stopped playing, the  
curtain was lowered, and the au-  
dience quietly got up and went home."  
Their quiet and orderly retreat from  
the theatre they had dismantled must  
have been a noble and a moving spec-  
tacle. Florence clearly is the place  
for jaded opera lovers. But tenors  
with a distaste for dangerous missiles  
had best give it a wide berth.

ACCORDING to the Musical  
Courier, "Mr. Paderewski had  
a full tour booked this spring in South  
Africa, with dates and guarantees  
closed and all preliminaries definitely  
settled, when Madame Paderewski  
became very ill and the journey had  
to be abandoned. All the expenses  
incurred were paid by him, and he  
is now contemplating a possible re-  
arrangement of details for a trip to  
the same country and one to the An-  
tipodes."

I HAD for many years a desire to  
hear the flute bands in the North  
of Ireland, says Mr. Montague S.  
George, the well-known authority on  
flutes, and the opportunity presented  
itself last Easter when visiting Bel-  
fast. Through the courtesy of Mr.

Symington, the energetic  
secretary of the Flute Band  
Association, I had the pleas-  
ure of attending several  
band practices, and at each  
I was astonished at the effect  
produced by the players. In  
England we occasionally hear  
the flute and drum band, but  
the drums are in the major-  
ity, that is, as regards sound;  
whereas the bands I heard  
were delightfully free from  
any vulgarity, and I can  
quite understand the good  
people of Belfast taking a  
pride in them. Every one  
connected with them, the  
committee and conductors,  
must be praised, and further,  
each individual for their en-  
thusiasm. There is no doubt  
that the practices are con-  
ducive to much enjoyment.  
The tone and variety pro-  
duced by these bands must  
be heard before one can real-  
ize the effect. The only thing  
to be regretted is that ar-  
rangers of music for flute  
bands will persist in writing  
for the F piccolo, a very  
shrill and extremely difficult

instrument to play in tune.  
At the contest at the Ulster Hall  
on Good Friday, which, by the by  
was well attended by enthusiasts, who  
remained until after midnight, an ar-  
rangement of Berlioz' "Faust" was  
the test piece, an extremely well ar-  
ranged piece but for the defect above  
mentioned. Had the E flat piccolo  
been substituted, I am sure each band  
would not have been handicapped,  
and the arduous duties of the judge  
would have been simplified. I am  
now given to understand that the E  
flat piccolo is being adopted by a num-  
ber of bands.

#### Hector Chasnowitz

#### "The Village Choir."

A time-honored selection is going  
the rounds once more. It runs as fol-  
lows:

Half a bar, half a bar,  
Half a bar onward!  
Into an awful ditch,  
Choir and precentor hitch,  
Into a mess of pitch  
They led the Old Hundred.  
Trebles to right of them,  
Tenors to left of them,  
Basses in front of them,  
Bellowed and thundered.  
Oh! that precentor's look  
When the sopranos took  
Their own time and hook  
From the Old Hundred.

Screeched all the trebles here,  
Boggled the tenors there,  
Raising the parson's hair,  
While his mind wandered;  
Theirs not to reason why—  
This psalm was pitched too high;  
Theirs but to gasp and cry  
Out the Old Hundred.  
Trebles to right of them,  
Tenors to left of them,  
Basses in front of them,  
Bellowed and thundered.  
Stormed they with shout and yell,  
Not wise they sang, nor well,  
Drowning the sexton's bell,  
While the church wondered.

Dire the precentor's glare,  
Flashed the pitchfork in air,  
Sounding fresh keys to bear  
Out the Old Hundred.  
Swiftly he turned his back,  
Reached he his hat from rack,  
Then from the screaming pack  
Himself he sundered.  
Tenors to right of him,  
Trebles to left of him,  
Discords behind him,  
Bellowed and thundered.  
Oh, the wild howls they wrought;  
Right to the end they fought!  
Some tune they sang, but not,  
Not the Old Hundred.

Mr. W. O. Forsyth left last Mon-  
day, June 13th, for the Pacific Coast,  
to conduct examinations for the Uni-  
versity of Toronto.

THE thoroughness of the vocal art  
of Pauline Viardot-Garcia, is  
thus illustrated in the chapter devoted  
to her in "Success in Music and  
How It Is Won," by Henry T.  
Finck.

Once upon a time Mozart's "Don  
Giovanni" was chosen for perform-  
ance at Florence, Italy, but after  
thirty-six rehearsals it was given up  
as beyond the powers of singers and  
players. The same thing happened  
in 1862-3 to Wagner's "Tristan and  
Isolde," which was given up in Vien-  
na after fifty-four rehearsals. "Ever  
since the first postponement of the



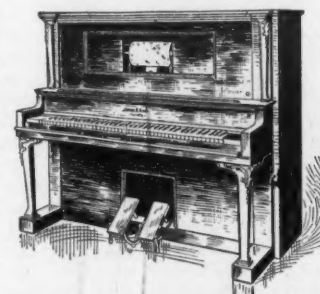
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tered—see how beautifully it performs its functions.

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have had this trouble in the past have  
found an easy and economical remedy  
in the thoroughly adequate service of  
our curtain cleaning department. Cap-  
able and experienced specialists per-  
form this work, and it is significant  
that they are kept almost constant-  
ly busy. If this means anything, mad-  
am, it is that we can rid you of a  
troublesome task and make its re-  
sults most pleasing to you at slight  
cost.

#### "My Valet"

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"Tristan rehearsals," Wagner wrote  
"the musical press of Vienna had  
found its favorite occupation in the  
attempt to prove that my work could  
not possibly be performed under any  
circumstances. That no singer could  
hit on my notes, or remember them—  
this assertion became the motto of all  
who wrote and spoke about me in any  
part of Germany." Then he con-  
trasts with this an experience he had  
in Paris when Mme. Viardot-Garcia  
sang a whole act of "Isolde" at sight!

To-day, when Wagner's operas are  
sung everywhere, it is somewhat dif-  
ficult to realize what a feat that was.  
There was no malice in the attitude  
of the Viennese singers, as Wagner  
suspected. Von Hulsen, the manager  
of the Berlin Opera, wrote to Eduard  
Devrient for information as to why  
"Tristan" had been given up in Vien-  
na, and Devrient told him in detail  
about the persistent and vain attempts  
with his best singers to master Wag-  
ner's difficult vocal style, adding that  
the opera had also been given up as im-  
possible in two other cities; and  
Franz Dingelstedt wrote to Hulsen  
from Weimar, in a similar strain, de-  
claring that in Liszt's opinion the  
second act would have to be revised,  
and that Wagner himself was con-  
vinced of the same thing. Yet Paul-  
ine Viardot-Garcia sang that act at  
sight, not only correctly, but in such  
a way as to impress the composer!

And she was not a trained Wagner  
singer, having won most of her tri-  
umphs in French and Italian opera.  
Her parents were Spanish.

TO hear and see Dr. Richter in  
the conductor's seat is to un-  
derstand why he has been able to  
say that if the scores of the "Ring"  
were lost, he could rewrite them from  
memory, says the critic of the Illus-  
trated London News. While he  
grasps every point, and can give their  
cues to singers and players alike, he  
never loses sight of the whole work;  
he preserves a perfect balance be-  
tween the voice and its complex ac-  
companiment. When we see those  
who know something of the score  
looking on with astonishment, we are  
reminded of Goldsmith's lines—

And still they gazed, and still the  
wonder grew  
That one small head could carry all  
he knew.

#### HANDSOME ARTISTS' STUDIOS

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the old firm of Heintzman & Co.,  
Ltd., now under construction at 193-  
197 Yonge st., a limited amount of  
space in the building has been set  
aside for musical studios. The situ-  
ation is most desirable and all in-  
formation will be given, and plans  
may be seen at the present ware-  
rooms of Heintzman & Co., Ltd., 115-  
117 King st., west.



## BOOKS

and

## AUTHORS

"Kilmeny of the Orchard," an idyll of Prince Edward Island. By L. M. Montgomery, author of "Anne of Green Gables," "Anne of Avonlea," etc. Illustrated by George Gibbs. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston. Price \$1.25.

HERE is one thing at least that Miss Montgomery may be depended on to do for her stories, and that is to select a pretty name for them. It may seem, of course, that there is considerable similarity between the titles, but they are none the less pretty for that. Her process seems to be to take a girl's name—a charming name like Anne or Kilmeny—and tack onto it some equally delightful name of a place. What could be better than "Green Gables," for instance, or "Avonlea?" And certainly it would be difficult to find a name with more charming associations than "The Orchard." And so Miss Montgomery has taken two very pretty names and combined them to produce "Kilmeny of the Orchard."

As for the story itself, it is all that might be expected from the title—simple and sweet and wholesome, an idyll of Prince Edward Island, with something at times of the delicate tints and fragrance of apple-blossoms. There is nothing particularly original about the plot, nothing particularly clever or vigorous about the characters. But it is a pretty story, that of Kilmeny, the beautiful dumb girl, who lived secluded in the old orchard on account of the unfortunate circumstances of her birth. But, of course, Prince Charming found her out, and came along to woo her in the guise of a young college graduate teaching the village school. But she would not marry him because of her dumbness. Then came the crisis when she saw him in mortal danger from a jealous rival, and her emotion caused her to break the barriers that with-held her speech, and she found her voice to warn him. So it all ended happily as pretty stories should.

Like all Miss Montgomery's work, this novel is very nicely written, and has many passages of descriptive beauty. The dialogue, however, is often conventional and even somewhat mawkish at times. But these defects do not prevent the book from being a very enjoyable piece of work in the sentimental vein. Miss Montgomery has the art of telling a pretty story very prettily, but it might be well if she kept her work by her a little longer, and did a little more filing and polishing. Of course, the temptations are many to induce a young and successful author to force the output somewhat. But it is a mistake which always affects the quality of the work done, and which is apt to prove even poor business in the end.

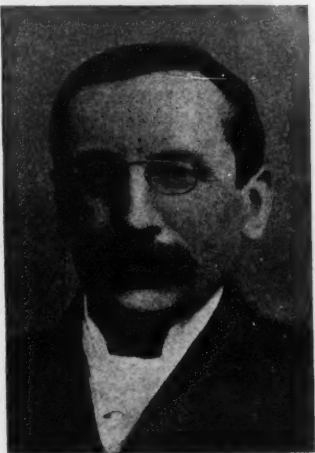
"Chate on Astronomy." By H. P. Hollis. Published by T. Werner Laurie, London.

THIS book has not been written for astronomers or for advanced students of astronomy, but for the people who don't know the Pole Star from the Southern Cross, and who regard the moon as largely responsible for the vagaries of lunatics. It is a series of plain and pleasant chats, scrupulously free from technicality, about such aspects of astronomy as are likely to appeal to the general reader. The explanations throughout are given in simple and lucid language, and they not only are easy to understand, but they also contain a great deal of very interesting and useful information. An especially valuable chapter is that which teach-

es one how to map out and recognize the principal stars. This is something which most people would like to know, and Mr. Hollis does much to make the task easy and pleasant. So far as his authority is concerned, it is enough to point out that he is the president of the British Astronomical Society, a position which should surely give the right to speak with assurance on the elementary principles of his science.

"The Royal Family by Pen and Camera." Written by Sarah A. Tooley and illustrated with one hundred and fifty-two photographs by J. Russell & Sons. Published by Cassell & Company, Limited.

THIS is not exactly one of the latest books, having been issued some months ago, but it is given a particular interest just now on ac-



ARTHUR MORRISON,  
Author of "Green Ginger," and other clever tales.

count of the death of the King with whom it so largely dealt. It should therefore be brought to the attention of those who are sufficiently interested in the late King and the Royal Family to want some such record of them. For it is quite above the average of similar publications, being not only beautifully printed and bound, but also very well written. The pictures, too, are admirably chosen and give an excellent idea of his late Majesty's appearance at different periods of his life. There are also a number of fine portraits of the present King and Queen and of the Queen Mother, as well as of many distinguished Englishmen and women who figure in the different groups. It is altogether a very interesting and valuable publication.

"The Mystery of Barry Ingram." A story of hidden crime. By Annie S. Swan. Published by Cassell & Company, Toronto. Price, \$1.25.

THIS writer has long since established a reputation as an ingenious weaver of pleasant and wholesome stories and her latest book has all the good qualities of its predecessors. In spite of the somewhat sensational nature of the central incident on which it is based, the murder of a girl by a jealous lover, there is nothing lurid in the manner of treatment. The girl was shot down in a moment of mad passion, and the man who was the involuntary occasion of the crime fled the country under a foolish impulse. The story tells of his subsequent career, and of the manner in which the real murderer was led to confess. It is an interesting tale, told with skill and restraint.

"The Canadian Apple-Grower's Guide." By Linus Woolverton, author of "Fruits of Ontario." Published by William Briggs.

THE man who eats apples or who has an apple-tree in his back yard will find much to interest him in this volume. But the man who is in the business of growing apples, or who is thinking of taking it up, simply cannot afford to be without it. It is a very complete and well arranged publication, and its authority is unquestionable. Mr. Woolverton is one of the leading Canadian fruit experts, and he has made the apple his special study. For fifty years he has been practically engaged in the work of apple-growing, as he states in his preface, and was for many years the owner of the largest fruit farm in Canada. He is editor of The Canadian Horticulturist, and for nearly twenty years was the secretary of the Ontario Fruit Growers' Association. No more need be said to show that what Mr. Woolverton doesn't know about apples—simply doesn't exist.

In this book he gives a complete

guide to the planting, culture, harvesting and marketing of apples. He also describes and illustrates from photographs all the various apples grown in the Dominion. And furthermore he gives a list of the varieties of apples recommended for planting in the various apple districts of the Dominion. The work is very well done, and is not only very useful, but also very interesting to anyone who cares anything about apples. And where is the person who doesn't?

"Downward—A Slice of Life." A problem novel. By Maud Churton Braby, author of "Modern Marriage and How to Bear It." Published by T. Werner Laurie, London.

AS the title would indicate, this is our old friend the sex-problem, back again. It is the same old problem, expressed in pretty much the same old terms. The book is written with a certain cleverness, the dialogue is brisk, and the story moves along without undue lapses, but the whole thing is along very conventional lines—the conventions and the unconventional. It deals with the life of the illegitimate daughter of an actress, a charming and passionate girl who becomes a nurse. The usual irresponsible and irresistible lover turns up for him, though he is engaged to marry her dearest friend. The punishment which always visits such lapses in problem novels is meted out to her. But after suffering has made her a pure and noble woman she, of course, finds happiness in the honest-to-goodness affection of a sincere and devoted man—fifteen years her senior. One need hardly say that their happiness was beyond words. In well regulated problem-novels such beginnings are the sure foundation of matrimonial bliss.

"The Picturesque St. Lawrence." A book descriptive of scenery along that river, written and illustrated by Clifton Johnson. Published by the Macmillan Company of Canada, Toronto. Price, \$1.25.

THIS book belongs to a very useful class of writing—one can hardly call it literature—and as an admirable description by pen and camera of the scenery along Canada's principal river, it should appeal to most Canadians. The book is unusually well done. It is not merely a catalogue of scenery, but is really an account of travel, and is enlivened by many sketches of amusing and interesting incidents by the way. Account is also taken of the various historical associations of the places visited, and this gives a further attraction to the volume. Mechanically, the book is all that could be desired, being a handy size, nicely bound in dark blue, well printed, and well illustrated.

"Pontiac." A drama of old Detroit in blank verse. By A. C. Whitney. Published by Richard G. Badger, Boston.

THE romantic story of old Detroit and the still more romantic story of the famous Indian chieftain whose good name furnishes the title of this drama, have frequently been turned to good purpose in literature. Mr. Whitney, however, has done little to add to the enduring fame of either. His play is very ordinary in conception and more ordinary still in execution. The characterization is weak, and the defect is shared by the blank verse—some of which is very blank, indeed.

## LITERARY GOSSIP.

THE underworld of the very poor is a world of which the average man or woman knows nothing, says M.A.P. We have had writers who devoted themselves mainly to putting this underworld on paper; there are more of them, perhaps, now than ever, for the subject has become something of a literary fashion. We have Mr. Morrison and Mr. Pett Ridge and Mr. Neil Lyons, we have had Gissing. But none of them has done the thing exactly as it ought to have been done, and for a very weighty reason. Strive as they would they could never get at this kind of life quite from the inside. The people who really knew what there was to be told did not know how to tell it. The people who did know how such things should be told never knew them. And now George Meek, an Eastbourne Bath-chair man, a waif whose childhood was made miserable by a shrewish mother who scolded him, and a drunken cab-driver who never married that mother because he had another wife living, inspired by

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the writings and personal encouragement of Mr. H. G. Wells, sets himself to write a book that stands out as a vivid and startling piece of real literature.

Mr. Meek seldom wastes time over the things that we who know little of such lives as his may take for granted. He never tells us much about his customers; he talks about himself and

in the workhouse or are there still. The work demoralizes everyone in some way. It sets man against man."

George Meek began life under a handicap. His sight has always been defective, his general health has always been indifferent. Often he has starved, but has generally managed to keep alive without help from outside. He has worked in the fields, in the bakehouse, on farms in America, as a shoeblack, and eventually has settled down to the trade of Bath-chair man. Now he has a wife and child to support.

But this extraordinary man has not lost the faculty for enjoyment. He has his bright days, his poor little jollifications. Yet the wolf is always just outside the door.

"I collected my best library during a fairly good summer, but it had to go in the winter for food. I have never been able to keep anything saleable or pawnable we could do without. But we had some fun there. Many people visited us, and we had musical evenings. There was a rare Christmas party at which we had about a dozen friends. I played the mandoline, violin, and flute a very little—just well enough to knock tunes out of them, but I could never keep an instrument long enough to learn it properly. The pawnshop invariably claimed it sooner or later."

George Meek has not gone down utterly into the pit. He has dreams yet of "a quiet home in the country, with birds and trees and flowers." "I have preached the gospel of discontent to others," he writes, "and I shall preach it all the time I have the strength. I have no patience and little pity for the slave who loves his chains."



MR. HARRY M. VERNON,

The well-known writer of short plays. Amongst his many successes may be mentioned "Christmas Eve," "The Three Thieves," "The Silver Medal," and "The Deputy Sheriff."

his friends. Suddenly and continually he opens windows on a world of existence that we can have little realization of. As here, for instance: "Some of the houses in which we lived were so overrun with fleas and other pests that sleep was impossible without deep drink." Of his grandparents he tells us casually, as something rather worthy of note, perhaps, "They always came home sober." At times this book is one cry of a soul in misery: "If you would know the horror of black despair go out with a Bath chair day after day, with chair-owner or landlord worrying you for rent, food needed at home, and get nothing. Stare till your eyes ache; pray with aching heart to a God whom you ultimately curse for His deafness; and this is not for a few weeks, but year after year. Among the chair-men I have known since I first began to work at the calling seven have gone mad, many have taken to drink, others have died

who declared that the author "will take at once a first place among historians" and rated the book as "one of the highest order." On the other hand, Bismarck, though a personal friend, had not got beyond the first half of the introduction two and half years after publication. Motley was modest about his work; "all I care for, if my book ever does get into print, is that it may do some good as a picture of the most diabolical tyranny which was ever permitted to be exercised, and of a free commonwealth which was absolutely forced into existence and self-defence."

WILLIAM J. LOCKE, whose delightful novels are winning for him a large audience in America, has been elected a corresponding member of the American Institute of Architects. Mr. Locke was until recently the secretary of the Royal Society of British Architects, for he has an intimate knowledge of that profession in which Thomas Hardy graduated before he took to letters.

Tom Folio

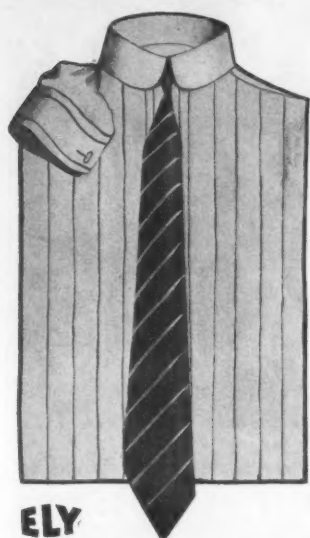
Somehow or other one is accustomed to associate beautiful premises with a publishing-house. It seems fitting that such a storehouse of books should be good to look on, set back in some grave and quiet district, with trees and shrubbery all about, and with many cosy and restful retreats in the building, where a book-lover may retire to the society of his darling volumes. Of course, the exigencies of modern publishing make such a dream difficult of accomplishment, but the new headquarters of the Macmillan Company of Canada, on Bond Street, go far to realize this Utopian vision. The building is a fine and dignified structure, admirably situated, with a handsome lawn and shrubbery; and the interior is quite in keeping with the outside of the edifice. The company is to be congratulated on its new residence.



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## Men's Wear

THE advisability of seeking individuality in straw hats is most questionable. One sees attempts—even at the shops of reputation—to get away from the conventional in effect with black and white mixed, brown and even green dyed straws, but men of good style steadfastly decline to have any use for them, or indeed for most of the shapes that vary materially from old, conservative standards. It is true that in certain localities there are certain designs that have practical advantages as well as a kind of local fashion, or correctness, and that among the college boys there are apt to be recognized fads, but for the average man, living the average town and country life the world over, there are really not more than three types, with their variations in the way of material, height of crown and width of brim, and these are the straight brim, the curling brim, and what are generally known as the Panama styles.

The first is, of course, the oldest and perhaps the most widely popular, yet for these reasons none the less in vogue, and for him to whom it is the more becoming certainly to be recommended over the others. Of fine English sennit, with crown measuring 2 3/4 inches in height, and brim 2 3/4 inches in width, it varies not in the least from the same style of last summer, or indeed the summer before that, and, although one may find other dimensions—somewhat higher crowns; narrower as well as thicker brims, and coarser and finer straws—in shape and quality of straw it is one of the correct designs of the season. On the other hand either the curled brim hats of soft mackinaw straw which may be had in five proportions, varying from a crown of 2 3/4 inches and brim of 2 1/2 inches to a crown of 3 3/4 inches and brim 2 3/4 inches, or those of fine Panama grass with crown straight, or circularly dented, and with brims of several dimensions in width, are perfectly correct in style.

The colored band is also a matter of individual preference only, being in no way indispensable to correct fashion, yet quite within the limits of good form, if in itself of good style. As for the latter quality, while it is somewhat difficult to lay down absolute rules, generally speaking, it precludes plain colored ribbons, with the possible exception of dark blue, stripes that run vertically instead of around (or parallel to the length), figures of any kind, and light and delicate shades.

WHILE it is quite evident that the form-fitting narrow-shouldered sack coat has become a fixture for spring, even in ready-for-service clothes, and also that coats made with soft rolling lapels, though rarely, are to be found in the shops catering to that particular clientele known, in common parlance, as "better class," yet it may not be an impertinence at this time to remind prospective purchasers of these form-fitting coats that no little care must be taken in their selection. Many of them, while conforming to the natural figure at the waist-line, most obviously fail to do so at the shoulders, the effect, therefore, of the narrow waist seen from the rear, and the broad shoulders is sometimes extraordinarily grotesque and looks more like a woman's old-fashioned *basque* than a man's coat. If the shoulders of the coat are slightly narrower than the natural shoulders of its wearer, the garment merely looks easy and graceful, and is entirely without any suggestion of femininity. Within the past week or so a great number of new gray suits have made their appearance in the Avenue—gray, seemingly, being the most popular color of the moment—and while they have had a rather narrow short-waisted effect, the success of the coat has often been spoiled by the shoulders, which were wide out of all proportion. This is one of the things to remember when selecting new clothes.

VERY few of the new coats are being made any longer than those of twelve months ago, and while one occasionally sees sack coats that reach half way down to the knees, it cannot be said that their wearers can, by the wildest stretch of imagination, be considered a criterion of men's dress. In fact, the coats are, if anything, an infinitesimal trifle shorter than last year, or at least,

their short-waistedness makes them seem so. The majority of the new coats close with three buttons, although, with the introduction of the soft roll, it is possible to button but two of them and have a little more free and graceful effect. There is, as usual, an enormous license in the model, some of the coats being very much cut away in front, others less so; some with rounded corners and



THE NEW SCARF—THE "PIN CHECK."  
The collar is of butcher's linen and is especially suitable for spring mornings.

some with square; some with straight fronts, some with pointed ones. The more conservative coats, and consequently, those in the best taste, are, of course, made without any dip in front and with slightly rounded corners. Summer flannels are now being made without the vent in the back of the coat, although there is no objection whatever to a vent, if you prefer, having one. There is an increasing number of coats to be seen now cut after the formerly popular double-breasted model. In almost all the coats, the waistcoat shows above the top button of the garment.

THE Paisley craze has put its stamp on the dress of mankind as well as on the toilette of woman-kind in general. Many of the best dressed men are seen wearing Paisley cravats, and now comes the Paisley waistcoat.

Of course, the "Chantecler" scarf-hat to come, and the less conservative men are wearing them to some

extent with dark suits. Very much depends upon the coloring of the wearer. These scarfs are of silk of wonderful shades of red, resembling the color of the cock's comb, and only a decided blond or a decided brunette may wear them with impunity. The man with "drab" hair and eyes and brown skin should avoid them.

The walking stick for summer is not very different from the walking stick of the past winter, except that the woods are of lighter weight and color and there is less of silver used in their mounting.

The low cut brown shoes for business and informal wear are quite as popular as heretofore, except that they are of darker hue. If the leather should be light the fastidious man has them dressed immediately with dark polish to give them that dark russet hue. Also they are laced with leather strings—never with silk or cotton.

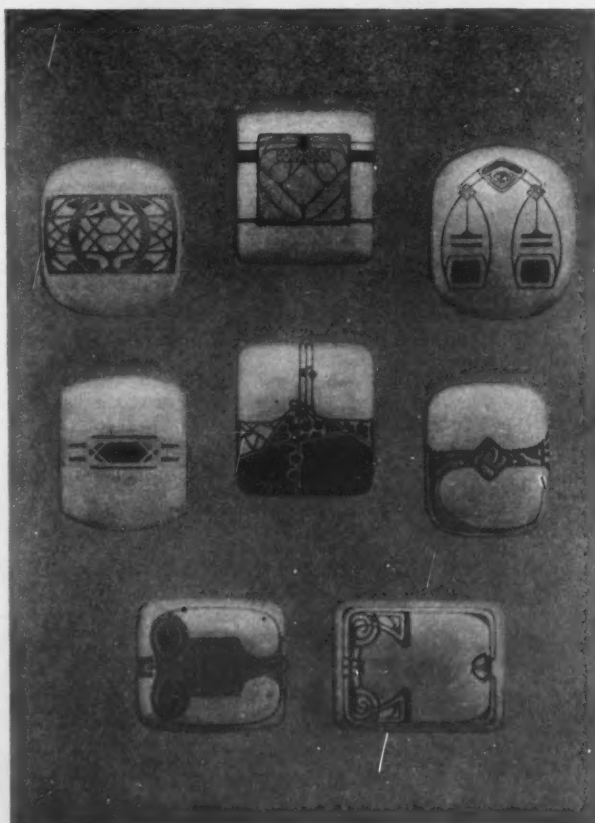
It is no longer considered *au fait* to wear brown hose with brown shoes. Hose that harmonize with the suit, or of the same tone as the scarf, waistcoat, and hat are preferred.

For dress, the new type of seamless shoe, either of enameled leather or patent leather is very much in vogue. These shoes appear to be made out of one piece of leather, but they are shapely and "quite the thing."

Only the tennis player may wear the flagrantly exotic looking socks seen in the windows of some of the leading shops. These socks come from Continental marts, and, to put it mildly, are spectacular. But with white buckskin or canvas shoes and white flannel or duck trousers and the striped blazer they give the proper note of color to the costume of the tennis player.

KING EDWARD'S death and its undoubted influence upon the colors in men's dress suggests anew, that there is no mourning mode in evening clothes. Black and white, the two evening dress colors, are themselves mourning colors, and one can't very well pile mourning upon mourning. Years ago it was customary to wear, when in mourning, black ties even with the swallowtail together with a deep black ribbon on the silk hat, black gloves, shirt studs and cuff links. This practice, however, has been dropped in urban communities, where an excess of mourning is deemed in as bad taste, as no mourning at all.

There can be no question that the death of the king will make black and white effects the vogue for afternoon dress. Himself a stickler for the proprieties, and in his thirties and forties the undisputed arbiter of style for Englishmen, and those who take their cue from London, King Edward will be mourned by all loyal Britons with the punctilious formality of dress, of which he was one of the most distinguished exponents when living.



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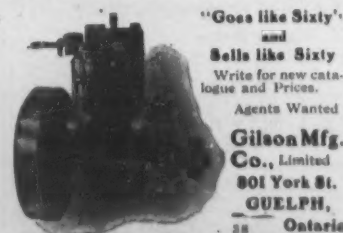
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## ANECDOTAL

KING EDWARD began providing material for anecdotes the very moment he came into the world, for when the aged Duke of Wellington, who, as prime minister, was in attendance in an ante-room, anxiously enquired of the nurse, "Is it a boy?" she retorted with some asperity, "It is a Prince, your grace." One day when he was a small boy his mother and he were out walking together in the grounds about Windsor Castle. As they approached the grand entrance, a sentry on guard saluted. His rigid posture proved a temptation to the little Prince, who stepped behind his mother, and "shied" a pebble at the motionless sentry. The stone struck the gun and made a rattle. The noise attracted the attention of the Queen, who turned round and in a glance took in the situation. Thereupon Victoria called the Prince to her, and sent him, cap in hand, to apologize to the soldier. It is only a few months since the sentry, Charles Fleet, died in London, to his last day, relating with great gusto his unusual experience.

IN the second week of his pastorate in a west side chapel the new minister appointed Henry Horn to make a soothing address to a band of the parish's insurgent workmen. The pastor had never met Henry Horn, because Henry seemed a hard man to corner for a personal interview, but a study of church records had convinced him that Henry possessed infinite tact and was just the man for the delicate mission. The day after he wrote apprising Henry of the new duty laid upon him Henry's wife appeared, pale with apprehension.

"It's quite out of the question," she said. "Henry can't talk to anybody."

"But he's just the man who can



Adolphus (at the White City): What funny little men these Japs are!  
—Drawn by Frank Reynolds.

do it," said the pastor. "I chose him for his tact."

"Tact?" said she.

"Yes, tact. The church papers last year show that eight men in the parish who were engaged in hazardous occupations suffered a fatal accident and in each case Henry Horn was appointed to inform the family of their loss. If he had not been a tactful man he would not have been chosen."

"Oh," said she "it wasn't on account of his tact, it was his stuttering. It took Henry so long to tell it that the folks found out there was something the matter before he got to the point and were saved the shock of hearin' it suddint."

MORIARITY had been badly hurt by falling from a scaffold and after the ambulance had carried him away the question of breaking the news to Mrs. Moriarity came up. "Send Hannigan," suggested one of the gang. "He's just the one to break the news gradual. Look how he stutters."

THERE is a theatrical manager in New York, who, in his early days, piloted a small circus through the villages of the middle west. "At that time," he says, "I was featuring an Italian as 'Biancilli, the strong man from Rome.' One day, traveling from Kansas City to Omaha in a day coach, the strong man and myself were seated just

ahead of a tall man with side whiskers. Whether or not the man overheard our conversation, I am unable to say, but after a time he leaned over and tapped my companion on the shoulder, saying, 'Excuse me, sir, but are you not Biancilli, the strong man?'

"Biancilli admitted the soft impeachment."

"Is it true that you can lift two and a half tons in harness?"

"Yes."

"You can hold two men at arms' length?"

"I can."

"And put up five hundred pounds with one arm?"

"Yes."

"Then," concluded the man with the side whiskers, 'would you kindly raise this car window for me?'

\*\*\*

"VISITORS are requested to leave their sticks at the door!"

So ran the printed notices in the foyer of the picture-gallery, and the new door-keeper had strict injunctions to see that they were punctiliously carried out.

The two visitors of the morning were in need of no correction, but the third found himself pulled up sharply by the new official.

"Sorry, sir," said the man, barring the way, "but you must leave your stick at the door."

"My good friend," expostulated the visitor, "I haven't a stick."

"Then you must go back and get one," commanded the doorkeeper. "Don't you see that notice? No one is allowed to pass in here unless he leaves his stick at the door, and orders is orders."

\*\*\*

A TRAVELLER stopped at a country hotel in Arkansas. There was no water in his room when he arose in the morning and he went downstairs and asked for some.

"What for?" the landlord asked.

"I want to wash my face."

The landlord directed him to a creek nearby, and he went there for his ablutions, followed by several children, who stared at him in amazement.

The traveller washed his face, and combed his hair as best he could with a pocket comb.

The children circled about him with wide open eyes. Finally the largest boy said: "Say, mister, do you-all take all that trouble with yourself every day?"

\*\*\*

THOMAS A. EDISON was discussing with a reporter a criticism of his wonderful storage battery. "The criticism is very laudatory," he said, "but it is the opposite of scientific. It really makes me think of a dialogue I once heard in a museum. Two young men stood gazing at a mummy. 'What makes him look so brown and dried-up-like, all the way through, Bill?' the first young man asked. Bill replied with his scientific information: 'In them days, George, they took the blokes they killed in battle and kippered 'em for export to the cannibal trade.'"

LORD FITZGIBBON was holding assizes in Tipperary County when a man was brought before him on indictment for murder. The case was proved that the victim came to his death by being struck by a stick in the hands of the defendant, but the doctor testified that he had what they

called in medical parlance a "paper skull." The case looked dark for the prisoner, however, and the jury returned a verdict of guilty. As the man was brought before the court for sentence it was noticed that his lordship had his black cap in his hand. "Have you anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced upon you?" demanded Lord Fitzgibbon.

The man looked for a moment, and then said, "No, your lordship, I have



Friend: "By Jove! old man, every time I come across you in uniform I can't help thinking what a fearful thing war must be."

nothing to say; but I should like to ask one question."

"What is that, my man?" said Fitzgibbon.

"I should like to know what a man with a head like that was doing in Tipperary?"

The black cap was put away and a prison sentence imposed.

\*\*\*

MIDNIGHT raids upon masculine pockets have long been winked at as among the rightful perquisites of woman; henceforth those pursuits in quest of wealth need not be followed under cover of night to the accompaniment of reassuring snores. A Chicago judge has decided that a wife is within her rights if she enlists the aid of the boarder to imprison her husband's hands while she explores his pockets. "A plain case of robbery," so the court decided, "but perfectly justifiable under the circumstances." Certainly the circumstances were aggravating; the husband had not given his wife a cent for over a year, and yet he had as much wealth as eleven dollars on his person at the time of the hold-up.

\*\*\*

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR., at a dinner in New York, admitted that he was not a gourmet. "These fat, red-faced men," he said "only amuse me. They know all the vintage years of champagne, Bordeaux and Bourgogne. They differentiate learnedly between California peach-fed and southern hominy-fed hog. They compare the flavors of the teal, the mallard and the canvas-back. I smile when I hear them. It all reminds me so vitally of two little boys in the country."

"These two little boys were smoking, when one was taken suddenly and violently ill. The other said:

"It's queer that this tobacco hurts you. It's made of very good corn silk."

"But you see," groaned the other. "I'm used to nothin' but fine grape leaves."



"INTELLIGENCE" DEPARTMENT.  
Company Officer: "In which direction can you see furthest?" Promising Recruit: "The way I looks!"

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# Topics of the Day Told in Cartoon



The Ship of State: A New Emprise.  
—Punch.



And the Villain Still Pursued Her.  
St. Paul Pioneer Press.



JOHN BULL FROM MR. ROOSEVELT'S POINT OF VIEW.  
—London Morning Leader.



U. S. Prodigal: I've got to jolly the Old Man into killing the fatted calf for me.  
—Toronto World.



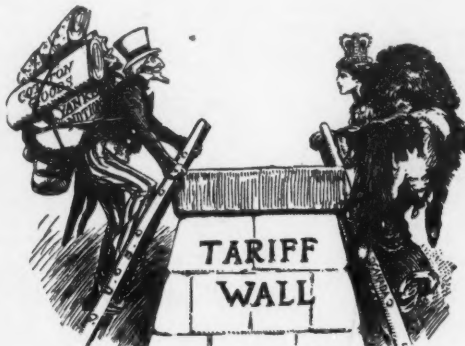
Uncle Sam: "Say, Bonehead, you're trying to hold this up and I'm going to push it down—if you value your anatomy just shift your position a trifle."  
—Harper's Weekly.



What Pinchotism Means.  
—Portland Oregonian.



Gentleman in the Box: "Get the Hook."  
—Toronto News.



—New York Herald.



Civilization: "Why did I wake him?"  
—New York Times.



RELATIVE NEWS VALUES

—Enright in New York Globe



Locked Out!  
—Montreal Witness.

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### The King of Liars.

IN commenting on the approaching publication of a life of Cagliostro, the London Nation observes: "There is probably no eighteenth century personage, famous or notorious, whose life is more difficult to write in a satisfactory fashion. Carlyle calls him a liar of the first magnitude, thorough-paced in all provinces of lying; what one may call the King of Liars; not only was he a liar himself, but he was the cause of a great deal of lying to others. Most of the books professing to narrate his career are filled with sheer inventions, but Cagliostro himself, as one of his French biographers remarks, 'could lie in five or six languages, a fact which constitutes for him a decided superiority over the greater number of men.'"

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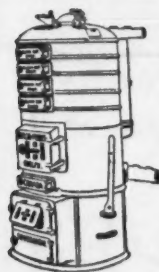
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#### BIRTHS.

WATT—At Gananoque, on June 11th, to Mr. and Mrs. Chas. A. Watt, a son.

#### MARRIAGES.

PUGH—WILSON—At St. Stephen's Church, Toronto, on June 11th, 1910, by Rev. J. H. Teney, Charlotte Margaret, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick H. Wilson, of 484 Markham Street, Toronto, to Mr. Frederick Pugh, of Winnipeg.

HASTINGS—WEIR—On Thursday, June 9th, 1910, at 75 South Bay Street, Hamilton, Ont., by the Rev. Dr. Fletcher, Mary Grace, second daughter of Mrs. John Weir, to Mr. Harry J. N. Hastings, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hastings, of Winnipeg, Man.

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## MOTORS and MOTORING

HARRY WILKIN PERRY, the motoring expert, who writes for Harper's Weekly, has an interesting article in a recent issue of that publication on the art of motor-driving. He says:

"Perhaps you have noticed that some motor car drivers run their cars along the road at nearly uniform speed, preserve an almost straight course with scarcely perceptible deviations when the road is straight, avoiding small obstructions on the surface as if by good luck more than intention, and never get into 'tight places' in traffic that require sudden dextrous movements to prevent collisions and other accidents.

"On the other hand, you doubtless know drivers who 'dodge' every little hole, stone, horseshoe, and broken bottle with a short turn of the steering wheel that results in an unpleasant swaying of the car body; who slow up and start ahead with annoying frequency, and are repeatedly treating their companions in the car to thrilling moments of suspense as they narrowly avert the running down of a pedestrian or a bicyclist.

"These differences are noticeable alike on city streets and country roads, and are amply sufficient to make it a delight to ride with one friend at the wheel and almost torture to sit in the car behind another. You may be unconscious of the precise reasons that give you confidence in the one and make you apprehensive with the other, yet the feeling is there.

"In all probability the secret lies in this fine point in driving an automobile—the distance ahead of the car at which the driver focuses his gaze. 'The proficient driver has early learned to watch the road far in advance of his car—as far, in fact, as the road is visible. On a straight, level road, this may be several miles; on a winding road, as far as the next turn; on a hilly road, the crest of the next rise; and on city streets, as far as the state of traffic permits the way to be seen clearly.

"Following this practice, all bad places and small objects on the road are seen long before the car comes to them, and almost unconsciously the machine is steered to avoid them. The action begins so early that the motion is practically imperceptible to other passengers, and the driver does not find it necessary to keep his eyes fixed upon the spot or object until it is passed; he has early insured that it will not be struck by the wheels and so continues to keep his eyes focused away ahead. Thus he avoids dropping his eyes to watch all near objects and raising them again to the focusing point, a practice that becomes wearisome to the driver and gives rise to unexpected emergencies.

"The novice, or indifferent driver who concentrates much of his attention upon the road directly in front of his wheels, does not see impediments far enough in advance to begin a gradual movement in avoidance of them, but must make quick turns to swing out around the holes, stones, and other obstructions. Then, with his attention fixed upon the particular thing or place he is avoiding, he is unprepared for the next one, which he has not seen.

"The human eye is like a camera in this respect, that when focused upon the distance the immediate foreground is also in fairly good focus, but when focused only a few yards or two or three rods ahead the background is very indistinct. Consequently, the motor-car driver who watches the road at the point of disappearance finds that the foreground takes care of itself—that is, he unconsciously directs the movements of the machine without any distraction of his attention from what is coming farther on. So his machine follows a straighter course, with long, easy sinuosities that do not cause any swaying of the body, and his companion motorists scarcely realize that there are any bad places in the road.

"Even more important than this, however, is the fact that, by following this method of driving, sudden emergencies can be wholly avoided. When watching the point of disappearance of the road it is impossible for any vehicle to emerge around a turn, over the top of a hill, or from a cross-road without the driver being at once aware of it, and as a result, prepared to prevent a collision. He has ample time to reduce speed without a sudden shutting-off of the power and application of the brakes,

and to decide upon his course of action—whether to turn right or left, slow down or speed up—and to sound his horn as a warning in time to enable the obstructing vehicle to pull out to one side. Thus he preserves a more uniform rate of speed and finds few occasions for changes of gear and application of brakes, all of which are wearing on the mechanism and upon the nerves of the passengers. He is able to control his machine much better than the man who follows contrary driving practice, and does it without the need of making short dashes at top speed.

"Similarly in city traffic the proficient driver watches the movements of all the vehicles well in advance, and, by judging their speed and noting their directions of motion, is on the alert for the slightest sign of an intention to slow down or turn into a side street or pass around a wagon or carriage going in the same direction. He governs his own movements accordingly and easily avoids running into another vehicle. The driver who does not do this is like a near-sighted pedestrian who is unable to see ahead well enough to regulate his own movements in accord with those of others on the walk and is, therefore, constantly dodging this way and that, starting ahead quickly to pass some, and holding back for others, to his own distraction and the annoyance of other people."

W HILE the degree of perfection now attained in the main point of a chassis has left the makers free to consider minor details that were once ignored, the fact remains that in one respect, at all events, cars generally are still capable of material improvement. It is really surprising, when one comes to think of it, that so little attention has been devoted to the creation of a satisfactory type of mudguard, especially when it is reflected that the coach-building trade devotes the major portion of its energies to the production of handsome bodies for automobile chassis. The man who builds bodies usually equips the car with mudguards at the same time; and it is obviously to his own interest that the guards should have a large measure of efficiency in order to preserve the beauty of the bodies themselves to the greatest possible degree. Mudguards, nevertheless, to this day bristle with faults from which every owner of a car has suffered and still suffers. Time was when no car had even an inside flap to the front mudguards, with the result that on a wet day the bonnet was simply smothered with mud in a very few miles. The under-shield is now universal, but far too little attention is paid to the prevention of external mud-coating. Apparently the hosepipe is regarded as a "cure-all"; but why coachbuilders should be content for their back panels to be gradually ruined it is difficult to understand. One may also mention the fact that mudguards are frequently very insecurely fixed to the frame. The stays themselves are sometimes too weak, and the brackets which hold them even weaker; and there is nothing more annoying on a tour than to have a mudguard bracket come adrift from the frame.

One reason why the evolution of the satisfactory mudguard has been so slow is the fact that for a long time makers were obsessed by the idea that it was necessary to reduce

wind resistance as far as possible, and to the front wheels, at all events, they fitted mudguards of the "flared" type. These, however, while keeping mud from the neighborhood of the step, did not prevent it from flying upwards and attacking the body generally. Comfort is recognized as more important than speed nowadays, and the flared mudguard is rarely, if ever, seen. The inside flap, of course, was the first improvement, but on many cars it has also been the last. One sees lips occasionally, but they are seldom deep enough, and are ineffective because the mudguard itself is not close enough to the tire.

To take the front mudguards first, it may be laid down as an essential that they should be broad. Even on cars of recent date I have known the guards to be so narrow that during perfectly straight running the mud would come outside the fly into the faces of the driver and front passenger; it need hardly be said, therefore, that when the steering wheels were turned matters were made much worse. The ideal front guard should be hollow instead of flat, and also placed as near the tire as possible. Deep lips should be provided and there should also be a substantial inside panel, not designed merely to protect the bonnet, but carried right down to the bottom of the guard so as to prevent mud from flying up to the body itself. The panels should also be very long forwards, and follow the curve of the wheel instead of being horizontal at the front end. When a car is properly designed on these lines there is no necessity for the addition by the driver of more or less unsightly flaps of leather.

As for rear mudguards, they, too, should have inside flaps to prevent the perpetual washing of the side panels, and should also be as close to the wheels as possible and much more rounded than is usually the case. What is particularly important, moreover, is that they should come far enough down if curved round the wheel, or far enough back if carried straight outwards, to prevent the back draught from throwing oceans of mud on the rear panel. The condition of many of the cars one sees daily after a run in the country is deplorable. Lastly, it may be asked, who will be first to invent a mudguard which, though securely fixed, can be instantaneously detached with a view to facilitate tire repairing?

The second issue of "The Canadian Motor Boat" has been published at Bridgeburg, Ont. It is a handsomely-printed monthly magazine, filled with articles of interest to the motorist, both on land and water.

In the recent endurance run from Atlanta to New York there were seventy cars entered. One of the most successful of these competitors was the Ford Model "T," driven by the owner, Mr. E. M. Willingham. This car made a perfect score, being one of five to do so. Such a record is very greatly to the credit of the little car, in view of the size and cost of most of the other entries.

### The Military Moustache.

It is contrary to the British army regulations for an army officer to shave his upper lip; and from time to time the War Office has issued general orders expressing its disapproval of the growing disregard of the regulations. Furthermore, the King has interested himself in this matter, and it is said that he contemplates some action that will compel the officers to return to the old custom.

The moustache has long been regarded as the military badge. Only one regiment in the Austro-Hungarian cavalry may go smooth-faced, and this is because during the Seven Years' War recruits were so scarce that this regiment once had to go into battle when there were nothing but beardless boys in its ranks. It behaved with such gallantry, however, that its members remain beardless to this day.

The decline of the moustache in military England is charged by some to Anglo-American alliances. The American girl is said to prefer the male face "smooth," and, as the average Briton has a weakness for American girls, the result is a combination that produces new fashions and outlaws old customs.

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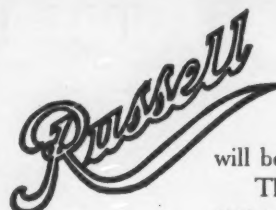
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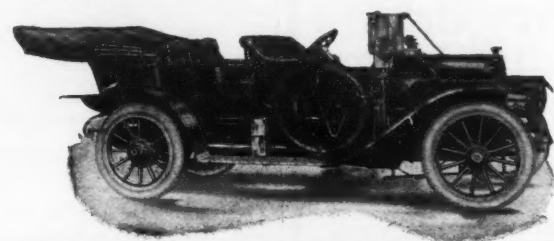
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## THE THEATRES



Robert Smiley, character comedian, with the Percy Haswell Players at the Royal Alexandra Theatre.

DURING the two seasons when Miss Minnie Maddern Fiske used "Leah Kleischna" as a steller vehicle, she was exiled from Toronto by the theatrical syndicate and therefore the presentation of the play by the Percy Haswell players at the Royal Alexandra Theatre this week comes as a novelty to local playgoers. It gains in interest from the fact that it is artistically and interestingly presented in a manner far superior to the routine stock production that we have been accustomed to in the past.

Facile cleverness is written over every line of the melodrama of Mr. C. M. S. McClellan—for mere melodrama it is despite the distinction lent to it by the original "Business" devised by Mrs. Fiske. Nevertheless, it leaves one with very grave doubts as to the sincerity of Mr. McClellan, who, it will be remembered, was also the author of "The Belle of New York." It deals with one of the most important issues to which the dramatist may apply himself—the redemption of a girl's soul by the application of the golden rule. Much high sentiment is uttered, but in the end it leaves one cold, and the success of the piece lies in the skill with which ordinary theatrical incidents of a sensational character are handled. The hero of the tale, Paul Sylvaine, is what is colloquially known as an "up-lifter," a sort of Gallic Judge Lind-say. The piece was written before the popular American magazines commenced to seek out heroes in public life and make demigods of them; else one would suspect Mr. McClellan of having purloined his ideas from some of the ecstatic journalists whose sentiments are really too good to be true. Sylvaine believes in reforming criminals by appealing to "the good that is in every human breast." He also asserts that he loves the criminal just as he loves all men, and he finally concentrates his affectionate tendency on Leah, the girl thief. When the curtain drops she, who has chosen a life of poverty in preference to a life of crime, is going to be taken away to a comfortable home in England. "Intentions Matrimony" might be the label on the last act. While one is glad to see Leah redeemed, one confesses that one was more interested in her father, the hardened criminal Kleischna, who, if he has any good in him does not allow him to emerge very far. Mr. McClellan makes him as detestable as a man may well be, in his willingness to use his daughter as a stool pigeon for his conspiracies, but he contrives to give him human characteristics, that if they do not touch the heart, appeal to one's sense of the picturesque. Why, however, Kleischna should insist on his daughter's giving herself to the young degenerate Raoul Berton when he has that aristocrat precisely where he wants him, tied up to him body and bones, passes one's comprehension. Taken as a whole, the piece would fare badly if subjected to a psychological analysis. It is cleverly concocted theatricalism in which the development of the characters is purely arbitrary and limited by the exigencies of such sensational situations as the dramatist deems effective. Incident grows from incident in the most exciting fashion and there are times when one holds one's breath with anticipation in the good old-fashioned way. Particularly is this the case in the second act when the burglary is

committed and in the fourth act when the detective arrives opportunely at the foot of the stairs. Mr. McClellan's skill as a playwright is shown by the manner in which he tells his story by action rather than allusion and narrative. It is good stirring melodrama, despite some moments of sermonizing up to the end of the fourth act. The final scene in the lettuce fields, when it becomes apparent that it is necessary for Leah to think about a trousseau, because the leading idealist of France is going to marry her, is stilted and unconvincing. It is obviously tacked on to meet the tastes of those who love sentiment even at the expense of all probability.

Miss Percy Haswell does not make the mistake of trying to imitate Mrs. Fiske, the creator of this role in America, or Miss Lena Ashwell, the original in London. She plays the part in her own clean cut, straightforward way. She is always convincing and displays charm and abundant power on the requisite occasions. The performance of Mr. Wm. Crimmins, in the role of Kleischna was as fine a bit of acting of the kind as has been seen here of late years. Especially admirable was his facial expression, which was commanding, menacing and insinuating by turns and his whole representation was expressive and vital. The Sylvaine of Robert Gordon was a rather stilted performance, but then the character is continuously on high moral stilts. Mr. Thomas V. Emory was very significant as the sentimental burglar, Schramm, and Mr. Allen Fawcett was intense and graphic as the degenerate Raoul. Certainly no stock company seen here of recent years has provided a cast of such all-round efficiency.

WRITING of the recent "all star" revival of "The Mikado," in New York, Mr. Walter Prichard Eaton says: "The three little maids were Fritz Scheff as Yum-Yum, Christine MacDonald as Patti-Sing and Christine Nielsen as Peep-Bo. Miss Scheff, to be sure, has a voice, but she also has an accent, and the rapid pace of Mr. Gilbert's lyrics was rather too much for her. Little Miss MacDonald, because she sang sweetly, spoke every syllable clearly, and was as dainty as a Japanese print, was the prime favorite of the audience, and the most successful interpreter of the real spirit of the piece. Her part of that immortal description of Nanki-Poo's execution, when the French horn carries a melody almost as lovely as any Mozart ever wrote, was redemanded half-a-dozen times by the captivated crowd, and whether it was she, or Gilbert, or Sullivan that was most to blame, it was impossible to tell.

"Miss Josephine Jacoby, formerly of the Metropolitan Opera House, sang Katisha, and here again a big and sensuous voice failed of its effect, because the words were lost. Mme. Jacoby, also, lost her 'breath' after one verse of 'There is Beauty in the Bellow of the Blast,' and the ensuing dance. Operatic prima donnas are not constructed for dancing.

"Of the men William Pruette was most successful as Pooh-bah, because he can sing and because he knows what Gilbertian humor means. Exploiting that, and not himself, he was a monument of pompous solemnity. Mr. De Angelis was not a bad Ko-Ko. Perhaps there is no such

thing. But he worked hard, as usual. He has neither Mansfield's voice nor George Grossmith's vein of whimsical humor. For some reason unknown Andrew Mack was selected to play Nanki-Poo. Mr. Mack's voice, rather than his costume, was a thing of shreds and patches; nor is he now exactly a figure of youth and gay romance. After all, Nanki-Poo was merely disguised as a second trombone. William Danforth as the Mikado and Arthur Cunningham as Pish-Tush completed the cast. But, though this cast was not always adequate to reproduce the Gilbertian tang of the dialogue and lyrics, not always adequate to the musical demands, save in the case of the little maids (especially Miss MacDonald) and of William Pruette, the performance was distinctly on a lower level of taste and artistic achievement than the work calls for; yet it is a treat to see this operetta, surely a classic of its kind, so well mounted and so auspiciously put before the public as it was.

"Sullivan considered 'The Yeoman of the Guard' his finest work. Personally we cherish a love for 'The Gondoliers,' with that haunting oboe down in the orchestra. But, all things considered, probably, 'The Mikado' combines the whims and the dramatically vivid humor of Gilbert with the musical merriment and melodic charm of Sullivan more successfully than any other of their works, and the score, too, is perhaps more unflagging in its interest, its blitheness, its memorable melody. There are few scores, indeed, in the whole range of opera, light or serious, which are so constantly sustained on the very highest level. To find its equal in level light one has to turn to the operas of Mozart. 'The Mikado' is a musical masterpiece, and a masterpiece we all know and all love. It is good to have it back again."

ERMETE NOVELLI, who has abandoned all idea of founding a serious theatre in Rome because of his failure there a few years ago, to interest the public in his attempt to build up an institution analogous to the Theatre Francaise, occasionally returns to play to Rome in the Argentina or the Valle, or one of the other private playhouses. Theatrical conditions in Italy are so discouraging that the actors of reputation spend as little time as possible in their own land, preferring to travel in South America, Spain, Russia, or any other country in which their language is understood.

Ermete Novelli still scours the stage of every land for his novelties, which he produces with little expense—even the necessary conditions for their correct production are rarely at hand—and he introduces one after another to the Italian public, which remains more or less cold to all of them. His latest effort was an adaptation from the German, called "Utopia," which seems to have possessed few rights to such a title.

More notable was a recent production of "Julius Caesar" at the Argentina in which for the first time an interesting experiment was made with colored lights as a means of regulating the voice of the supernumeraries who took part in the scenes. They were put into a space beneath the stage and there were three lights, green, red and white, which could be turned on from above.

When the stage manager wanted the approach of the crowd, after the assassination to sound distant the white light was used and that was a signal for the men sitting in the dark room beneath the stage to begin talking to one another in conversational tones about whatever occurred to them. The red light was the signal for general talk in a louder tone of conversation which represented effectively the nearer approach of the mob. The green light called for a tone little louder than a whisper and as the representation of a retreating number it was altogether successful.

This experiment, however, was not as interesting as Andre Antoine's treatment of the scene of the burial of Caesar. He represented the body and the leading characters of the play as being on the very topmost stage of the forum with the crowd raging down below. This required the characters to enter from below through the trap doors, but it made a wonderfully effective scene with a sense of remoteness and space that even the largest stage crowded with men and women could not equal.

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We ask particular attention to our offerings just now, as they cannot be duplicated anywhere else. Our new show-rooms give us very much more space, better light, and a chance to show customers a larger variety. New bales of rugs just opened. Prices marked in plain figures.

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them more prominently before the public and should add much to their already great popularity. They desire, particularly, to impress upon their friends that, because the prices are low, it by no means follows that the same care as to mounting will not be done as well as with those companies that make more pretensions and charge high prices, for it must be remembered that the low prices are made with a view to establishing Summer Stock in this city. Miss Haswell, who plays the part of Rosalind, has assumed that role over a hundred times, and how well she plays the part is best told in the Baltimore American who says: "Miss Haswell's Rosalind was generally conceded to be the most charming performance of the role seen in Baltimore in many years. The only Rosalind who has compared to Miss Haswell was the Rosalind of Julia Marlowe, and even the most devoted Marlowe enthusiasts had to admit that Miss Haswell was, in many respects, even better than the dark-haired Julia. Miss Haswell never before scored such a pronounced personal success."

Her supporting company has been carefully selected and the scenic investiture will be a feature of the presentation. The incidental music to be used is chiefly by Greig. Miss Haswell has even arranged for a flock of "real" sheep to be used in the production, which has never been done before save by herself and it adds much to the performance. The version used by Miss Haswell is the one arranged for the stage by the famous Augustin Daly, of whose company Miss Haswell was a member.

**Aviation Meet in Toronto.**

THE people of Toronto are to be given an opportunity of witnessing at first hand the most recent development in the science of aerial navigation. Aviation meets have recently become the most highly popular form of out-of-door entertainment and throughout the United States, have attracted enormous crowds, that held at Los Angeles having been responsible for an average attendance of 60,000 per diem. The first competition to be held in Canada is to take place in Montreal next week and it is expected to prove much more interesting than those across the line on account of the fact that there will be strong competition for the Wright Brothers. In the United States the Wrights have secured patents and rights on flying devices that practically cover the entire field of aviation and other inventors are practically shut out of the game by injunction proceedings. These fail to apply to the Canadian



Jacques de Lesseps, the famous aviator, who will shortly visit Canada.

meets however, and the other American aviators will be highly gratified that they will have a chance to show the capabilities of their machines without danger of legal difficulties. There are also the Canadian inventors to be considered and McCurdy, Baldwin and other men who have been working out Prof. Bell's ideas on skyflying will endeavor to show that Canada is not far behind in the race for supremacy of the air. The most intense interest will, however, attach to the appearance of Comte de Lesseps, who became known the world over by his successful attempt to cross the English Channel, which won for him the cup offered by the Daily Mail and £500 in gold.

The Toronto meeting is to be held under joint direction of the Ontario Motor League and a Citizens' Committee and Mr. E. M. Wilcox will be in charge of the arrangements. There will be prizes offered aggregating \$75,000, making sufficient inducement for almost every aviator on the Continent to bring a machine here. Those that are assured are De Lesseps, McCurdy, Baldwin and five Wright aviators in charge of Roy Knabenshue, who had such an ill-fated experience at Toronto Exhibition two years ago. Knabenshue is now general manager for the White Brothers and at a recent meet at Los Angeles, created a sensation with an enormous dirigible, which he will also bring to Toronto. Mr. Wilcox expects that in addition to the famous aviators, almost every type of aeroplane, biplane, monoplane and all kinds of dirigible machines will have their representatives present.

**The Founder of Socialism.**

IT is an intimate, if enthusiastic, picture of Karl Marx, that John Spargo gives in his little book, "The Marx He Knew." The story is put

in the mouth of an old cigarmaker, Hans, who speaks to the Young Comrade of Marx, the friend to whom he had been close, and of the leader's friends. After a separation, following their years in childhood together, the cigarmaker went to a Democratic meeting in Cologne.

So that night, I went to the meeting and listened to the speeches. Presently he came in. I didn't see him at first, but heard a slight noise back of me, and heard some one near me say: "Here comes Doctor Marx." Then I turned and saw Karl making his way to the front, all eyes fastened upon him. I could see in a moment that he was much beloved. Then Karl made a speech. He was not a great orator, but spoke clearly and right to the point, in very simple language. The speaker who spoke before him was very eloquent and fiery, and stirred the audience to a frenzy. But never a sound of applause greeted Karl's speech; he was listened to in perfect silence. This made me feel that Karl's speech was a great failure, but next day I found that the only words I remembered of all that were spoken that evening were the words Karl spoke.

After the congress of workingmen, held in London, in 1847, when Marx read his communist manifesto, in the rooms of the Arbeiterbildungsverein in Great Windmill Street, the old cigarmaker and Frederick Engels went back together to Cologne by way of Brussels.

Ach, what a glorious time we had on that journey to Brussels. Sometimes Karl and Engels would talk seriously about the great cause, and I just listened. . . . At other times they would throw off their seriousness as a man throws off his coat, and then they would tell stories and sing songs, and, of course, I joined in. People say—the people who never knew the real Karl—that he was gloomy and sad, that he couldn't smile. I suppose that is because they never saw the simple Karl that I knew and loved, but only Marx the great leader and teacher, with a thousand heavy problems burdening his mind. But the Marx, I knew—my friend Karl—was human, boy, very human. He could sing a song, tell a good story, and enjoy a joke, even at his own expense.

**Lugubrious Fashion Notes.**

ON my last trip West I read country newspapers most of the time because I couldn't find anything else to read," said the travelling salesman. "The thing that interested me most in those little one-horse papers was funeral notices. The climax was reached in the description of the clothes worn by the corpse. I had never seen fashion notes of that kind before anywhere.

"A young girl died in one town I visited, and the obituary notice called attention to the fact that she was buried in her graduating dress. Two young married women in Nevada towns were given an extra inch of space because they wore their wedding dresses at their own funeral.

"Soldiers were buried in uniform and the papers made a note of it. At an Iowa funeral the local paper resorted to italics in making it known that the dead man was so democratic and unaffected that he had asked to be 'laid away in his familiar old brown suit.'

"The scribe who does the funerals on those papers, no doubt, does the weddings, too, for in several cases the phraseology appropriate to the both occasions got mixed, and the statement appeared that the deceased was 'dressed in the conventional black.'

**\$2.60 TO MUSKOKA LAKES AND RETURN, SATURDAY JUNE 25.**

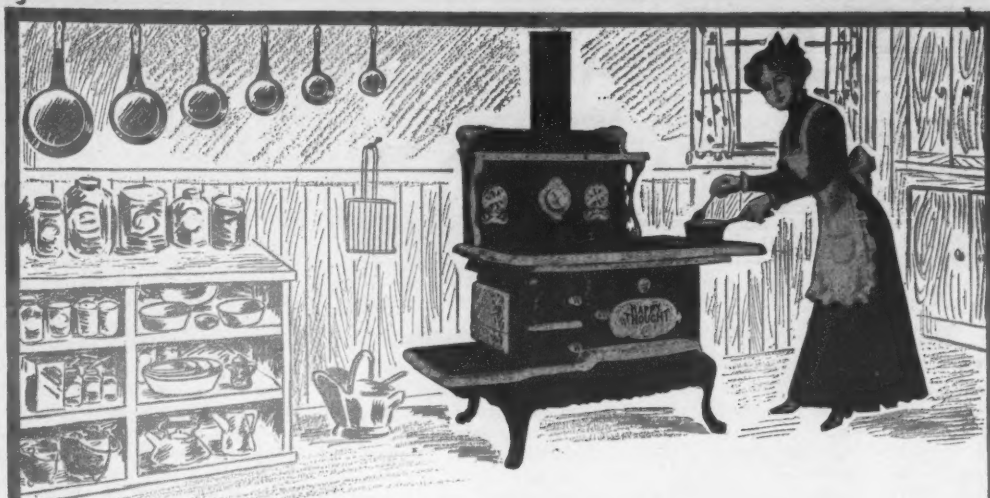
The Grand Trunk Railway System offers for the opening tourist season, a popular excursion via the favorite way, viz. Muskoka wharf to all points on the Muskoka Lakes, passing Lake Simcoe and Couchiching, the Severn, and the delightful ride from Gravenhurst via Beaumaris, Carling to Rosseau, Royal Muskoka, Cleavelands, Port Cockburn. All points may be visited for above price, and tickets will be good for four days. The new "Muskoka Express," makes its first trip June 25th, leaving Toronto 12.05 noon. Select the Grand Trunk route and no other.

Full information at City Ticket Office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets. Phone Main 4209.

The famous clock on Hampton Court Palace, England, is said by many superstitious people to stop when a person long resident in the castle dies. The first instance recorded is that of Anne of Denmark, Queen of James I. The clock, which was striking 4 at the moment, immediately stopped. Many other instances are quoted.

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Too much sympathy is apt to spoil the under dog.



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Years of stove study have convinced us that the most frequent cause of inefficiency in a cook-stove is to be found in the fact that the fire-box is not of right size, in relation to the oven. By much experimenting, we've evolved a system, whereby the fire-box is scientifically proportioned to the size of the oven.

**Oven Ventilation**

Nothing is more essential to the healthful cooking of food than ventilation—fresh air. One of our patented devices consists of a register damper in the oven door, through which the air is admitted and heated as it enters.

By means of this patent ven-

tilator, all the air in the oven is constantly in process of change—the surplus air, including steam and odors, being drawn through a tube at the back of the oven—carried into the flue—and thence to the smoke pipe.

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What good is a cook-stove of limited capacity? Are you satisfied with the kind that, when the heat is turned on the oven, has no heat left for "top" cooking—frying and the like? This difficulty is overcome, in the "Happy Thought" Range by means of a patented damper—an ingenious device that brings the fire always under the cooking holes on top of the range. It makes no difference whether your stove is running with di-

rect draft or with the heat turned around the oven—if your range is a "Happy Thought," each top cooking hole is always ready for heavy service.

**Pyramidal Oven Plates**

Is not the chief requirement in a cook-stove, greater heat with less fuel consumption? We have found that a great aid to the accomplishment of this result is the use of Pyramidal Shaped Projections on the oven surfaces. These "projections" add a third to the heating capacity of the oven, and by raising the cooking vessel away from the flat surface of the oven—allow the air to circulate under it—another important aid to good cooking.

Other exclusive features of Happy Thought Ranges are told in an interesting little book, which will be sent free for the asking.

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## THE BURGLARS' CLUB



XL—THE VICTORIA CROSS.

"It seems to me," said his Grace of Dorchester, "that the Army has been abominably neglected by us. On looking through our archives, I do not come across the record of a single military achievement. In the Church and in the State, in Diplomacy and Commerce, in Science, Art, and Literature, our activities are marked, but we have unaccountably left the Services alone. Our enemies—if such there be—might unkindly suggest that we have purposely refrained from interfering with the most vigorous portion of the community. To avoid this reproach, and to make good the omission, I therefore propose a series of three military raids, the first to be immediately undertaken by Mr. Maxwell-Pitt, who will have the opportunity of renewing his subscription at our next meeting by the production of the last Victoria Cross bestowed by His Majesty."

As the result of inquiries, Mr. Maxwell-Pitt learned that the last Victoria Cross had been given to Captain Sefton Richards, who had rescued a wounded soldier from the Somali, and, single-handed, had kept the enemy at bay till support arrived.

"H'm!" reflected Maxwell-Pitt. "He'll be a tough customer to tackle. It strikes me that if I pull this off I shall have earned the Blue Riband of the Club. I wonder where the beggar is stationed?"

Further inquiries elicited the fact that Captain Richards was at present spending his well-earned leave with his sister, who lived at Bamburn, in Lincolnshire.

The next meeting of the Club had been fixed for the 22nd of the month. On the 19th Maxwell-Pitt set out for Bamburn.

It was an ancient country town. Once it had been an ecclesiastical centre—as its minster still bore witness—but now it was given up to the sale of sheep and the manufacture of chocolate. In its outskirts was a number of highly eligible residences, and in one of these, the bequest of an uncle who was the inventor of chocolate caramels, lived Miss Richards.

Maxwell-Pitt learnt some of this from the local directory, and some from the waiter at the inn, the night of his arrival; and on the following morning made his way to the neighborhood of Burgoyne Lodge—so Miss Richards' house was styled—and sat down on a seat thoughtfully provided by the local district council.

At eleven o'clock his patience was rewarded. The gate opened, and two people came out. The man—tall, straight, and bronzed—was obviously Captain Richards, the lady probably his sister. Mr. Maxwell-Pitt saw them disappear along the road in the direction of the town, and then he approached the house to take in its bearings. It was the last building on the road, and it was closely surrounded by a belt of trees; behind the trees were thick bushes. This screen effectually concealed the house from the road—for the inventor of chocolate caramels had been a recluse by nature—so, in order to obtain a better view of it, Maxwell-Pitt got over the wall, and peered through the bushes.

It was a solid Georgian dwelling, with two windows on each side of the door. Which window should he attempt to force? The end ones would be the farthest from the hall, and perhaps the safest. Or would it be better to try the back? Confound it!

His eyes had been so intently fixed on the house that he had omitted to notice an occupant of the garden, but now he was aware that a trimly and plainly gowned little woman who was engaged in cutting flowers had stopped in her work and was watching him. The position was ridiculous. What excuse could he offer? He turned round, got over the wall again, and walked quickly away, with the conviction that he had made a blunder, criminal in a professional, and unpardonable even for an amateur.

During the afternoon, while he was walking down the main street of the town, wondering at the number of sheep the land contained—for it was market day—he came face to face with the same good-looking, dapper little person he had seen in

the grounds of Burgoyne Lodge. She had appeared from a side street, and no escape was open to him. He fixed his eyes on the celebrated Perpendicular architecture of the minster tower, hoping to escape her attention, but, to his surprise, she stopped him.

"Pardon me, I think we have seen one another before," she said slowly, and with a marked foreign intonation.

"Of course we have," he replied, as he took off his hat. "I remember the occasion perfectly. How do you do?" Then he added, unblushingly, "And how is your sister?"

"I thank you," she answered. "My sister would, no doubt, be quite well if I had one. But please do not make romances. I saw you this morning at Burgoyne Lodge. I know what you want."

"The dickens you do!" he exclaimed in blank amazement. "And pray what is it?"

"I think it is something that does not belong to you," she said, her dark eyes looking steadily at him.

"Indeed! And how do you know that?"

She shrugged her shoulders expressively. "Cela n'importe," she an-



"He was walking in his sleep, conscious of nothing."

swered. "If you please let us walk on so that we do not draw attention. Yes, I know what you want, and I think I can assist you a little."

"It's very good of you to suggest it," said Maxwell-Pitt as they walked along the street; "and I'm sure I'm much obliged to you. I'm not accustomed to this sort of business, you know."

"You have made the same business once before," she said.

"You are really remarkably well informed," he replied. "The least you can do is to tell me how you come to know these things."

"Do not waste the time," she said impatiently. "I am Adele, Miss Richards' maid. She is in town with her brother, the captain. They must not see us together. When do you intend to—to—?" She hesitated.

"To pick mushrooms, shall we call it?" he answered.

"To—pick—mushrooms?" she repeated, with a puzzled look. Then she smiled. "Ah, I understand. Yes, when do you intend to pick the fine mushrooms?"

"As soon as I know where they are, and how to get them. If you assist me it will, of course, make matters easy for me."

"To-night?"

"Mademoiselle, you are a thoughtful reader. You anticipate my wishes. To-night, by all means."

"Then I will see that one of the windows is left unlatched. *Mon Dieu!* Meet me here at this place at nine o'clock." With this she turned abruptly round the corner they were passing, and disappeared into a shop.

Maxwell-Pitt glanced ahead, and saw Captain and Miss Richards approaching. They might not have seen him with the maid, for they were in earnest conversation. Captain Richards only glanced casually at him in passing.

"Well, this is what I call remarkable—simply remarkable," said Maxwell-Pitt to himself as he walked to his hotel. "How on earth should she know of the V.C. business, and, what is more, that I had to pay my en-

trance fee by a previous burglary? Who could have told her? I wonder why any member should be so extremely anxious to assist me. . . . Stop! Was it really a member? There's that man Marvell—the detective. He has been present at two former burglaries—called in by accident, certainly, but he has his eye on us, and perhaps he now has some means of finding out in advance the task set to members. The remarkably obliging Adele may be merely a female detective. She may assist me to get into the house, and show me where the V.C. is, and then, when I get it, her friend Marvell will appear. In that case Richards and his sister are in the know, and this apparently casual meeting just now, and Adele's annoyance, was pre-arranged to throw me off the scent. It seems to me, Maxwell-Pitt, that you'll have to be very careful what you are about, or you'll be landed to-night, and by a woman."

That evening he kept his appointment at the street-corner. The maid was late. The clocks had chimed the quarter before she came, hot and breathless—not her cool, nonchalant self of the morning.

"It has been so difficult to leave," she explained. "Miss Richards would have me read to her after the dinner. Walter Scott! And me dying all the time to be here, Mr. — What shall I call you?"

"Jones," said Maxwell-Pitt, "is a dreamy, romantic name, very suitable for a mushroom picker."

"Yes; Jones is a beautiful name," she replied. "Have you decided to pick to-night, Mr. Jones?"

"I should like to."

"You wish me to leave that window open?"

"If you will."

## Wedding Gifts at Kay's Oriental Rugs



The question of what to give is often most happily solved by the choice of an Oriental Rug. Apart from their usefulness and endless durability the atmosphere of romance which surrounds the make and history of these eastern fabrics suggests a peculiar suitability for bridal gifts.

Displayed on our ground floor at this writing is a large and uncommonly fine collection of Oriental Rugs, many of them undoubted antiques. They vary in size from small rugs desirable for use in doorways, in front of pianos, etc., up to heavy room size carpets. Among them are exquisite rugs of intricate design in light delicate colors suited for drawing rooms or reception rooms; heavy Turkey Carpets bold of pattern in rich deep shades of red, green or blue; admirable for the Library or Sitting Room; Palace strips also and rugs of various smaller sizes useful in halls or almost any room.

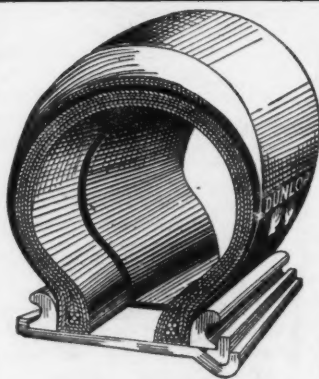
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# LIVING IT DOWN

By WARWICK DEEPING

YONDER, on the edge of Bilberry Wood, "The Tragedy of the Trees" had its staging upon the broad Mistmoor uplands, whose greens and rust reds died away into the blue-grey distance. A dozen axes were at work on the edge of Bilberry, hiring axes that smote and had no pity. The crash of the falling firs had awakened Thorkell's wife from her sleep that morning.

Thorkell, even in his distress, realised that it would be useless to parley with the "ganger" and his navvies whom Burgoyne had let loose upon Bilberry Wood. His hope was that Gisborne would approach Burgoyne, and compel him to recognise the outrage that he was committing. Gisborne had the courage for such an act; he could speak as a doctor, not merely as a man. For there was no question as to the danger of Kitty's acute, spiritual distress. And Thorkell started off to Crutchet to see Gisborne and show him how things stood.

Thorkell had not left Danebarrow more than a quarter of an hour when the crash of the falling trees ceased, and Kitty, lying on her couch under the window, drew in her breath with a sense of infinite relief. Then she had only left the work for a meal, and had gathered under the shade of the Danebarrow hedge. A couple of women had come up the road from the direction of Crutchet, carrying basins tied up in gaudy handkerchiefs. A good deal of coarse gossip passed between the men and the two women. They had lit a fire of dead fir boughs, and were heating up a great tin can of tea.

Kitty, the sense of strain lifted from her now that the trees had ceased to fall, went out again into the garden, and began to pick off some of the dead flowers along one of the herbaceous borders. She felt the silence to be sweet and restful, and the autumn flowers ready to share in the joy of this tranquility that was like drowsiness after years of pain. Bilberry Wood seemed curiously still. Kitty imagined that the laborers had either finished for the day, and marched back to Crutchet, or that they had retreated deeper into the wood. She did not notice that someone had thrust a fir log into the laurel hedge so that the log should bend some of the branches down and open a "squint" for any peeping Tom. There had been silence under the hedge since Kitty had come into the garden.

She was bending over the rose-bed in the middle of the lawn, and drawing a late bloom of Ulrich Brunner towards her, when something struck her skirt and glanced aside on the grass. Startled, she turned sharply, and found a dirty ball of crumpled paper lying there on the lawn. Touching it with her foot, she felt that the paper had been crushed about a stone, or a small billet of wood. And perhaps her surprised yet rather contemptuous attitude amused someone on the other side of the hedge.

A wet giggle simmered up, and burst into a bubbling laugh, laughter whose only reward should have been

a blow upon the mouth. It was the open-throated, sensual giggling of the she-animal at her worst.

Kitty's face flushed at the thought of being played with by such people. She turned, and walked back slowly towards the house, the laughter increasing in an insolent crescendo, a dozen more coarse voices accompanying the part. Kitty felt that she had walked into an ambush. The laurel hedge had become full of eyes, at least so her fancy pictured it. If they had thrown stones at her, she could not have winced more than she winced inwardly at the insolent ugliness of their voices.

In the room of the tapestries she sat down at the piano, driven to sweeten her disgust with sounds other than those that might have gurgled from a pot-house. At first her fingers faltered over the notes, groping for inspiration as though the spirit of music long hidden behind mist. Then the rhythm of some measure floated up to her brain. Her hands began to move to it, and drifted into the pathetic grandeur of Chopin's "March Funebre."

But those great chords dwindled and died with their too human dolor and despair. It should have been the death song of the firs of Bilberry, but the spirit of death drew near before quieter and more childlike passages had been reached. Kitty Thorkell sat rigid, her two hands pressed convulsively to her bosom. Then her head drooped slowly towards the keyboard. Something seemed to churn and bubble in her throat. The ivory of the notes grew red in the subdued light of the room.

When Thorkell came back he found her there, head fallen against the music rack, arms outstretched along the keyboard. The Red Death had chanted the "March Funebre." And the white notes that her fingers had touched so often were silent and stained all red.

For a while Thorkell held his dead wife in his arms, sitting on the couch under the window, her head resting against his shoulder, her face upturned to his. The firs of Bilberry were falling once more under the axes, but Thorkell was deaf to the death cries of the trees.

From the first stupor of grief a blind and passionate incredulity emerged, the feverish agony of a man striving to thrust back something that threatened to crush and stifle his soul. He laid Kitty on the couch, began to rub her hands, talk to her with pathetic tenderness, watched the closed lids, and put his face close to the mute mouth. He smoothed the hair back from her forehead, kissed her, and knelt there holding her hands as though there could be but one inevitable end, and that she would recover consciousness. As the minutes went by he bent over her, chafed her hands, opened her dress, and felt for the beating of her heart. "How long she lies like this!" he kept saying to himself. And several times he called her softly, soothingly, by name—"Kitty, Kitty."

Yet when the truth forced its way

in upon him at last, it fell upon Thorkell suddenly, like an assassin upon some doomed Caesar. He started up, and then knelt cowering, covering his head with his hands as though warding off a blow. The tick of the clock was the only sound in the room of the tapestries. Thorkell was dumb. He crouched there, covering his head, inarticulate and silent.

An hour went by before some measure of sanity came back to Thorkell. He raised himself and knelt upright, looking at his wife's face. He touched her hands, her hair, her forehead. And for the first time he seemed to notice, and with a kind of child-like wonder, the stains of the red death upon face and hands.

Thought was at work in him again. He rose and stood awhile, still looking at her, now and again a sharp tremor sweeping his face. Then he turned and went out of the room, climbed the stairs, and entered her bed-chamber.

When Thorkell returned to the room of the tapestries he was carrying a basin and ewer, a white towel, a folded quilt over one arm. Quite calmly now he began to wash his dead wife's hands and face, and when he had washed the blood away he spread the green quilt over her body, laying her arms outside it, and leaving bosom and neck uncovered. He stood and looked at her awhile, passing a hand to and fro unconsciously over his heart, and moving his lips silently, but not in prayer.

Hours had passed now. Bilberry was silent and splendid with the evening sunlight streaming upon the trees. Thorkell went out into the garden pathetically methodical over this last sacrament of water and of flowers. He cut great sheaves from the borders—daisies, sunflowers, hollyhocks, lavender and thyme. The last roses, too—white and red—he bound into a rough coronet, smiling over it in a strange, sad way and once burying his face in the flowers. He went in and laid the sheaves about her, covering the couch and spreading them upon the floor. The coronet of roses he laid over her heart, with a single white rose in her hair.

There was no madness in his mood, nothing but the utter desolation of a man who had lived his best years with one woman, and who could see no liveable future without her. Mere chaos seemed before him, emptiness and darkness that was not oblivion. They had shared everything—sorrow and pain, joy and music. The significance had been torn from life, and the surge of his thoughts and emotions carried him irresistibly towards the end. He lit candles in the room where his dead wife lay, and then climbed the stairs slowly, as though following a path that had no turning.

So he returned once more to the room of the tapestries, set the candles so that the light fell upon her face, and, kneeling, looked at her a long while in silence, death in his hand, a strange smile upon his mouth.

Presently he bent and kissed her. "Kitty," was all he said. And the great unknown lay before them both, the unknown that those who love would enter hand in hand.

(To be Continued).

AT SCARBORO BEACH. SUMMER has finally come to stay, and Toronto's magnificent permanent amusement carnival, Scarborough Beach Park, is complete and ready to make glad the hearts of the daily throngs who journey eastward for a June-day's frolic. The big pleasure resort fairly rings with fun-making novelties and there is no end to the laughs, amusement and excitement. As fast as a new attraction is installed, it becomes an important part in the visitor's regular program. Every manner of device for the manufacture of laughter is to be found at Scarborough Beach, and the popularity of each is so pronounced that they rival each other for stellar honors. Some people like best the Scenic Railway, the Chutes or the Cascades, others prefer the whirling tub rides on "The Tickler," while others flock to the Electroscope, the Johnstown Flood, the Far East or the Human Butterfly. There are one hundred attractions at Scarborough Beach, and there is not a dead one on the list. For next week the big free circus feature will be furnished by Freddie Cunningham, the boy wonder on the high wire.

One life lost for every 1,440,000 passengers carried is the record on steam passenger vessels for 1908, according to the annual report of the United States Steamboat Inspection Service, which has just been made public.

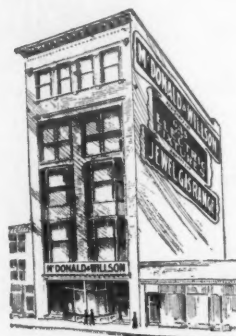
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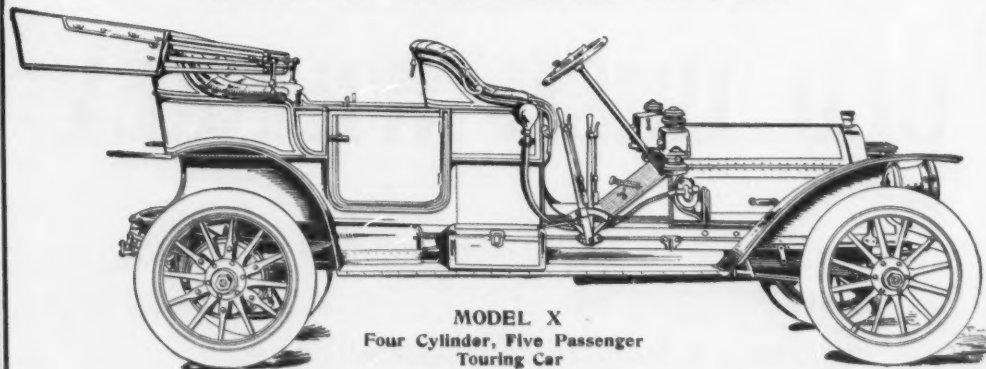
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A DUCHESS OPENING A BAZAAR.

The Duchess of Marlborough, who takes a keen interest in all charitable projects, recently opened a Dutch Fair at Rotherhithe Town Hall. The Duchess before her marriage was Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt of New York.



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Then it might be possible to produce a better cigarette than "TUCKETT'S SPECIAL."

But at present there is no better tobacco grown than the leaves put into these cigarettes—nor is it possible to blend with greater skill and care than that employed in their making.

15 cents a package of ten.

## Cigarettes

### The Burglar's Club

(Continued from page 14.)

a balloon—who talked my language like myself. He persuades me to leave my place and marry him. I was idiot to do so. Then one day he goes up in his balloon at—what you call it?—Birmingham, for a brief voyage. But he disappears in the clouds. He sends me postcard from Ostend to tell me that he is landed all-right. Then I never found him again."

She paused dramatically. Maxwell-Pitt felt that something was demanded of him, and hastened to murmur some words of sympathy, but she did not listen.

"Then I took a place again as lady's maid," she went on. "There was trouble over some jewels. They blamed me. Bah! I was innocent. But they say 'No,' and 'You go at once,' and 'No character.' So I am alone in England, with no money and *mon mari* gone. I come here and I think this lady so kind to take me without a character written. Then I find the ones who have the characters written will not stay with her—not one month—so that is why she takes me. She is black slave-driver, and her temper—*mon Dieu*, it is disgraceful! It is a horrible time here. Then there is Alphonse, who is waiter at the Elysee Palace, who wants me to marry him and assist him to found a restaurant, and I must continually tell him 'Wait.'"

"When I see you, Mr. Jones, I see my way to escape from it all. It came at one jump—the thought, 'I will help him, and he will give me fifty gold sovereigns, and I shall go to Belgium at once. My husband is either dead, or I find him and tell him what I think of him, and get a divorce, and then return and marry the good Alphonse, who adores me.' So you see that I am no common thief. Bah! As for madame's jewelry, *ca ne fait rien*. She is rich. I shall be glad to have annoyed her. But at once I tell you, you shall not have the Victoria Medal. That is not to be. Captain Richards is the only man in this miserable country who has been kind to me. And he is a brave soldier. I shall not permit that you annoy him."

"I promise to return it."  
"Then for why do you take it?"  
"That is my affair. I will bring the fifty pounds to-morrow night, but I must have the cross whether you help me to get it or not. Where does he keep it?"

"Keep it? *Attendez*. Oh, I know. In the strong box locked in his bedroom. He is a man to shoot certain, and he always has his pistol to hand. You will give me the money instantly you are in the house, for if you go upstairs you will be a dead man at once. I tell you so myself."

"That is an extremely unpleasant prospect. I must see my lawyer—my *notaire* mademoiselle—in the morning and arrange my affairs. Which window will you unlatch for me?"

"The one at the front, the nearest to where you stood when I saw you. If you will come at one o'clock I will be in the room with the beautiful pearls. Now I must fly. *Bon soir*, cher Mr. Jones."

On the following morning Maxwell-

Pitt paid his hotel bill and went up to town. In the evening he returned with his bicycle, getting out at the station beyond Bamburn. At a few minutes to one o'clock he entered the grounds of Burgoyne Lodge, and made his way stealthily to the window fixed on. It opened noiselessly, and he clambered through. Mademoiselle Adele was not there. Perhaps she was reading Sir Walter Scott to Miss Richards. He would wait for half an hour, at any rate, before making any move. Perhaps Adele had thought better of her determination about the cross, and would bring it with her rather than risk trouble.

He sat down and mused. A queer life, that of a burglar. Reminiscences of detective tales came back to him. He thought of Sherlock Holmes. The doings of the Burglars' Club would have puzzled him at first. Then there was his great predecessor, Poe's Dupin, the detective of *The Murders in the Rue Morgue*, of *The Mystery of Marie Roget*, and *The Purloined Letter*. Ah, *The Purloined Letter*! They were searching for that all over, probing every inch of space in the house for it, and there it was all the time, underneath their noses, hanging in a card-rack beneath the mantel-piece. Maxwell-Pitt rose and flashed his light over the mantel-piece. There was the usual assortment of odds and ends, but the V.C. was not there. No; it was too much to expect. Where did Richards keep it? Adele had hesitated before replying that it was in the strong box in his bedroom. It might be—or it might not. Here, at any rate, were obvious traces of its owner—his letters and pipe on a side table, his service magazines on the chair. If the V.C. wasn't on the mantelpiece, it might be elsewhere in the room.

There was a bookcase with a cupboard and drawers. He opened the bookcase, but closed it quickly at the sight of the serried ranks of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." He had no better luck in the cupboard, but in the first drawer he pulled out, his eye was at once caught by two small cases. He eagerly opened one, to find the South African Medal, but in the second—ye gods! It was the Victoria Cross!

Maxwell-Pitt's fingers closed over it. At this moment the door opened gently.

"Who is there?" whispered a voice. By this time he had moved to the table. He turned his light on again.

Adele was there—pale and excited. From a pocket which she must have specially constructed she produced a large case. She opened it, disclosing a necklace of large pearls.

"Here it is," she whispered.

"Where are the fifty sovereigns?" Maxwell-Pitt drew out a bag and gave it to her. She opened it, and looked at the contents, then put it in her pocket.

"Now go," she said. "Vite!" Maxwell-Pitt moved towards the window. "I don't want this," he said, pointing to the case.

"You don't want it?" she exclaimed in astonishment. For a moment they stood there facing one another. Then a sudden thought struck her. She went to the book-case, opened the

drawer, and saw only one case there. "You are more clever than I thought," she said. "I wished to take these away upstairs to-night, but the Captain he remained here late and then madame wanted me. You have got the medal, but you shall not go away with it. Give it back to me."

Maxwell-Pitt shook his head. Her eyes blazed in anger. "You will not? *Mon Dieu!* then I sound the alarm."

"How will you account for this?" said Maxwell-Pitt, pointing to the case on the table.

"I do not know. I do not care," she answered. "Give me the medal, or I ring."

Her hand clutched the bell rope. "Shall I ring or not?" she demanded. Again there was a sound at the door. Once more he turned off his light. The door opened wide, and Captain Richards entered, carrying a lighted candle in his hand.

Maxwell-Pitt and Adele stood there transfixed. The light shone full on them, but Captain Richards took no heed of them. His eyes were fixed staring into space. He was walking in his sleep, conscious of nothing that was going on around him. He placed his candle on the side table, sat down in his easy chair, drew the book-rest towards him, and leaned back, staring vacantly at the pages of the open book.

Adele released the bell rope and held a warning finger to her lips. She stepped lightly to Maxwell-Pitt. "Sh! it is dangerous to awaken him," she whispered. "Once they awakened my cousin suddenly when he walked like that in his sleep. He was never the same here again," and she tapped her forehead. "Now go at once, but softly."

He clambered out, and then looked back through the window into the room.

Adele picked up the jewel case and put it into her pocket. There she touched the bag of gold. She pulled it out, looked at it for a moment, then stepped hastily to the window and flung it from her into the garden. She leaned out and whispered, vindictively, "Take your money. I shall help the police. They shall catch you before the clock is round."

Then she stepped gently to the door. It closed behind her, and the sleep-walker was alone in the room.

Maxwell-Pitt picked up the bag of gold, and then cycled thirty miles. He caught an early train to London, and that evening he renewed his subscription to the Burglars' Club by exhibiting the Victoria Cross lately bestowed on Captain Sefton Richards by His Majesty.

On the following day, to his great astonishment, Captain Richards received the cross in a registered postal packet, with no word to explain the reason of its temporary absence; and a few days later a larger postal packet came for Mademoiselle Adele, which, on being opened, disclosed to her enraptured eyes fifty sovereigns.

Thus did Maxwell-Pitt attempt to atone for the burglary he had perpetrated. "After all," he thought, "the only person who will have been seriously inconvenienced by the transaction is the balloonist in Belgium—and he deserves it."



# THE DEATH OF DR. GOLDWIN SMITH



The Grange on Friday, the 10th, during the lying-in-State.



Beverly Street Baptist Church, Toronto, which the late Goldwin Smith attended. The seat occupied by him is the second seat in the second row, as indicated by the arrow.



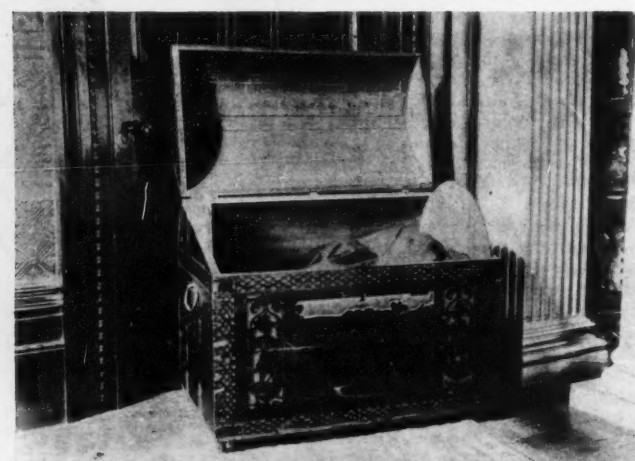
Wild flowers, photographed in the Grange grounds.



Dr. Grassett (on the right), for twenty-five years Goldwin Smith's family physician, and T. Arnold Haultain, his secretary and literary executor.



In the Hallway of Grange; the painting above is a portrait of Henry Howard, one of the statesmen of the Cromwellian period. The carved oak chest below has been in the family for three hundred years.



Historic old leather-bound chest, photographed at the Grange. This chest is upward of three hundred years old.

## The Man Behind the Ad. A WESTERN INSTITUTION

By W. LACEY AMY

THE Publicity Commissioner, like every other genius, is born and not made. You can take his word for that much anyway.

In Eastern Canada a Commissioner is usually one appointed by the Government to get to the bottom of things; and he has to get there by sworn evidence. In the West every village the size of an Epworth League and a blacksmith shop has a Commissioner whose duty it is to go a long way past the bottom, and around the sides and up over the top; and it is his only salvation that nothing has to be sworn to.

The Publicity Commissioner (remember the capitals) is the first man in the town, not so much in standing, but in the order in which you meet him.

If you write to a Western village about anything from an industrial opening to the health of a friend, the Publicity Commissioner is the first one to answer. When you step from the train he is the man with his foot on the lower step, with his right hand extended and a sheaf of printed matter in the left. He speaks first at the banquet, gets his mail first at the post office, starts the first stories about the promising future, and probably plays first on the local baseball team.

The P. C. is the last stage. Previously he has either been a preacher, a promoter or an adventurer. That leaves the range sufficiently wide to retain all my Commissioner friends. He has to include in his composition some of the characteristics of each. If he can add to that a list of careless friends among Eastern editors who will publish without investigation, his job is permanent.

There is no training in the East that entirely fits one for the position, unless a chair in some sort of Higher Criticism should be established in one of the theological colleges. No other course seems adapted to produce a critic of all existing theories with the power of inventing a wide range of new ones and proving them by a Niagara of words.

I had an ambitious friend who thought to round off a career of press agent work for a danseuse by retiring to the quieter life (?) of the Publicity Commissioner. His application brought the following test questions:

1. How many people are there in Prairieville.

2. How many factories, and how many hands employed.

3. What factories and railways are coming.

4. What complimentary epithets have been applied to Prairieville.

5. What have the world's great men said of Prairieville.

My friend failed to notice that no question marks are used after such queries in the West. Being naturally a diplomatic man, he replied that he was scarcely qualified as yet to answer such momentous questions, since he had never seen the place, but he had no doubt that all that could be said of it was true, and more. But he would prefer to see Prairieville first.

The answer came by return mail: "You'd make a h— of a Publicity Commissioner."

The successful applicant consumed eight pages on each question, in a sample of the English language that could serve as a thesaurus, a "Who's Who," a statistical directory of China and a text-book on Machiavellism and buncombe. His appointment was wired to him, and the letter read at a special meeting of the Board of Trade as a sample of what an utter stranger thought of Prairieville.

The irony of the situation came when the new P. C. adopted the last three words of my friend's letter as the town's boost cry, "See Prairieville First."

If Chatham, Ont., had but been experienced in Western lore, it would scarcely have awarded the first prize in its booster campaign to such a slogan. In the West so many towns had it that plates could be bought in Winnipeg, reading, "See ——— First," a space, or mortice, being left for the insertion of the name of the town.

The duties of the P. C. are multifarious, and a few more, none of which he can complete before the rest are under way. He is secretary, (never treasurer) of every local society, from the Quadrille Club, to the church choir. He is orator of the evening at all local events. He can alter his stock address sufficiently by moving the periods and commas and by other well-known artifices, to make it serve on all occasions. After a while the citizens can cheer at the proper places without remaining awake. The only difference between his address at the baseball smoker and the prayer meeting is in the emphasis on different figures.

In reality, it is a martyrdom to which every Westerner must submit, coming in the same class as going to church once a month or paying the gas bill. The enthusiasts of an Alberta city went through the ordeal in the usual manner one day two years ago. The only difficulty

was that the weather provided was not conducive of the fastest ball, or a snap exposure photograph. When the time for the photo came they all took off their coats, ruffled their hair and assumed a general summery air.

But somehow the picture did not impress with the warmth of atmosphere that was an essential to the effect. Even the skillful photographer was unable to make the men look as if they were really perspiring, although most of them wore straw hats and had a washed-out look. The picture was submitted to a visitor, who provided the solution. It was not, he said, customary for men to appear in straw hats and shirt sleeves with snow covering their shoe-tops.

Then some mean man took a picture of the hospital ward two days afterwards, and placed crosses on the negative over the beds occupied by the men who had risked shirt-sleeves for publicity literature.

The P. C. is a machine. The Board of Trade hands in an order for boom pamphlets, and the poor man must read up statistics to meet the demand. The local paper has a few inches to fill, and the P. C. has to tell a brand new one for the occasion. The merchant is having some new paper bags or envelopes printed, and the word artist has to stay awake until he devises a new appellation for the town.

Not a moment must he be idle. If he tires of the view from his office window, he daren't appear on the street without a bunch of telegrams in his hands and a *tempus-fugit* tilt to his hat. If he goes for a walk, he must carry a camera instead of a cane. On the side, any man who carries a cane in the West for anything short of locomotor ataxia is a tenderfoot, whose only chance of recovery is by grafting. At the baseball game and the sermon he must flourish a note book and pencil.

But this may be a carefully planned solution of the conscience that troubles a man who tells the truth, the whole truth, and a lot more than the truth. A P. C. who had time to think would soon be unfitted for his job.

All exchanges must be carefully reviewed to see what industries can be purloined from a neighbor. In performing that delicate act is where the P. C. really earns his money. Little Jack Horner in his corner helped himself without excuse, but the P. C. of Prairieville must extract the plum from Buffaloburg and make it look like a modern application of a scriptural truth.

He must impress two convictions, one on the outsider and the other on the citizen. The former must feel that the present residence of the P. C. is the only spot on earth since Eden. Some people think that sui-

cides have merely yielded to the influence of a "shuffled" Publicity Commissioner. The citizen must be convinced that eating, sleeping, the sun, the typhoid epidemic and a fire in the registry office are secondary to boosting at every opportunity. The proofs of how well the lesson is learned are sometimes startling.

In front of me lies a clipping from an Alberta paper: "I desire to express through the columns of The ——— my sincere thanks to all my friends for their kindness at the death of my husband, and especially to Mr. and Mrs. F—— for the flowers, all of which were grown in ———. (Signed) Mary H——" Every loss brings its compensation.

Sometimes the results of the P. C. habit are truly alarming. A tourist who by chance met a former friend in the person of a Publicity Commissioner, was naturally most interested in his welfare. "And how many children have you now?" he asked, after he had shaken hands and informed himself of the health of his wife.

It was the golden opportunity. The P. C. seized him by the buttonhole.

"Two years ago we only had three. Now he have three thousand, eight hundred and ———" Just then the whistle blew, and the traveller frantically grabbed the back rail, leaving the hole in his friend's hand.

The climax of the year's cajolery comes at the annual meeting. This is really nothing more than a big feed at the common expense, and a competition of mendacity and invention. For weeks before it, every citizen who has paid his one dollar, peruses the literature of other Western towns to see if there is not a phrase that has escaped attention in his own town. If there is, a whole speech is woven around it, and, providing he can stand the refreshments, he is the hero of the evening. It is the annual review, the great season's round-up, the event that brings reward to inspiration, the stimulus for romanticism. It is the one grand orgy of illusion—and other things.

And the poor P. C. goes home to thank his fortune that another mile-post in his career is past. If he has felt any qualms of conscience at the fables he has invented during the year, he rests easy under the influence of an overpowering gush of lies, black, white and piebald. His pillow is softer from the knowledge that while he talks under the incentive of two thousand a year, a couple of hundred citizens have vied with each other in cold blood in outclassing him in what was to him a mere matter of business. The one satisfaction when he stops to sum up the kind of career he has selected is that he cannot be held responsible for deception, for no one believes him, anyway.





## The Point of View

LOTS of people disapprove of bridge, just as lots of other people frown upon other equally harmless pursuits, such as riding on a merry-go-round, or collecting butterflies. Bridge, unless it is carried to excess, is really rather an intellectual pursuit—at least it makes the player think, and thinking is one of the things which it has been said is an impossibility to the average woman. Almost anything is bad for one's health or one's complexion, or one's morals, if carried to extremes, and no one has ever suggested that bridge was any exception to the general rule. Gambling, especially when one cannot afford it, is worse than wrong; it is distinctly silly. On the other hand, I always sympathize with a poker devotee I knew rather intimately in the days before bridge jargon had usurped the "ante up" with which all card players were once so familiar. This woman, who had about as much common sense as any man I ever knew, and then a little to spare, insisted that she played poker because she liked the game for itself and that she played for small stakes because she could afford to do so, and that as nobody ever objected to her buying theatre and concert tickets, she didn't see why they should object if she was willing to risk a similar amount in pursuit of some other amusement. Naturally she did not play with people whom she knew could not afford the low limit game she indulged in.

Some people, however, never can see that their neighbors have a certain right to please themselves and work out their own salvation in their own way. Those busy persons who want to run the world to suit themselves entirely lose sight of the fact that it is impossible to legislate people into a blissful hereafter, and that the reformer must be content to let them choose their own road. There is mighty little merit in sticking to the high road because that is the only possible path to take, and the mere fact that there is no choice of roads has been known to incite the impulsive to take to the mire on the other side of the fence. In fact the well-kept road has provoked many an otherwise amenable person to take to the mud puddles and bespatter himself simply to show that he believed in free-will rather than in the laws made by narrow-minded men with only one point of view.

It's human nature to want to do most that which is most strongly forbidden, and this fact is so well known and widely recognized that one almost feels convinced that some of the "unco guid" who lay down rules for their fellow-men to follow are imbued with a desire to make them worse instead of better. Of course there are other ways of looking at the matter, and it is possible that there is no one-sidedness, and not an atom of narrowness, about the representative in the Louisiana Legislature, who has given notice of a bill in the Lower House for the "absolute suppression of the playing of bridge whist." In speaking of the measure, its framer insists that he is simply actuated by a desire to benefit the children of his State, "who have rarely an opportunity to know their bride-playing mothers." He also intends that it shall benefit husbands who "hardly have a speaking acquaintance with their bride-playing wives."

Apparently things are in a bad way down in Louisiana, that is if they are anything like as bad as stated. It has been said that American children and their fathers have but a scant acquaintance with each other owing to the pressure of business cares which keeps the heads of many households at work when, if they lived the simple life, they could afford hours each day to make daisy chains and "play bear" with their little ones. Consequently a law should be passed to remedy this condition of things. As for the lack of companionship occasionally noticed between husbands and wives in the United States, that too has been explained upon other grounds than those embodied in this new bill. There always has to be a scape goat, and it might as well be bridge as clothes, or social ambition, or love of money, or higher education, or club life. Pretty soon, unless someone calls a halt, all the pleasures worth enjoying will be legislated out of existence, and we will wake up some fine day to find that we are as badly off as in the days of our Puritan forefathers when the will of the few had to suffice for the many. The suppression of bridge is only one more retrograde step; one wonders what idiotic suggestion will next be presented by law makers of our friends across the border.

A STEP which will meet with the approval of every lover of horses has recently been taken in New York, where it is announced that from now on horses which have belonged to the Fire Department, and become too old for such active service, will be pensioned. In many large cities these faithful equine servants of the public have been retained only during their period of greatest usefulness and then sold to whoever is willing to buy them, without any particular attention being paid to the manner of work that will be required of them or the treatment they are likely to receive. Time and again such instances have been brought to the public notice, and more than once a fireman has managed to purchase a horse to which he was much attached rather than let it pass into other and possibly unfriendly hands.

Women have been partly responsible for the action taken in New York, and from now on the chances are that Fire Department horses too old to stand the rapid pace necessary when rushing to a fire, will have good care and light work during the rest of their lives. Naturally a good deal of usefulness still remains to a horse that has been of value to the Fire Department, but is no longer quite up to such strenuous work. These horses in New York will in future be turned over to other city departments and will exist through a comfortable old age assured of good care, good food and some work until they are ready to pass over to that final pasture from which no good horse ever returns. It seems as if other cities might well take similar action and assure a happy and contented old age to the horses which render

such gallant assistance to the men who give up their lives to fighting fire.

THE problem of the elusive domestic is becoming more and more difficult to solve, and any new idea that will produce the sort of "help" that is wanted is sure of being welcomed by the mass of housekeepers who now do their own work because they can't get anyone to do it for them. A Detroit man, who has evidently been bothered by the domestic problem to even a more severe degree than his neighbors, or who is perhaps merely more enterprising than other people, has hit upon a new device for the coaxing of the shy and timorous "help". His idea consists of offering a bonus to any one who will give such information as will lead to his procuring for his home a satisfactory maid of all work, and with this end in view he inserted the following notice in a newspaper:—

"Ten dollars in gold will be awarded to the party giving information which will lead to the discovery and employment of a strong girl or woman capable of doing ordinary house work in a small family; will pay \$5 a week; good home."

If he succeeds he is likely to have an army of imitators,

until the device grows old and the wary domestic is no longer to be caught in such manner.

So much has been said upon the question of "mistresses and maids" that it seems superfluous to say any more. Nevertheless, in spite of the many complaints made against her "help" by the average housekeeper, it seems reasonable to maintain that there are faults on both sides. If service was made more attractive, girls given more liberty, and their interests as carefully considered as those of the rest of the household, there seems no reason why this problem should not be solved, at least in part. If a mistress would try and meet her domestics half way, instead of trying to mould them to her own manner of thinking without explanation, and without consideration of their tastes, their habits or their feelings, it is fair to suppose that her thoughtfulness would meet with some reward. Make a place desirable, and the chances are it won't remain unfilled. Of course, as the renowned cookery expert said, "you must first catch your hare," but having caught her, treat her like a human being instead of a machine, study her moods, consider her health, and think of her happiness. If she is any good at all, she will respond to the treatment, and if she isn't, why one is better off without her.

THE faddist is to be found everywhere, and by his peculiarities he can be recognized wherever he goes, at home or abroad, in crowded places and in secluded nooks. He is a person so constituted that he cannot do things as other persons are content to do, and as a result he takes years off his life by worry, though his one aim seems to be to add to the length of his existence by taking every possible precaution against danger to himself. His fads embrace almost everything, and he spends valuable time deciding upon the merits of much advertised brands of underwear, deliberating between the value of nuts or cereals as a diet, and making up his mind as to whether it is more perilous to live in the city and face the motor peril, or run the risk of railway crossing accidents if he takes up his residence in the country.

The faddist is a man who is more concerned in his own welfare than the good of humanity, and yet he believes that his point of view should be shared by all people, and that his peculiarities are virtues that all humanity would do well to copy. Naturally the faddist ranges over a wide field, but whether he is concerned most in the number of bites he inflicts upon every morsel of food that he swallows, or in evading the carrying of paper money for fear a nomadic fever germ might transplant itself to his person from the folds of a dilapidated greenback, he is usually something of a nuisance to everyone with whom he comes in contact. He means well but the abnormal is not often appreciated, especially in a busy world where the average person is too busy hustling for a living to have time to waste on theories that have little to recommend them beyond their novelty.

Some things which go far towards stamping a man as a crank receive the approval of the few though they may not be adopted by the many. A case in point has come up in Cincinnati, where the Health Inspector is said to have expressed his unqualified approval of a scheme evolved by one of that city's residents who has made himself a car strap and carries it wherever he goes. This device is so arranged that the man who uses it can place it over the rail in the car and then hang on to it while he sways and rolls about as the car jerks its way to his destination, folding it up and putting it in his pocket when getting out. One would almost think that enough strap hangers already existed, but the object of the Cincinnati man is not to help out the street car company, but merely to protect himself from the germs which he believes are to be found in countless menacing numbers upon every street car strap that others have handled. So far, perhaps so good, but the individual street car strap, if it is to do any real good, must speedily be followed by the individual door knob, and as a natural result a sort of sterilizing outfit to suit all emergencies would be the next step as it would soon be found dangerous to handle anything that anybody else had ever touched.

Life has worries enough without adding to them. Common sense demands that certain precautions should be taken under certain conditions, but it does seem unwise to make life into a continuous war against the frisky germ which, in spite of all one's efforts, is likely to get its work in some day and speedily bring to a close the existence of its most bitter foe. The much vaunted individual car strap will soon collect germs of its own, nothing can prevent that. It is also self-evident that no matter what measures we take we cannot prolong existence forever. Instead of taking precautions that cannot really preserve one from danger, it is surely better to exercise both one's common sense and one's self, lead a healthy, but not a faddish life, and see to it that one has too much to do to have any time left to become a prey alike to nerves and imagination.

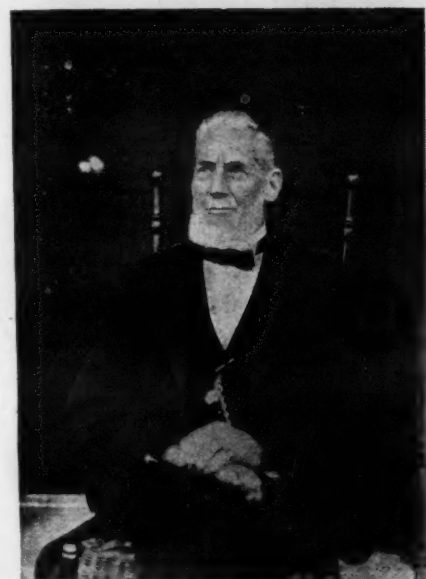
AN amusing wail comes from Wellesley College, where the undergraduates have been annoyed by the married members of former classes returning to class reunions and bringing their children with them. The college paper recently contained a screed upon the subject in the course of which it was pointed out that if the young children accompanied their mothers on the return of the latter to the halls of learning some arrangement should be made by which their presence would not interfere with the enjoyment of the undergraduates.

It seems as if this stand of the college magazine puts an entirely new aspect on a much discussed subject. It's not so long ago since statistics were collected to show that college women average larger families than other women. Now it seems that they are too devoted to their children and insist upon taking them even into the sacred precincts of their old college. This hardly helps to make out a case for those who decry the higher education of women, for it goes to prove that the college-bred mother in spite of her knowledge of 'ologies and 'isms is apt to be very much like others of her sex when it comes to showing off her kiddies. Evidently too, the college girl who marries and has the cares of a family on her hands, does not necessarily lose an interest in educational matters and is able to find time to visit the scenes of her former victories. There have always been lots of people who suspected that a woman might know considerably more than she could glean from a steady course of light literature garnered from a public library, and still be able to fill her domestic duties. It looks as if these people were to be entirely justified. The well-balanced woman is upsetting a lot of theories these days. Pretty soon, if she continues on her course, it will no longer be possible for people to look upon her progress as anything but a benefit to the world at large. It rests entirely with herself how soon she reaches the position to which she is justly entitled. Once she is ready for it, nothing can prevent her stepping into it.

Madame



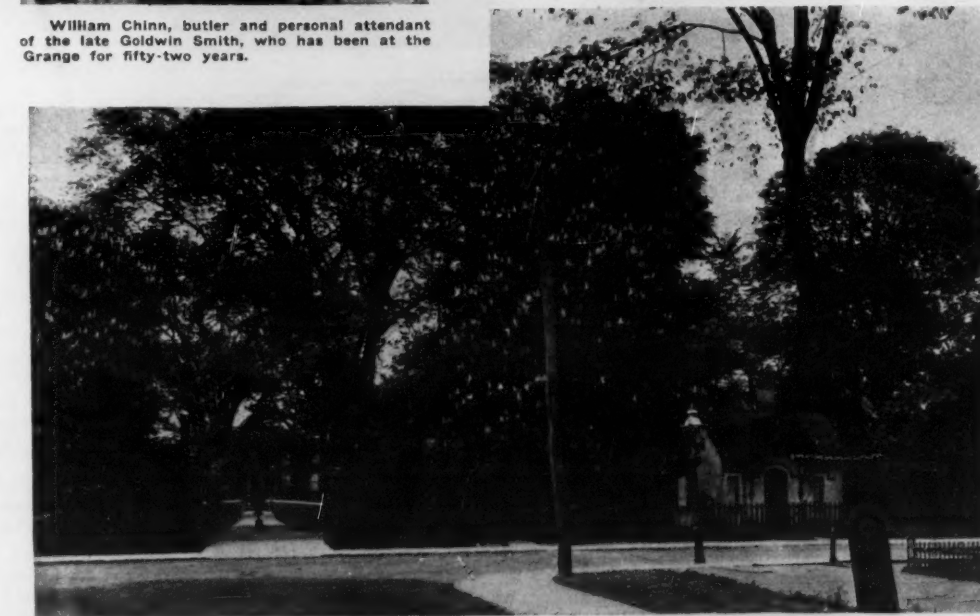
Lanes in rear of Homestead at the Grange, leading to St. Patrick Street.



William Chinn, butler and personal attendant of the late Goldwin Smith, who has been at the Grange for fifty-two years.



The keepers' cottages at the Grange. According to the will of the late Dr. Goldwin Smith the occupants of these houses will continue to reside there during their lifetime.



The Grange, looking north from John Street. On the right is seen the Lodge.



The Kitchen Garden, showing the Grange from the rear.





Opportunity and enterprise seem to be synonymous in the mind of the lazy man.

When the future is empty it is usually because the past has been overcrowded.

When truth masquerades, falsehood needs no disguise.

There is no love like self-love for depth and sincerity.

Philanthropy is often merely self advertising paid for at an uncommonly high rate.

The suspicious man merely treats others as he knows he deserves to be treated himself.

He who is wrapped up in himself is but scantily garbed.

Fashion makes many fools.

The unattainable is that which we have the wish but not the will to win.

C. C. M.

## Piccadilly and Its Clubs

PICCADILLY—famous for its clubs and private palaces—takes its name from "Piccadilla Hall," a large house which stood in two acres of ground somewhere near where the Comedy Theatre, in Panton Street, stands to-day. It was a favorite resort in Queen Elizabeth's time, where people could sup, dance, gamble, and amuse themselves on summer evenings, the title being derived from the Spanish word "Picadillo" meaning an excusable sin.

Starting from Hyde Park corner, the first house is the famous Apsley House, which belongs to the Duke of Wellington. The house, however, derived its name from that Lord Apsley who was Lord Chancellor the year before his father was made Earl of Bathurst.

Apsley House is full of historic relics of the Iron Age traveller from the western districts encountered. For that reason a wag christened it "No. 1 London," and were a letter so addressed to-day, it is by no means improbable that it would be delivered with perfect safety.

Apsley House is full of historic relics of the Iron Duke. The Waterloo Chamber has been the scene of many Royal entertainments, and the museum is a most interesting apartment. The warrior's bedroom, with its small iron bedstead and plain writing-table, is modestly laid out, and still bears traces of the quiet simplicity which stamped the life of its original owner.

Next door to Apsley House at No. 149, lives Lord Rothschild, the multi-millionaire financier, art connoisseur and philanthropist, and the interior of the house is as full as a museum of priceless pictures and works of art. Two other members of the Rothschild family live in houses a few doors away.

The fortunes of the Rothschilds are now said to amount to something like four hundred million pounds sterling. It has been well said that if one possesses a million its multiplication is easy, and this remark has been exemplified in the case of the Rothschilds, who, it is affirmed, have doubled their wealth in eighteen years.

At this rate of accumulation the quidnuncs assert by the middle of the present century the Rothschild firm will own some two thousand millions. The interest on this colossal amount would support the entire population of France!

Lord Allendale lives at No. 144 and Lord Glenesk at 139. Lord Glenesk's house belonged to Lord Byron, and here that cold-blooded woman Lady Byron left her husband one evening, with a smile on her handsome face, never to return to the home she had shattered.

Here Byron wrote the "Parisina" and the "Siege of Corinth," and here, in one year, he was served with no fewer than eighteen writs!

The next building of interest is No. 128, the Lyceum Club—the newest, and in many ways the most palatial, of the women's clubs of London. In one respect it is unique, for no woman is allowed to belong to it unless she has done some original work in the Arts or Literature.

Next door to the Lyceum Club is the Cavalry Club,



SEEN IN HYDE PARK.  
The wearer of this peculiar riding habit was snapped recently while she was waiting for her mount at the entrance to the Park. The costume aroused considerable comment.

the swagger "home from home" of the officers of the mounted branches of the Army, and from here onwards for a very long way nearly every house one passes is a well-known club.

No. 117 is the United Empire Club; 116, the Junior Athenæum; 107, the Savile; and 106, the St. James's—the latter being the club of members of the diplomatic services. No. 105, is the Isthmian Club and the next building—the huge palace with the ornamental venetian stone balustrade in front—is the Junior Constitutional Club, a social and political organisation with no fewer than three thousand members.

No. 94 is the Naval and Military Club, nicknamed the "In and Out" Club, owing to the fact that it stands back from the roadway, with a drive in and exit labelled "In" and "Out."

No. 85 is the Turf Club, and the green-painted cab-shelter opposite, where young "bloods" have been known to consume coffee and eggs on their way home in the early hours, has been nicknamed for many years "The Junior Turf."

No. 82, "Bath House," is the home of Sir Julius Wernher, the famous South African diamond millionaire and philanthropist. Lady Wernher does much good work in the aid of the Children's Happy Evenings Association, and each autumn has a show of dolls at Bath House, where are on view hundreds of dolls dressed by well-known Society women.

Both she and Sir Julius Wernher are connoisseurs of art, and, thanks to their sure taste, their house is a treasure-palace of pictures, china, enamels, and other ware. No. 80 belongs to Mr. Burdett-Coutts, M.P.

It was here that the famous siege of Piccadilly took place in 1810. Sir Francis Burdett, a member of Parliament, had committed a breach of privilege, and was ordered to be committed to the Tower, but when the officials came to arrest him, they found the house tightly barricaded, and it was some days before they could effect an entrance.

The Duke of Devonshire's great palace, with its ugly brick wall in front and huge bare courtyard, comes next, numbered 78. Devonshire House possesses a famous garden, faultlessly kept. The grounds of Devonshire House, which have provided the meeting place for so many brilliant and historic gatherings and receptions, extend to Lansdowne House in Berkeley Square, and there is a sunk passage between the gardens of the two houses.

At the lower end are many ancient trees, under which Georgina, the beautiful and accomplished Duchess of Devonshire, would, in the hottest weather, hold her Court, with Burke, Fox, and other *beaux esprits* of the period, around her, George IV., as Prince of Wales, was a familiar figure at these receptions.

In our time Devonshire House will always be remembered as being the scene of the fancy-dress ball in

celebration of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, when all the rank and wealth of London, headed by the then Prince and Princess of Wales, were present, and the spectacle was only equalled by some great Court festivity given in honor of a visit of a Sovereign.

Everyone knows Burlington House, the home of the Royal Academy and of half a dozen learned societies, with the striking equestrian statue of "Energy" by Watts in the centre of its stately quadrangle. Handel lived at Burlington House for three years, and it has been associated with all our famous artists in recent years, says M.A.P.

Beyond Burlington House, Piccadilly becomes a land of shops and businesses. Some of the latter are very old, and have been famous *rendezvous* for Society for centuries, but within the limits of this article it would be invidious to particularize.

## What They Wrote.

DISCUSSING the humors of the census a woman enumerator says in the New York Times:

That was certainly a proud father who wrote for his first baby "2½" as the age and "Beginner's English" replying to the query, "Do you speak English?" To the later questions, "Do you read and write?" he answered, hopefully, "Not yet, but soon."

To the first question a "lawyer"—who gave his age as 23—replied with great confidence, "Fluently"—and I could almost see him trying his first case, with "spread eagle" oratory, before a judge who would have to curtail his eloquence from the start!

Another, replying to "Can you read? Write?" said, naively: "I read this paper and am writing these answers."

The young driver of a milk wagon, evidently content and happy, perhaps with his first "job," printed in capitals "NO SIRE" in answer to "Were you out of work April, 1910?" while his neighbor, half a block away, and 56 years old, who had probably never had a vacation, wrote "Too much work" in reply to "How many weeks were you out of work in 1909?" and another, also near by, "52, and haven't found a job yet."

It was a bachelor physician who said he was "Head, feet, and the whole thing" in his house, and a man of rare



AN ANGLO-AMERICAN BRIDE-ELECT.  
The marriage of Miss Nellie Post, daughter of Lady Barrymore, to Montague Elliott, will take place in London on June 22. The bride-elect has received many gifts, including presents from the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and the Crown Princess of Sweden. The bridegroom-elect was a Groom-in-Waiting to King Edward.

appreciation of his own position who meekly (?) wrote himself as "My wife's husband."

Another semi-humorist put his "color or race" on record as "white as chalk," using "Ditto" for his wife!

More than one woman might have answered as truthfully as one did to the question: "What is your business, trade, profession or occupation?" "Invalid." Can't you see her, keeping the entire household on the "quivvy vivvy" to wait on her, while she tries first one "school" and then another, one list of remedies following another in quick succession?

And was the one who wrote "Lady" to the same practical inquiry more arrogant and disdainful of labor, or simpering with "prunes and prisms"?

What of the woman who answered "Single, married, widowed, or divorced?" "Single, to my sorrow! Would like to be widowed, and soon." Did she joke or was she sincere? Uncle Sam may be on the helping-hand side!

And the man, who gave his age thirty-six, his wife's at forty-seven and his years of present marriage twenty-eight? His other answers were intelligent enough; but he ought not to ask us to believe that when eight years old he married a nineteen-year-old girl. Maybe it seemed that long.

Was it imagination that dictated "Victoria, Eugenie, Maria There, Leopold, Emanuel, George Washington, John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, Lucile and Topsy" as the ten children of John and Mary Smith? I almost thought so, for the man seemed too young—as well as too cheerful, and too prosperous—to have it anything more than a dream. But the details were all there, with each name.

Dignity was in the reply of the man who wrote for wife and children, as to occupation: "None. I support my family"—and he was a street-car conductor!

Pathos crept into the 70-year-old man's "Just widowed," as tragedy did in "Divorced, after thirty years' marriage, damn him," and a mother's tenderness was in the explanation "Sick" after the "No" to "Do you speak English?" for the little 6-year-old whose older brothers and younger sisters were all recorded "Yes."

## Woman—A Category.

THERE are women who are witty,  
There are women who are gritty;  
There are women who are worth their weight in gold.  
There are women who are truthful,  
There are women who are youthful—  
Was there ever a woman really old?  
There are women who are haughty,  
There are women who are naughty;  
There are women bright and sweet as flowers in June.  
There are women who are mated—  
There are those who have hesitated,  
And their lives are altogether out of tune.  
There are women tall and slender,  
There are women short and tender—  
There are women who are always raising Ned.  
There are women who are thrifty,  
There are women who are "nifty";  
There are women who are silent—but they're dead!—  
New York Times.



## How It Came About.

THE story of the inception of the scheme which resulted in the building of the Margaret Eaton School of Literature and Expression is of decided interest, but has rarely been told even about the hearth of the beautiful studio of the school. Yet, it is no close secret, and is worth knowing. It began at Muskoka, at the summer home of the late Mr. Timothy Eaton, and the time was the late weeks in August, 1905. Mrs. Scott Raff, then director of the physical culture department in connection with Victoria College, was a guest in the house. She had long been discouraged at the inadequate opportunities that offered to give effect to the spirit of her teaching and the need of a genuine temple dedicated to the cultivation of the ideas of "sweetness and light."

One day she was approached by Mrs. Eaton, who questioned her, and pressed her for a reply: "You are not happy," she said. "Why? Tell me why?"

"I am not happy," Mrs. Raff admitted, "because I want what I cannot have, a school."

"A school," exclaimed Mrs. Eaton, then, and added, "That is not so difficult. I'll ask father."

"Oh, but I want a school no one on earth will ever give me," said Mrs. Raff. "I want a school like the Greek Parthenon—nothing else will do; a school like the Greek Parthenon! No one will ever give me that."

But Mrs. Eaton was not so sure. "I'll ask father," she repeated, confidently.

The following day in her morning stroll in the depths of the forest, Mrs. Raff was hailed by her host, who was sitting alone on a stump.

"Raff!" he called, using the name as his mode of showing comradeship, "Raff! Come here; I want you." And then in an encouraging voice: "Mother tells me that you want a school?"

Mrs. Raff's heart beat high.

"Yes, Mr. Eaton," she answered. "But I want the impossible; a school no one will ever give me. I want a school like the Greek Parthenon."

There was a space of silence between the two, tense with emotion.

Then the kind, quiet voice proceeded: "If I give you such a school as you want, will you promise me to stay with it—always?"

Another silence ensued, the merchant prince watching the new young priestess of beauty as she wrestled with the phantom of the future. Then solemnly she replied: "I will stay."

Mr. Eaton became all business energy.

"You are leaving for Owen Sound to-morrow?"

"Yes."

"Go home by way of Toronto. See Chancellor Burwash and if he approves of your scheme, go ahead; choose your land, engage an architect, on his advice get your plans—you may have your school."

The following day saw Mrs. Raff exploring the neighborhood of Victoria College with the Chancellor, who warmly endorsed the project. They decided on the present site of the school before their return. On the back of a used envelope on the journey from Muskoka Mrs. Raff had sketched her dream. It only remained for Mr. Meade to hear her ideas to give them form. On Mrs. Raff's insistence, the new school devoted to aesthetics was named for her patroness, Margaret Eaton, who still modestly disclaims any merit for the outcome of "only speaking to father."



THE NEW "GLAD."

Mrs. Forbes Robertson (Miss Gertrude Elliott) as Glad in "The Dawn of a To-morrow," in which Miss Eleanor Robson appeared in Toronto this season. Both play and star evoked widely differing opinions among the English critics, when "The Dawn of a To-morrow" was recently produced in London.



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AT CAMBRIDGE.

This photograph was taken shortly before Ex-President Roosevelt received the degree of LL.D. at Cambridge. In the group are Canon Mason, Vice-Chancellor of the University; Col. and Mrs. Roosevelt, Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, and Mrs. Mason.



## Confessions of Royalties

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QUEEN MARY has for years kept a Confession book, such as used to be so popular with many people in society some years ago, in which are recorded Her Majesty's various opinions on many interesting subjects as well as those of several other royalties.

One of the questions in the book is "What is the occupation which you dislike the most?" The Queen confesses that she dislikes travelling in a train more than anything else, whilst her favorite recreation is reading German plays in the original.

Another question is, "The countries you would most like to live in." To this question the Queen has simply vouchsafed the answer, "England and one or two others occasionally," but there is a string of answers to the questions of a more emphatic character by other royalties.

The Empress of Germany has confessed that all countries were made to travel in, except Germany, and Germany was made to live in. The Queen of Spain wrote that there was no country in the world like England to live in, and no county in England like Norfolk, but that confession was written many years ago, and Queen Victoria may possibly have changed her views since. Queen Alexandra has recorded that the events she dislikes most is a bad fog in London, and among Her Majesty's favorite occupations is "being with my children."

The confessions are almost exclusively confined to the ladies of the various royal families, but there is a short confession from Prince Arthur of Connaught, who, when he was twelve years old, wrote that his greatest ambition was to be a great huntsman, and hunt big game every day.

The Czarina, whose short confession is written in the Russian language, simply says that an Empress can have no likes or dislikes of her own, for she belongs to her husband and the people over whom he rules.

This Confession book is now mainly reserved for the confessions of the children of various royalties, prominent among them being of course, the confessions of the children of King George V.

Princess Victoria has recorded that the places she likes going to the best in London are Westminster Abbey, the Tower and the British Museum, and to these places she makes very constant visits. This Princess has also confessed that she dislikes learning German grammar which she finds much more difficult to understand than English.

Prince Eddy has made no confession for some time, but a few years ago he wrote that he would rather be a sailor than a soldier, and added the simple statement that he envied Eton boys more than any other persons, and expressed a great wish to be sent there.

Prince Albert, who, when he was six years old, went with his father to hear a debate in the House of Commons was evidently not favorably impressed with the oratory he heard, for a little afterwards he wrote in the book that the thing he most disliked doing was "listening to men making speeches."

The Confession book accompanied Queen Mary on all her travels, and contains a number of interesting confessions from various Indian Princes written in their native tongue. One of them is penned in a mysterious fluid that regularly changes its color from time to time. The fluid is said to have been made hundreds of years ago and the secret of manufacture has been long since lost.

The Marajah of Gwalior wrote a lengthy confession—the longest in the book, in his native dialect. When the "Confession" was later on translated for the benefit of Their Royal Highnesses, it turned out to be not a "confession," but a poem welcoming the Prince and Princess of Wales to India. Though the Marajah's contribution is not quite in keeping with the character of the other contents of the book, it is one which is greatly valued by the Queen. The poem was quite an impromptu piece of composition, and was a most graceful and sincere tribute of the Marajah's feelings of loyalty and affection towards his royal visitors.

The Queen of Portugal wrote a long confession in the book during her visit to England in 1904, and it happened that on the top of the page where the Queen was about to begin her confession, there was a small red stain where some red ink had fallen. Queen Amalie at once declared she could not write anything on that page; "it would be unlucky," she said. Subsequently, however, Queen Amalie changed her mind, and wrote her confession on the stained page, in which she said that she was naturally very superstitious but had always endeavored not to encourage superstitious beliefs.

The Queen of Italy during her visit to Windsor the same year, wrote a very long confession which contained an interesting account of her impressions of London. "I think London must be the most interesting place in the world in which to live," wrote Her Majesty, who admitted, however, that its vastness had rather a depressing effect upon her.

During that visit, the Queen of Italy, accompanied by the Princess Victoria, spent two whole days driving through the London streets in a motor car, in which they penetrated East as far as Poplar, where they had tea in



PRINCESS JULIANA.

Copyright, Underwood & Underwood, New York.  
This picture of the young daughter of Queen Wilhelmina of Holland shows her surrounded by the toys which she received recently on her first birthday.

a local tea-shop. Their expedition was of a strictly private character, and both the Queen and Princess were thickly veiled, and to prevent any suspicion of their rank, the royal coronet on the motor car was painted out.

Some of the confessions are of rather a humorous character. For example, the Princess Patricia of Connaught has recorded that one of her favorite amusements is going to the wishing well at Sandringham, and wishing for fine weather. Her Royal Highness confesses that whenever she indulges in this amusement she always took an umbrella and mackintosh with her. It was at this wishing-well, by the way, that the late King Edward, many years ago, as Prince of Wales, remarked that there was no use in his wishing for anything. "Why not, sir?" asked one of the party, who had accompanied the Prince. "Oh," replied His Majesty, "I cannot have anything without the consent of Parliament, so there is no use in my wishing for anything here."

One foreign royalty confessed that her favorite amusement was travelling incognito. The Princess in question, travelled under the name of Madame Mayer, and Her Highness relates a story of how on one occasion when arriving at her hotel in Nice, where she had engaged a small suite of rooms, she found them already in possession of another Madame Mayer, a wealthy Paris modiste, who had arrived at the hotel an hour before the Madame Mayer who had actually engaged the rooms.

The Princess, who was only accompanied by a maid, then booked a couple of rooms in the ordinary manner, and remained in the hotel for a week, when she was recognized by a Russian Grand Duchess, who had arrived at the hotel, an event—confessed the Princess—that put an end to a most enjoyable holiday.

The Kaiser has for a long time kept the book in which various royalties have recorded their experiences when travelling incognito. Some of them are amusing and some of them are quite dramatic. An interesting adventure is related by the Duke of Sparta. The Duke, travelling under the name of Herr List, took rooms in an hotel at Warsaw, where he was arrested in mistake for a Nihilist who was very much wanted. His Highness spent a week in prison before he disclosed his identity, and confessed that the disappointment of the detective who arrested him, on learning the real identity of his prisoner, greatly amused him. The Kaiser, on one occasion lost his confession book; search was made in every direction, but not a trace could be found. Suspicion of having stolen it, however, at last fastened on a certain servant in the castle at Potsdam, who had frequent access to the Kaiser's private writing-room, where the book was kept under lock and key. The man was carefully watched, and finally it was found that he was in communication with an editor of a certain paper. The editor was duly approached, and admitted that he had given the Kaiser's servant a big price for the book, which, however, he offered to restore at once to the Kaiser, and undertook not to publish any of its contents. Subsequently, however, he received permission to publish a large number of extracts from the book, but the servant who stole it was promptly dismissed.

### The Longevity of Geese.

THE peculiarities and intelligence of geese have been the subject of many an interesting story. Some of these tales are scarcely credible, yet those who have kept geese and studied them are ready to accept almost anything that may be told of them.

Morris relates a number of instances where ganders have become the inseparable companions of their masters, following them about the fields on hunting expeditions and into the streets of a town, like the most devoted dog.

The same writer also relates how faithfully a gander discharged the self-imposed duty of guardian and guide to an old blind woman. Whenever she went to church he directed her footsteps into safe paths by taking hold of her gown with his bill, and during the service he nipped the grass in the cemetery close by, until she required his service as a guide to return home.

Another incident is told that is said to have occurred in a town in Pennsylvania. A man was playing an accordion when it was noticed that the pet goose on the place became fairly intoxicated with the music. He kept excellent time with his feet all the time the music continued. Noticing the bird's liking for it, the man repeated the tunes time and again, the bird each time showing its appreciation.

When driving with an old-time resident along a country road in Massachusetts, says a recent writer, an old lady was noticed coming along closely followed by an old gander. When the lady stopped to talk to a passerby the gander would also stop and look up into the face of the stranger all the while he or she was talking, just as though it understood every word that was spoken. The bird's whole life seemed to be wrapped up in the affections of that old lady, and they were inseparable companions.

It was said that this gander would lie in front of the house perfectly contented so long as the old lady was indoors doing her work, but the moment she appeared ready for a walk the bird would greet her with a peculiar cry and walk closely by her side.

Geese are ever on the watch, becoming veritable watchdogs during the day and night. The approach of

a stranger is the signal for shrilling yells which cannot be mistaken. It was this trait of watchfulness that gave the geese credit as early as 388 B. C. for saving Rome from surprise and capture.

Geese are long lived, some instances being reported where they attained a great age. In 1859 a goose was exhibited at the New Jersey State Fair, and her history, on a placard tacked on the coop read as follows:

"Madame Goose is now owned by Robert Schomp, of Reading, Hunterdon, county N. J. She has been in his possession twenty-five years, and was given to him by his grandfather, Major H. G. Schomp. Robert's father is now in his eighty-fifth year, and this goose was a gift to his mother as a part of her marriage outfit. The mate of Madame Goose was killed in the Revolutionary War, being rode over by a troop of cavalry. In the spring of 1857 she laid six eggs, three of which were hatched and goslings raised. In 1858 she made seven nests and laid but two eggs, evidence perhaps of failing faculties. Her eyes are becoming dim, one having almost entirely failed. The year of her birth cannot be known, but she remains a representative of the olden time."

Nearly thirty years ago William Rankin, a noted breeder of geese, purchased in Rhode Island a wild gander which had been owned by one family some fifty years. A member of the family had wounded the gander by firing into a flock of wild geese, breaking his wing. The gander recovered from his injury and was kept for that number of years, without, however, mating with other geese. Several years ago it was reported that he was still alive, doing service as a decoy bird during the gunning season, and highly valued by its owner, although at least 75 years old.

Mr. Rankin cites the instance of a goose owned in Roxford, Mass., where it was the property of one family for 101 years, and was then killed by the kick of a horse. She had laid fifteen eggs and was sitting on them when a horse approached too near the nest; she rushed off in defence of her eggs, seizing the animal by the tail, and was killed by a kick from him.

In former times it was not uncommon for the farmer's daughter, on her wedding day, to receive among other gifts a goose from the old homestead, to become her property and accompany her to her new home. In some instances such geese were kept for many years, perhaps far beyond the life of the girl to whom it was presented.

Ganders occasionally take very peculiar freaks, such as conceiving a violent attachment for some inanimate



A FAMOUS DANCER.

This sketch of Miss Anna Pavlova, Prima Ballerina Assoluta of the Russian Imperial Opera, who has made such a tremendous success in London, is by Mr. R. G. Mathews, and appeared in The Bytander.

object, as a door, stone, a cartwheel, a plough, or something of a similar nature, and they will spend the greater part of their time sitting beside it or in its company.

Should the gander be separated from its mate and placed with another, he will seldom accept the new one so long as the old mate is anywhere within hearing distance, and even when entirely removed from the premises it frequently takes some time before he will become reconciled to his new mate.

### The Women of Iceland.

FOR thirty years unmarried women and widows over 25 years old who are householders or self-supporting have had the right to vote for parish and town councils in Iceland. Two years ago all the married women in the two principal towns on the island were given the right to the municipal franchise, and the privilege of sitting in the councils. And now the Icelandic National Women's Suffrage Association, with 10,000 members, is working to obtain full political and civil rights for women on the same terms as men. If there is a country anywhere in the world in which women ought to have the right to vote—if they want it—that country is surely Iceland. The women there are never idle. They have no time for "society." They assist the men in agricultural work and in fishing. They spin, knit, weave, and besides rearing and educating their children, they find leisure for training the mind, and through translations, they keep in touch with the best of European literature. There is not an illiterate woman in the whole island. If such women want to vote, it would be difficult to dispute their qualifications.

### Isle of Wight Sinking.

THERE is a probability that the Isle of Wight is doomed to become a lost Atlantis, like poor Heligoland, whose battered head the Kaiser is trying to keep above water. The great mass of cliff which recently flung itself into the sea had the example set long before the ancient Britons began to call the island names—Guich (the separated one) among them. "Vectis" tells the same tale of a time when the island was a happy part of the mainland. Even Wight's familiar names have long since lost their felicity. There was up to 1780 a lofty, pointed rock, resembling a needle and justifying the name. It reared its head 120 feet above low water mark; but there came a day when it crashed into the waves and totally disappeared.

## Old Friends and New



June.

I GAZED upon the glorious sky  
And the green mountains round,  
And thought that when I came to lie  
At rest within the ground,  
'T were pleasant that, in flowery June,  
When brooks send up a cheerful tune,  
And groves a joyous sound,  
The sexton's hand my grave to make,  
The rich, green mountain-turf should break.

A cell within the frozen mould,  
A coffin borne through sleet,  
And icy clods above it rolled,  
While fierce the tempests leat—  
Away!—I will not think of these—  
Blue be the sky and soft the breeze,  
Earth green beneath the feet,  
And be the damp mould gently pressed  
Into my narrow place of rest.

There through the long, long summer hours,  
The golden light should lie,  
And thick young herbs and groups of flowers  
Stand in their beauty by.  
The oriole should build and tell  
His love-tale close beside my cell;  
The idle butterfly  
Should rest him there, and there be heard  
The housewife bee and humming-bird.

And what if cheerful shouts at noon  
Come from the village sent,  
Or songs of maids, beneath the moon  
With fairy laughter blent?  
And what if, in the evening light,  
Betrothed lovers walk in sight  
Of my low monument?  
I would the lovely scene around  
Might know no sadder sight nor sound.

I know that I no more should see  
The season's glorious show,  
Nor would its brightness shine for me,  
Nor its wild music flow;  
But if, around my place of sleep,  
The friends I love should come to weep,  
They might not haste to go.  
Soft airs, and song, and light, and bloom  
Should keep them lingering by my tomb.

These to their softened hearts should bear  
The thought of what has been,  
And speak of one who cannot share  
The gladness of the scene;  
Whose part, in all the pomp that fills  
The circuit of the summer hills,  
Is that his grave is green;  
And deeply would their hearts rejoice  
To hear again his living voice.

—William Cullen Bryant

### The Little Peach.

A LITTLE peach in the orchard grew,  
A little peach of emerald hue:  
Warmed by the sun, and wet by the dew—  
It grew.

One day, walking the orchard through,  
That little peach dawned on the view  
Of Johnny Jones and his sister Sue—  
Those two.

Up at the peach a club they threw;  
Down from the limb on which it grew,  
Fell the little peach of emerald hue—  
Too true!

John took a bite, and Sue took a chew,  
And then the trouble began to brew—  
Trouble the doctor couldn't subdue—  
Paregoric too.

Under the turf where the daisies grew,  
They planted John and his sister Sue;  
And their little souls to the angels flew—  
Boo-hoo!

But what of the peach of emerald hue,  
Warmed by the sun, and wet by the dew?  
Ah, well! its mission on earth is through—  
Adieu!

—Eugene Field.



THE BELGIAN QUEEN.

This portrait is the most recent of the Consort of King Albert of Belgium.



ONE TYPE OF BEAUTY.

The Ainu women have a custom of tattooing their face in the manner shown in the picture. The Ainu are the aborigines of Japan.



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### SOME SMART SUMMER DRESSES.

Gown of blue and white figured silk muslin, combined with blue silk and black velvet. Hat trimmed with poppies and wheat.

Lingerie gown of lace and muslin elaborately trimmed with white silk embroidery. Hat of black straw with black osprey.

Gown of black figured chiffon combined with Paisley chiffon and mounted on white silk. Black chip hat with white plumes.

### Some New Cloaks.

ALL sorts of exquisite cloaks are being designed for summer wear, and some of these are so attractive that they serve as a disguise for quite a plain frock and change it into a thing of beauty. The lace coats and those made of equally diaphanous materials naturally are first in favor and some of the models show great taste and skill in their fashioning.

One extremely pretty lace coat is in tunic form, of black net and lace, the upper part of the garment being made with a tight fitting yoke which is deep enough to give the Empire effect. From this yoke depends a tunic which forms the lower part of the coat, and is made of net edged around the hem and down the side with the lace applique. Another form in which this cloak is very popular is when carried out in the net in various light shades embroidered heavily with silk. A similar lace cloak, but this time intended only for wear with an elaborate evening gown, is of white net darned in a conventional design in coral pink silk. The coat, which is low necked, fastens at the bust line, where it is held in place by a coral brooch, similar ornaments catching the net edges together as far as the knee where the cloak ends in front. In the back it has a long pointed train that falls gracefully over the train of the dress. The sleeves of this smart little cloak are elbow length and are made in one with the wrap. They are slightly bell in shape and are finished with embroidery in coral silk.

Something new in reception wraps has been evolved, and in Paris these are carried out chiefly in net and embroidery, silk and jet fringe playing an important part in the trimming. One of these little wraps made of black silk net embroidered in a heavy design in black silk is cut in pointed shawl shape, the point at the back reaching well towards the middle of the skirt, while the points in front extend almost to the hem. In this instance the wrap is of fine white net and a touch of pale blue is combined with the white silk used in embroidering it. The fringe outlining the wrap is of white silk. Another of these wraps, which is considerably longer than the one just described, is of palest green silk net embroidered in silks of the same tone combined with metal thread. In this design the cloak reaches to the hem of the dress all around, save towards the front, where it is cut away in V shape. Few if any of these wraps have sleeves, the sweep of the garment over the arm making them unnecessary. These cloaks undoubtedly are forerunners of the shawl, which certainly looks more than ever as if it would return to favor.

Among the faced cloth wraps for summer wear are some exceedingly pretty models, one recently imported being of a delicate shade of blue grey and largely suggesting the modified kimono in style. The cloak is intended to reach to the hem of the gown and is slashed up the sides to a point well above the knee, where the quaint kimono-like sleeves begin. From the point where the garment widens out into the sleeve, a band of the cloth, piped at each edge with a band of satin in a deeper tone, runs round the back of the cloak, and while it does not really have a bouffant effect that tendency is strongly suggested. The small, flat, square collar, the bands outlining the sleeves, and the folds down the front of the cloak are all of the satin, further trimming being afforded by handsome buttons.

A quaint little cloak, also of the modified kimono variety, is of salmon pink silk in rather a heavy weight. The edges are embroidered in a design in self tone silks, and fringe to match appears on the sleeves, the V shaped neck being finished with a flat band of the embroidery.

For everyday wear the cloaks are equally attractive and show many pretty designs. Many modifications of the dust cloak are shown, and while those of natural colored linen and silk are being done to death, others of somewhat similar pattern but prettier and more exclusive coloring are to be found. One delightful little coat of this description is of heavy dark blue Rajah silk, made quite long and rather suggestive of the ulster. The back is semi-fitting and the garment, which has smart pockets on either side is held together in front by a belt of patent leather which buckles just above the pockets and does not cross to the back. The collar is of the shawl variety and has very long revers.

A dust cloak in which the Paisley effect is introduced is made of heavy Shantung silk in a brown tone. The

cloak is tight fitting at the back and semi-fitting in front, and the buttons used in fastening it at the left side are of brownish pearl. The revers, which are very full and wide and extend well over the shoulders, are of Paisley silk in brownish orange tones, and each is finished with a long brown silk tassel. The rather tight fitting sleeves have deep turned back cuffs of silk, faced with the Paisley, and fastened with large buttons.

A military touch is given to a heavy serge Shantung by the use of silk frogs, seven of which cross the upper part of the tight fitting coat and are adjusted in slanting fashion. This model is very successfully carried out in a deep shade of blue, the frogs, like the braiding on the sleeves, being of blue and gold cord. The narrow cuffs are of velvet in the same shade of blue as the coat, and the braided military collar is also of the blue velvet.

VOGUE.

### The Popularity of Chiffon.

THE keynote of many of the season's fashions may be found in chiffon, which seems to be used in every hue, in every design and every quality. It is used for entire gowns, for veiling and for trimming of every description. The most popular is anything with a resemblance to Paisley in its design, and so bold are the colorings of this chiffon that another layer of the flimsy fabric is sometimes used to subdue it. The changeable chiffons are very attractive and there is a wonderful variety of designs and colorings in the printed chiffons with striking borders or artistic all-over designs.

Quantities of lace will be another feature of the summer frocks, and the fine laces have rather ousted the coarser ones from their place of honor. The cream and ecru shades are more in favor than white laces for trimming purposes.

Very daring is the use of bright colored chiffon in some of the new French evening gowns. One model recently imported is of pale apricot silk with bright cherry colored ribbon bordering a tunic. The whole of this is lightly veiled with an overdress of mole colored chiffon.

Another equally daring gown is of reseda green crepe with a tunic overdress of a dull shade of blue chiffon embroidered in silks of both tones.

Embroidered white linen handbags are among the novelties. They have gilt frames and chains, and promise to be very popular.

It is the fashion just now in England to relieve the sombreness of black attire with a cluster of natural flowers worn on the corsage.



A NEW COIFFURE.

This pretty and becoming style of hair-dressing is in vogue in London just now for evening wear.

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### Stunning Linen Suits

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### Beautiful Lingerie Dresses

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Beautiful Lingerie Dresses made of fine embroidered Mulls, over-skirt model, in white, sky, pink and heliotrope, June sale price ..... **\$22.50**

Charming Lingerie Dresses, made of fine quality Mull with embroidered flounce, dainty lace yokes with ¾ or full length sleeves. June sale price ..... **\$10.50**

A large range of stunning Linen Suits, plain tailor-made and the new embroidered styles, colors of pink, sky, tan, rose, reseda, heliotrope and white. June sale price **\$15.00, \$18.50, \$25.00**

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## CITY AND COUNTRY HOMES

### A Residence in the Georgian Style.

THERE is possibly no style of architectural treatment which admits of more latitude for practical and consistent house-planning than that of the Georgian Period, and yet it may be said in the same breath that there is perhaps no style with narrower or more restrictive limitations. To glance about at various examples both good and bad, and commonplace and attractive, is to be fully convinced of the truth of this contradiction. This latitude, it may be said, lies in the flexibility of the design itself, and the limitations in the failure to discern the possibilities in this respect. Thus one finds Georgian houses which slavishly ape one another, and again others in which the lines of compositions have been beautifully moulded to produce a distinct feeling of frank simplicity without destroying or belaboring the characteristic features of the design.

One of the more successful residences of this type is

is the woodwork, which is painted white, with the exception of the doors and hand rail and newels of the staircase, which are a rich mahogany. By accident, and by the result of no forethought, the scheme of decorations is worked out in Oriental style, with Chinese lanterns, furniture, and wall pieces, but these happily are quite in sympathy with the surroundings.

The living room is done in a soft green velvet paper, similar to that in the hall, and has casement windows opening on to a pergola-like porch, overlooking a south garden. The curtains are of old green silk rep hung from gilded cornices, the mantel of Indian limestone, and the floor of polished oak covered with rich, soft rugs. In order to allow additional height for the cove ceiling, without raising the level of the entire upper floor, the floor of this room, together with that of the main hall and reception room, is depressed twenty-one inches. This is worked out in the staircase, to have it continuous, by an



Residence of Mr. Ernest R. Rolph, of the firm of Sproatt & Rolph, Architects, on Jackes Avenue, Toronto. An interesting Georgian house with walls of ordinary red brick laid in a double stretcher bond, so jointed with false vertical joints of the same color as to take on the appearance of Roman brick.

the recently erected home of Mr. E. R. Rolph, of the firm of Sproatt & Rolph, architects, Toronto. This home stands well back on spacious grounds on the south side of Jackes Avenue, Toronto, in one of the most delightful sections of the Rosedale district. Originally the site formed a part of a large apple orchard, and at the front of the lot is a beautiful old apple tree spreading its robust boughs in a most paternal manner. Other trees of this variety are interspersed along the sides, while at the juncture of the street line are two stalwart young maples which further add to make the environments ideal as regards natural advantages.

The approach is by a vitrified brick walk to an interesting small entrance porch placed slightly to the right of the centre, and having a delightfully private yet inviting feeling, which is further accentuated by the projection from the service portion at the northeast corner. The walls are of ordinary red brick with 1 1/4 inch white mortar joints, and double stretchers so laid and merged with false vertical joints of the same color, as to take on the appearance of Roman brick. This results in a most pleasing composition, and with the white woodwork and green painted shutters of the upper storey forms an unusually simple yet attractive exterior.

As the exterior suggests, the interior of the house is extremely homelike in its appointments, and the entrance hall, which is transversely situated, reveals a general plan which departs from the usual arrangement found in residences of this style. Here the floor is tiled with red English quarries and the walls are covered with a green velvet paper, while adding effectively to this combination

arrangement of three short steps to a landing on a floor level with the service portion of the house.

Off this landing is a short passage to the dining-room, which has a south-facing bay, affording the same delightful view as is obtained from the living room. In this room the furniture is of mahogany, the carpet a soft green, and the wall paper of a russet brown design on a deep blue background. Passage to and from the kitchen is by a small serving pantry, which is also adjoined by a service staircase giving access to the basement and upper floors.

In the upper floor the woodwork throughout, as on the first floor, is finished in white enamel, and the wall scheme and decorations of the hallway is similar to the hall below. There are three bedrooms, a nursery and a large tiled bathroom, exclusive of the servants' bedroom and accommodations, which are situated above the kitchen.

### Andirons Now the Fashion.

WITH the fashion for open fireplaces has come an increased demand for andirons. Another result is that andirons are sometimes used with little or no regard for the appropriateness of particular forms to special places.

Persons who know better than to hang old brass warming pans on their drawing room walls will display in their drawing room fireplaces andirons of patterns originally designed for the kitchen hearth. Kitchen andirons were usually of iron, simple in form and provided with arms for the kettle or hooks for pots. Sometimes the stand-



Rear view of residence of Mr. Ernest R. Rolph, Jackes Avenue, Toronto, showing the casement windows, which open on to the pergola-like porch facing the direct south.

## Pongee Suits and Dresses for Summer



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We show among others a practical Pongee suit at \$22.50 that will please the woman who wants a graceful closely fitting, well tailored coat, and a semi or full pleated skirt.

Navy, green or black.

Coat fastens down front with four silk corded buttons.

Collar and cuffs of black moire.

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### A One-Piece Pongee Dress for \$17.50

In the season's favorite shades, green, tan, raisin, peacock, navy and natural.

Yoke and collar of fine lace insertion. Front of waist finely braided. Long sleeves braided at wrist to match. Skirt side-pleated all around, some with overskirt effect, others with front panel and pleated or side gores.

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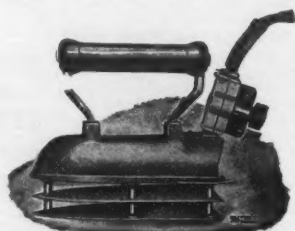


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## CITY AND COUNTRY HOMES

ards had brackets to receive plates to be warmed or flat bread tops instead of knobs.

The nice proportion between the size of the fireplace and the size of the andirons is disregarded in some houses. Sometimes a big fireplace is provided with a pair of pretty little old-fashioned andirons of brass with corrugated standards ending in knobs. Such andirons were originally used along with the Franklin stove and rarely in large fireplaces. They are appropriate for a bedroom fireplace of small size.

On the other hand small fireplaces are seen with huge modern andirons of heavy brass, expensive affairs that often have no charm of form or proportion. It is a safe rule that the andirons shall not be as high as the fireplace by inches.

There is a sound taste to be observed in the matter of the material of the andirons. Brass is suitable for the more elegant or formal apartments of a house; iron or

frames. Usually most of the frame is hidden with the brass covering.

The standards are in two or three parts that screw together, and you can make a guess at the age of the andirons by the condition of the threads.

### Orchid Facts in Brief.

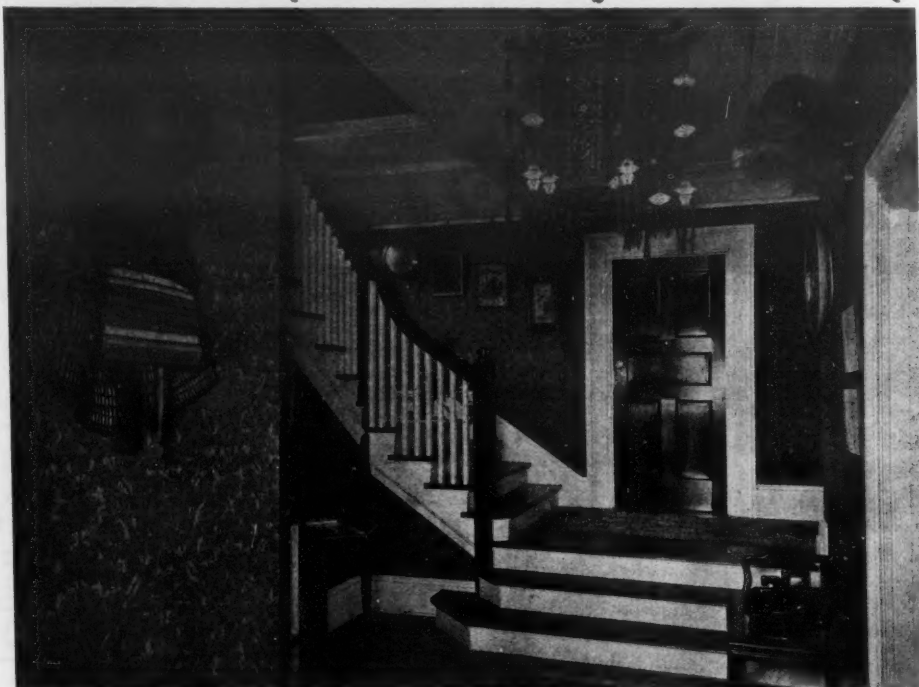
BOSTON is holding the greatest exhibition of orchids ever known. Half a million dollars' worth are on show.

Between 4,000 and 5,000 species are known.

Nearly every color occurs. Blue is the rarest.

Usually the flowers have a sweet, heavy perfume.

Most of the showy sorts are imported from the wild parts of Central and South America, Africa, and Asia. Importation began less than a hundred years ago. Today millions are invested in collections; there are maga-



Entrance Hall and Main Staircase, residence of Mr. Ernest R. Rolph, Jackes Ave., Toronto. The floor is of red English tiles, and the decorations of harmonious Oriental quality.

iron tipped with brass for the simpler apartments. If the hall fireplace is large, and the hearth sustained by a wrought iron grill the andirons should be of wrought iron and of good size, but the more elaborate forms in wrought iron are now considered by some persons to be in questionable taste.

For fireplaces of moderate size simple andirons of wrought strap iron with suitable decorations in brass are appropriate. Now and then you find an old-fashioned country blacksmith who may be trusted to hammer out a pair of wrought iron andirons after a design furnished, and nothing is better than such a pair of simple design for a cosy room.

There are now and then imported from Italy andirons of brass or copper in the form of seahorses and other grotesque creatures. Some are of charming design. Now and then the brass or copper is set in a heavy base of concrete. These are appropriate to formal or richly and quaintly decorated rooms. The Italian taste in this matter was delicate and elegant centuries ago, and no doubt the andirons described in "Cymbeline," of which the design was a winking Cupid and the material was silver, were suggested to Shakespeare by some example of the kind imported into sixteenth century England from Italy.

The modern reproduction of the Hessian design in cast iron and painted in appropriate colors is hardly suitable for ordinary American fireplaces, and other designs, in which appear the realistic or caricatured figures of men or beasts, are held to be not in the best taste except for apartments designedly quaint in furnishing.

Some excellent cast iron andirons of large size are imported from the continent of Europe or imitated by American makers. The best of these are distinguished by the charm of their brass decorations and the care with which the castings have been smoothed. Those who buy cast iron andirons must look for cracks and for weak places that may crack.

All the older brass andirons are easily distinguished from the cheap modern reproductions by the fact that the former are cast and the latter spun. Brass casting was done extremely well a century ago, and the designs of the old brass andirons were often excellent. They are usually cast in several pieces and are fitted over wrought iron

zines which deal exclusively with orchids; great books have been written, and national societies formed.

The first variety was *Cattleya labiata* (the same now sold by florists, named after Mr. Cattley, an English collector). The discoverer failed to make plain where he had found it, and for years afterward there was a quest for another like it. The quest was at last successful.

For many years an orchid known to grow in Tibet was eagerly sought. The only ones of its kind in Europe had died. Finally the Youngusband expedition sent a small shipment to England. There was great rivalry, and many people paid \$500 a plant. A few days later a second shipment arrived, and the price dropped to \$25.

Some can be bought for as little as \$1.50, but others are regarded as being worth \$5,000 each. One sold at auction recently in London for \$4,000.

There are several firms in the United States which do nothing but import and grow them.

Many notable people have had a weakness for orchid-raising, the most notable being Joseph Chamberlain.

As a corsage-flower, the orchid has the great virtue of keeping fresh a remarkably long time. Looked at in that light, it is not so expensive, even at \$20 a dozen.

The common "lady slipper" of our woods is an orchid. One of this genus, *Cypripedium spectabile*, is the best hardy orchid for outdoor cultivation.

Miss Mary Curtis Lee, daughter of Gen. Robert E. Lee, recently sold to the Valley Forge Museum, of Pennsylvania, the tent under which Washington is said to have slept during the Revolutionary war. The tent was inherited by Miss Lee from her mother, in whose family it had been handed down directly from Washington. Miss Lee has given the money, \$5,000, received for the tent to the Home for Needy Confederate Women, in Richmond Va.

Mrs. A. D. Winship, of Racine, Wisconsin, is the oldest "freshman" in the United States. She is seventy-nine years old, has just taken up a course in psychology and literature at the Ohio State University, and plans a course that will keep her intellectually busy for some years.



Living Room, residence of Mr. Ernest R. Rolph, Jackes Ave., Toronto, showing cove ceiling and Indiana limestone mantel.

NATURAL LAXATIVE

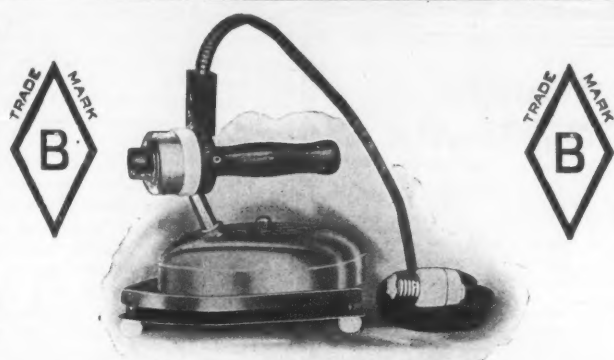
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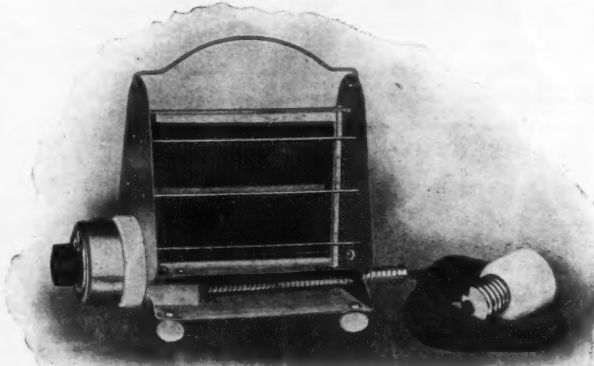
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#### Embroidered Linen.

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White Dress Linen, 44 in. wide, soft finish, 36c yard. Coloured Linen, 44 in. wide, 50 shades, 40c yard. Heavy Canvas Linen, in colours, 40 in. wide, 42c yard.

#### Handkerchiefs.

Ladies' All Linen Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, 18 x 24 in. hem, 36c doz. Ladies' Linen Handkerchiefs, hemstitched with drawn thread border, 12 doz. Gent's 100% Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, 18 x 24 in. hem, 12 doz.

#### Underclothing & Laces.

Ladies' Nightdresses from 90c ea. Chemises trimmed with embroidery, 50c ea. Combinations, 12 doz. Bridal Trousseaux, 12 doz. Layettes, 12 doz. Irish Lace do do direct from workers at very moderate prices.

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Gentlemen's Collars, made from our own linen, from \$1.18 doz. Dress Shirts, "Matchless" quality, \$1.42 each. Zenker, Oxford, and Flannel Shirts, with soft or stiff collars and soft fronts, at manufacturers' prices.

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THE marriage of Miss Emilie Lines Lamont, elder daughter of Mr. Hector Lamont, and Mr. Guy J. Bilkey, son of the late Rev. J. Bilkey, took place on Wednesday at four o'clock in St. Augustine church, Rev. F. Plummer officiating, assisted by Rev. Charles Bilkey, brother of the groom. There were no invitations issued, but intimate friends gave themselves the pleasure of attending with good wishes to the young couple. The bride wore her travelling dress of brown foularde, with leghorn hat trimmed with brown roses and ribbons, and was unattended. Mr. Lamont brought his daughter in and gave her away. Mr. and Mrs. Bilkey drove from the church to the train and started at once on their honeymoon across the lines.

The garden party given in honor of the visiting ex-members of the Queen's Own, by Colonel Sir Henry and Lady Pellatt is the big event of this afternoon. It is to be hoped that our weather man, who so often encores one seventh day performance on the next, won't dish up such an aqueous treat to-day as he gave us last Saturday.

The marriage of Miss Clara Mary Foy, second daughter of the late Mr. John Foy, and Mr. Robert Osmond Petman, took place at half-past ten o'clock on Thursday, June 9 in St. Basil's church.

Rev. Father Kelly officiating. The altar was decorated with scores of white carnations and the guest pews were marked by bouquets of lilacs, bridal veil and guelder roses, tied with white ribbons. The bride was brought in by her brother, Mr. Frank Foy, and wore a rich gown of soft white satin with long train, and a tulle veil and a crown of orange blossoms, her bouquet was of roses and lily of the valley. Her pretty Titian hair and sweet face were very well set off by her handsome bridal fineries, and although a very petite person, she looked most attractive and as happy as a bride always should. Her next sister, Miss Emily Foy, was her bridesmaid in a very dainty gown of white chiffon over pale green satin, with sashes of pale green, and a very smart hat of green and white in airy material, and novel shape, with a posy of little flowers nestling in the tulle and maline. Her bouquet was of pink roses, and she wore the bridegroom's gift, a jewel of pearls and peridots. Mr. George Mara was a stalwart best man, and Mr. John Foy and Mr. Lewis Monahan were the ushers. During the celebration of the nuptial mass, Judge Anglin sang two fine solos, his familiarity with the church and the music, allowing him to use his fine voice with the best effect. After the mass Mrs. Foy gave a large reception at her residence, 40 Bloor Street West, when a number of relatives and intimate friends offered hearty congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Petman, and enjoyed a delicious and rather elaborate *dejeuner*. Hon. J. J. Foy proposed the bride's health, and there was singing, also, for the dainty little bridesmaid's health. Mrs. Foy wore a white gown veiled in black lace, and a black and white toque. The house was beautifully decorated and the presence of a number of jolly young people made the wedding a very gay event, several of the young folks being on the way to a similar festivity of their own, and still others being strongly suspected. An orchestra played during the reception, and a few of the guests were Mrs. Crawford, of "Sherwood," Mr. and Mrs. Miller and Miss Miller, Lady Thompson, Miss Frankie Thompson, Judge and Mrs. Anglin, Mrs. Lynd, Miss Marie MacDonell, Mr. Claude MacDonell, the Misses Murray, Mr. and Mrs. Jim Foy and their fine little sons, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce McDonald, Mr. McDonald, Mr. Harrison, Miss Susie Smith, Mr. and the Misses Webster, the Misses Monahan, Hon. J. J. and the Misses Foy, Mrs. J. L. Burnand. A rich and beautiful collection of presents were arranged in an upper room. Mr. and Mrs. Petman went away on the Niagara boat for their honeymoon, which will be spent at the seaside, the little bride travelling in a golden brown Rajah suit and hat to match, and being well pelted with confetti and flowers as she left the house.

On Thursday night the tattoo was on, and on each afternoon the colonels and officers of the various regiments had teas and receptions at headquarters or in camp. Among those in Niagara have been Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Peters and Miss Ethel Gibson, Mrs. and Miss Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Tisdale of Brantford, Mrs. and Miss Wilkes, Colonel and Mrs. Gooderham, Colonel and Mrs. Campbell Macdonald and Miss Macdonald, Colonel and Mrs. Septimus Denison and Miss Denison, Miss Nan Grant, Miss Lamport, the Misses Heward, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Thompson and their family, Mr. and Mrs. Foy, the Misses Foy, Miss Dunstan, the Misses Bowes, and scores of others. Mrs. Cotton did not receive at the military ball on account of the official mourning for the late King.

The engagement of Miss Alberta Greening, second daughter of Mr. Thomas Greening, and Mr. Walter Bannerman Ramsay, of Montreal, is announced.

The marriage of Miss Katharine Thornloe, only daughter of the Bishop of Algoma, and Rev. C. W. Balfour, Rector of Huntsville, Muskoka, was celebrated in St. Luke's pro-cathedral, Sault Ste. Marie, on Wednesday of last week, at 11.15 o'clock. His lordship the Bishop performed the ceremony and the bride was brought in and given away by her brother, Rev. W. E. Thornloe. The bride wore a trained gown of rich white silk brocade, with yoke and panel of lace worn by her mother at her bridal. The two tall, handsome brunette bridesmaids were childhood friends of the bride, Miss Kate Edgehill, of Sherbrooke, and Miss White, daughter of Judge White, of Sherbrooke. Their frocks were of lilac *crepe de soie, en princesse*, with gold embroidered net. Their hats were of white mohair with lilacs. The best man was Rev. A. H. Wurtel, Dean of Duluth Cathedral, an old Lennoxville college friend of the groom, and who has the distinction of being the youngest Dean in the United States. The ushers were Mr. F. J. S. Martin, formerly of Hamilton, Mr. Harry Scarth, formerly of Toronto, and Mr. George Reid, of the Sault. After the ceremony, Mrs. Thornloe held a reception at Bishophurst, welcoming her guests in a silk cashmere gown in woodrose tint, trimmed with silk fillet lace, and a bonnet of flowers. A number of out-of-town guests attended this wedding.



VISCOUNTESS NEWPORT.

The eldest daughter of the 2nd Lord Aberdare, the Hon. Margaret Bruce, was married in 1904 to Viscount Newport, the eldest son of the Earl of Bradford. Her husband was Assistant Private Secretary to the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, 1898-1900, and to the Marquis of Salisbury, 1902, and Private Secretary to Mr. Balfour, 1902-1905.

The marriage of Miss Vera Morgan and Mr. Harold Gzowski, which was postponed on account of the illness of the bride-elect, will take place next Tuesday. Judge Morgan hopes that all the guests bidden to the reception will be able to attend it next Tuesday, when they will be heartily welcomed. Miss Morgan is now quite recovered from her illness.

On Friday evening, June 10, Mr. and Mrs. McGillivray Knowles celebrated the twentieth anniversary of their marriage by a musicale in their delightful studio home, to which a number of old and intimate friends were invited. Mrs. Knowles wore a rich black velvet and lace gown, with a corsage bouquet of deep red roses. The guests distributed themselves in the many cosy corners, galleries and nooks of the studio and enjoyed the music greatly. Refreshments were served at eleven o'clock. A table full of handsome gifts was arranged in one of the upper rooms, and during the evening the guests inscribed their names in a very pretty illuminated art book, designed and decorated by a very clever friend of the host and hostess. Mr. Bell-Smith, whose recitations are always artistic and finished in style, gave two of Dr. Drummond's poems, "Johnny Courteau," and "Little Bateese." It was a most enjoyable celebration. The rooms and studio were profusely decorated with lovely flowers, all of which were tributes from friends of the hostess.

Next Monday evening St. Margaret's College Closing Exercises are on from 8 to 11 o'clock, and Mrs. George Dickson and Miss Macdonald have issued invitations to the event.

Next Tuesday afternoon, Grace Hospital's twentieth class of nurses will graduate, and a reception is on in the nurses' residence, from 4.30 to 6 o'clock to celebrate the event.

The death of Mr. Clarkson Jones, at his residence in Queen's Park on Sunday, after a long illness, removes a gentleman of the old school, and a well known barrister from his accustomed place. Mr. Clarkson Jones was the fifth son of Hon. Mr. Justice Jones, head of the Brockville family of that name. As a member of the Toronto Club and Royal Canadian Yacht Club, Mr. Jones was well known in clubland, and often enjoyed a game of bowls at the latter club house lawn, where, the last time I saw him playing, Dr. Goldwin Smith was also with the group. The three sons of the late Mr. Clarkson Jones happen to be in Toronto, Mr. Harrison Jones being upon a visit from Montevideo. The interment took place on Tuesday from St. Luke's church, of which the late Mr. Clarkson Jones was a prominent member.

Mrs. Tom Hollway was over on Monday on a flying visit from Paradise Park, Niagara, where she and her husband are enjoying the restful quiet of that sylvan spot. In order that it may not be too quiet, they have two charming girls on a visit, Miss Aileen Robertson and Miss Loraine Handyside, of Montreal. It is a very jolly party at "Uncle Tom's Cabin," as the guests have christened the pretty wee house.



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# TORONTO SOCIETY

THE marriage of Miss Aileen Gooderham, eldest daughter of Mr. William Gooderham, of Alverthorpe, Elm Avenue, and Mr. W. Assheton Smith, was celebrated in St. James' Cathedral at a quarter to two o'clock on Tuesday, the Bishop of Niagara, an old friend of the bridegroom's family officiating. The chancel was beautifully decorated with forests of palms and profuse clusters of white blooms, most effectively placed. Dr. Ham played the bridal music, and Mr. Gooderham brought in his daughter and gave her away. Some idea of the very large family circle and connections of the bride was given when the members of the family were seated and three generations sat awaiting the coming of perhaps the most universally beloved bride of the season. Very quietly the Alverthorpe party entered by the side door of the Cathedral, Mrs. Gooderham and her sister in black with corsage bouquets of mauve orchids, and the sweet bride in a simple tailored suit of white cloth and large black crin hat with white willow plumes. Her bouquet was an exquisite shower of lily of the valley. Miss Eleanor Gooderham, next sister of the bride, was bridesmaid, in a pastel blue dress and wide brimmed cream hat with flowers. She carried pink roses. Captain Austin Boddy was best man. When the bride and groom followed the Bishop to the altar, for the concluding prayers and benediction, the lights suddenly shone out among the tall palms and flowers, and cast a golden glow, rivaling the clear June sunlight outside. Mr. and Mrs. Assheton Smith drove directly to the half-past two boat, for a trip down the St. Lawrence, followed by loving wishes from hosts of friends. They will reside in Prince Arthur Avenue on their return to town. Although no invitations were issued to this wedding a large number of friends of the bride and groom were present, and I am told the gifts sent to the bride were of great value and beauty. Cheques for several thousands were given her from her father and uncles.

The marriage of Miss Caroline Nairn, daughter of Mr. Nairn, of Kelvinside, Jarvis Street, and Mr. James Dixon Trees, was celebrated in St. James' Square Presbyterian Church on Tuesday at three o'clock, when a large company assembled to witness the ceremony, and afterwards enjoy an ideal *al fresco* *dejeuner* in the spacious grounds of the Nairn home. The church was beautifully decorated, white peonies and the graceful flowering shrub, bridal veil, being massed with palms in a grove across the chancel, and arranged in airy clusters on the face of the gallery. Miss Scroobie sang "My love is come!" while the register was being signed. Principal Gandier of Knox College, assisted by Rev. Dr. Robinson, performed the marriage ceremony, and Mr. Nairn gave away the bride, who looked very graceful and attractive in a particularly well designed bridal robe of lustrous satin with overskirt and tulle veil arranged over a trailing garland of fine orange blossoms, falling on either side over her dark hair, in a very pretty effect. Her bouquet was of lily of the valley in an Empire shower. Four bridesmaids, in novel frocks of white Brussels net, heavily embroidered in white silk and tied in near the hems with broad "hobbles" of delicate pink satin on two and pale blue on the other two and sashes of the same tint. The hats were leghorn flaps faced with white shirred net and trimmed with folded swathings of satin to match the dresses. The effect was extremely good, and each maid wore the groom's gift of openwork gold pendants set with large baroque pearls, on fine gold chains. After the ceremony the guests motored and drove to Kelvinside where Mr. and Mrs. Nairn held a reception, welcoming their friends at the door of the fine old-fashioned salon, where the bridal group were standing in a bay window, embowered in flowers. Two large rooms were filled with bridal gifts, and on the sunlit lawn with its fine big trees a great number of chairs and rustic seats were arranged before an immense open marquee, where the buffet was loaded with dainties and centered by the wedding cake. Principal Gandier proposed the bride's health in a very hearty and complimentary speech and there were cheers and singing and appropriate music from an orchestra stationed under a huge tree. Mr. and Mrs. Trees left about five for their honeymoon, the bride wearing a pearl gray travelling costume and having taken the wise precaution of enveloping her dainty hat in a motor veil, for the confetti was flying in every direction, and the guests had been plentifully showering one another with it for some time. Certainly it was a jolly wedding, and everyone seemed thoroughly enjoying it. While there were a great many guests, as all the sons and daughters of both families added a large list of friends to the number, Mr. and Mrs. Nairn were quite unable to include all their acquaintance even with their large house and grounds. Mrs. Nairn wore a handsome mode silk gown and small bonnet, Mrs. Trees wore a light silk, Miss Nairn was in light tan *crepe-de-soie*, Mrs. Gandier wore a black and white silk, black ostrich boa, and smart tucan hat with tiny pink roses. Mrs. Robertson was in black, with a bonnet relieved with white. Telegrams were read during the *dejeuner* from several friends far away.

The marriage of Miss Kathleen Snow, daughter of Mr. A. J. Russell Snow, and Mr. Arthur Dickson, son of Captain Dickson, of 27 Park Road, Rosedale, was celebrated last Saturday in the Church of the Messiah, at three o'clock, Rev. F. Wilkinson of St. Peter's, and Rev. Robert Sims officiating. The bride wore white satin embroidered with pearls, tulle veil and orange flowers and carried a shower bouquet of sweet peas. Miss Gladys Dickson and Miss Beeton, of Orillia, were bridesmaids, in mauve flowered mousseline with satin trimmings and white net hats, with mauve ribbons and white plumes. Their flowers were mauve sweet peas. Miss Dimple Snow was flower girl. Mr. Robert Dickson was best man, and the ushers were Mr. Douglas Cotton and Mr. Richard Joyce. Mr. and Mrs. Dickson will reside in Haileybury.

The marriage of Miss Violet Helen Moulson, daughter of Mr. Frederick W. Moulson, and Mr. William Moore Temple, took place on Wednesday at half-past two in St. Simon's church, Rev. E. C. Cayley officiating. The church was prettily decorated for the ceremony, and the bride was brought in and given away by her father. She wore a graceful gown of soft white satin with gümpe and sleeves of fine net, and a tulle veil and orange blossoms. Her bouquet was a shower of lily of the valley centred with some fine mauve orchids. Her three attendants,

Mrs. George Macdonald (Florence Crawford), as maid of honor, and Miss Beatrice Webster and Miss Grace Anderson as bridesmaids, wore palest pink chiffon, the former having the yoke embroidered with gold, and the three wearing smart white lace mushroom hats with bouquets of pink roses. They carried marguerites, which were the flowers used in decorating the church and were also carried by two dainty little flower girls, Miss Audrey Farncombe, of London, and Miss Marjorie Temple, niece of the groom. These little dames were in Kate Greenway frocks of white satin, and their lace hats were lined with pale pink. Mr. Trevor Temple was best man, and the ushers were Mr. George Alexander, Mr. Talbot Strong, Mr. Margrave Taylor, of Montreal, and Mr. Rutherford Ford. The choir led the bride's procession singing "The Voice that Breather o'er Eden." After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Moulson held a reception at their home in Chicora avenue, which was lavishly decorated with field flowers, white and mauve. The *dejeuner* was served in a marquee on the lawn and an orchestra played in the hallway. Everywhere the bright marguerites used in decoration lent a charm. Mrs. Moulson wore a violet crepe gown and toque with white osprey. The bride and groom left for a trip down the Saugeny, the bride travelling in a dainty white suit touched with blue, and blue toque and quills. The lovely presents were arranged in two upper rooms, and were worthy of the charming bride, who is beloved by all who know her.

Dr. Stanley Ryerson and Miss Teddie Devigne, niece of Mrs. Dyce Saunders, were married on Wednesday morning in St. Augustine Church, by Rev. F. G. Plummer at eleven o'clock. The bride wore a white serge tailored suit, a white hat, and was attended by her sister, Miss Ethel De Vigne. Dr. Brefney O'Reilly was best man. Mr. and Mrs. Dyce Saunders gave the wedding from their home in Poplar Plains road.

Mrs. Krell and Miss Peacock Edwards and Mr. Rutherford were in town this week.

On Tuesday afternoon, Mrs. Donald Ross had a lovely tea for a number of her girl friends and a few young matrons, at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Dwight. The weather was perfect and tea was served on the balcony overlooking the shady lawn. Mrs. Ross is always such a favorite that her friends embrace the chance of seeing her with alacrity. Mrs. Dwight received informally. Mrs. Harton Walker presided at the tea table and Miss Helliwell and the Misses Walker waited on the gay little party. The girls strayed out upon the lawn and lingered till the last moment in friendly chat. Some of the guests were, Mrs. Charlie Nells, Miss Rutherford, (who is up from St. John with her), Mrs. Bob Scott, Mrs. Shirley Denison, Miss Mortimer Clark, the Misses Cosley, Mrs. Cooper Mason, the Misses Cross, the Misses Crowther, Miss Mara, Miss Rathbun, Miss Helen Cattanch and a number of others.

Mrs. Sheridan is going to Bermuda to be with a sister who is quite ill.

Mrs. Harton Walker gave a tea on Wednesday for her guest, Mrs. Charles Nelles, of St. John.

Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Pepler celebrated their crystal wedding anniversary on Tuesday evening. A very handsome collection of crystal gifts was presented to the popular couple by their guests, at their home, 600 Spadina Ave.

Mrs. Charles Nelles is up for a visit to friends in town and to her mother-in-law in Brantford. I hear that Captain Frank Stanley Morrison, who is stationed at St. John with Major Nelles, is to be married in September to a charming and wealthy girl from the States.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ritchie and Miss Ritchie, are going abroad this month.

On Saturday last the marriage of Miss Margaret Winnifred, (Winnie), Darling, daughter of Mr. Robert Darling, of Ravensmount, Rosedale, and Mr. John Gordon Fleck, of Vancouver, formerly of Ottawa, was cele-



LORD DUDLEY'S SISTER-IN-LAW.  
The Hon. Mrs. Cyril Ward, with her husband and the Countess of Dudley, has sailed for Australia on a visit to her brother-in-law, Lord Dudley. Before her marriage, Mrs. Cyril Ward was the Baroness Irene de Brien, daughter of the late Baron de Brien of The Hague.

brated in Rosedale Presbyterian church, at three o'clock, Rev. Dr. Robertson, assisted by Rev. J. Strachan, officiating. Jupiter Pluvius had the worst wishes of many smart people that day, for he arranged a rain that was almost a deluge, and several of those who particularly wished to see Miss Darling's wedding found themselves housebound and wildly telephoning for conveyances which had all been already engaged, many for the immense funeral cortege of the lamented Dr. Goldwin Smith. The new church in which the wedding ceremony of Mr. Fleck and Miss Darling took place is a very handsome grey stone edifice, and it was crowded by guests who tell me the church was quite lovely with its profuse decorations of flowers, and that the bride was most attractive in her rich satin *robe des nocces* with Brussels lace trimming the bodice, and diamonds. A tulle veil, hemmed with pearls, and a crown of orange blossoms and white heather completed her bridal costume and her bouquet was of roses and lily of the valley. A maid of honor, Miss Gwendolyn Darling, and two bridesmaids, Miss Gertrude Fleck, of Ottawa, and Miss Douglas Young, of Hamilton, attended the bride, and their gowns were primrose embroidered chiffon, pale blue and pale pink chiffon respectively in a charming "rainbow" effect, with very smart pleated chiffon and velvet hats to match, trimmed with the little nosegays of roses and lilies that are so *chic* this season. Miss Darling carried yellow roses, and the bridesmaids pink roses. Little Evelyn Darling was a dainty flower girl in pale blue veiled in white lace and mull, with bonnet to match, and a basket of marguerites. Mr. William S. Kingston, of St. Louis, was best man, and the ushers were Mr. Allan Magee, of Montreal, Mr. Charles McLaren, of Ottawa, Mr. Alexander Sniveley and Mr. Clifford Darling. After the ceremony a reception was held at Ravensmount, which was a bower of lovely flowers, when Mrs. Darling wore an amethyst *cachemire de soie* with touches of gold and purple embroideries and a toque of violets. Quite a number of relatives and friends came on for this wedding from Ottawa, and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Darling, from Schenectady, New York, Mrs. Warren, of Chicago, Mrs. Darling's sister, Senator and Mrs. Gibson, Mrs. Finney, of Winnipeg, and a number of friends from Hamilton were of the large party. The *dejeuner* was served in a marquee, and the gifts filled two large rooms. Beautiful silver, jewelry, cut glass, brasses, ever so many books and pictures, lovely art needlework, a 365 day clock, going for a year without winding, furniture, and all sorts of valuables, a stack of cheques, in fact, such an array of presents as is seldom seen, even in these days of lavish giving. After the *dejeuner* had been served and healths proposed, Mrs. Fleck changed her dress for a neat travelling costume of embroidered shantung and a pretty white hat with roses and lace, and left with her husband for a honeymoon in Europe. Mr. Darling, of Ravensmount, left on Monday for a business trip abroad, catching a glimpse of the bride and groom in New York, *en route*. After the wedding the best man gave a dinner for the bridesmaids and ushers, and a theatre party at the Alexandra, the party numbering seventeen.

Mrs. and Miss Eva Glass, the Alexandras, have gone to London for a visit of some weeks.

Major Edward Leigh, who has been an invalid this spring, has been granted three months' leave of absence to recuperate.

A very funny notice to the effect that "The abandoned garden party of last Saturday would be held on Tuesday," has reached me. As they say in certain cases: "Oh, this is no place for us!"

After the Temple-Moulson wedding on Wednesday, Mr. Trevor Temple gave a dinner to the bridal party at the Royal Canadian Yacht Club.

Mrs. Geo. Perry and Miss Evelyn Ridout are the guests of Mrs. Fred. Brooke at her house at Flushing, Long Island, New York.

The marriage of Miss Jane Connolly, daughter of Colonel Stonfield Connolly, C.B., and Mr. J. E. M. Fetherstonhaugh will be celebrated in St. Margaret's, Westminster, London, on June 29, with a reception after at St. Ermine's.

Major Sam Sharpe, M.P., and Mrs. Sharpe, of Uxbridge, sail on the Royal Edward from Montreal on the 23rd for England and the Continent.

Mrs. J. Macdonald Fahey, whose singing was so much admired here, has been having a great success in her home city, Victoria, B.C. At the Arion Club concert the other night she was the great attraction.

The engagement of Miss Ina Spence, daughter of Mr. George Spence, North Bay, and Mr. J. O. Carlisle, M. A., Riverdale Collegiate Institute, Toronto, is announced. Their wedding takes place the latter part of this month.

The Misses Luella and Marion Taylor, St. George St., have returned from New York and Atlantic City.

Mr. H. W. Smallpeice, with his grandson, Dr. Frederick C. Harrison, sailed last week from Montreal for England.

Mr. and Mrs. Alphonse Jones are going up this week to their summer cottage near Bala Park, Muskoka, if the weather condescends to be more genial.

"Should a guest be unfortunate enough to break a china wedding gift, carelessly placed, is it the proper thing to replace it?" writes a correspondent. Most decidedly—I should say—for guests are not exempt from the obligations to refrain from the antics of the bull in a china shop. It is a great wonder more things are not smashed by the crowd who pack the rooms where wedding gifts are displayed.

The news of the splendid record made by Hon. Charles Stewart Rolls, B. A., of London, England, whose aeroplane flight across the English Channel and back took place recently was received with much pleasure by his Toronto friends. Mr. Rolls is the youngest son of Baron Llangatock, and has visited Toronto more than once, as the guest of Col. and Mrs. Maclean, Queen's Park. He was a balloon enthusiast the last time he was in Toronto, and has since taken up motoring and airships with the same success and energy. Mr. Rolls is a most attractive big fellow, and the best company imaginable. His mother was Georgina Marcia Maclean, a daughter of the 9th Baronet, Sir Charles F. Maclean.

After the ceremony of laying the corner stone of the new Church of the Epiphany on a recent afternoon by

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the Lord Bishop of Toronto, assisted by Archdeacon Ingles, Principal O'Meara and Canon Bryan the rector, a large party were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Evelyn Macrae, first for a most delightful and jolly lunch sail up the Humber river to the old mill and then for an hour's run out on Lake Ontario, after which all returned for refreshments to Mrs. Macrae's residence. The Misses Madeline and Kathleen Macrae, assisted by Miss Miriam Ames, poured tea. Among those present were Mrs. Sweeny, Archdeacon and Mrs. Ingles, Dr. N. W. Hoyle, K. C., Canon and Mrs. Dixon, Canon and Mrs. Bryan, Miss Connell, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Wedd, jr., Mr. and Mrs. R. Dawson Harling, Mrs. Yeoman and others.

Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, who has been elected to succeed herself as Superintendent of Public Schools in Chicago, is said to have solved the problem of finding seating room for the 10,000 surplus children who before she came into office had been on half-day attendance schedule because of lack of room. Mrs. Young had the gymnasiums and assembly halls of the various school buildings temporarily converted into recitation rooms. Chicago people are said to be wondering why this had never been thought of before. The University of Illinois will this month confer the degree of LL.D. on Mrs. Young.

Mrs. Virginia Hamersley Field has obtained permission from Justice Morschauser of the Supreme Court at White Plains, N.Y., to visit and give spiritual advice to condemned prisoners in the death house of Sing Sing prison. Mrs. Field has been conducting a Bible class at Sing Sing prison for twenty years.

Miss Ellis Meridith of Denver has just been elected Election Commissioner, her total vote, 20,997, exceeding the combined vote of her seven male competitors. Miss Meridith is a clubwoman and ran on the Citizens ticket.



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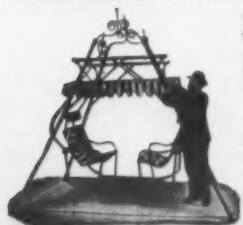
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# MONTREAL SOCIETY

MONTREAL, June 16, 1910.

THE wedding day of Miss Clara  
Hays and Mr. Hope Scott was  
the first June day of anything like  
traditional "bride's weather." The  
bride is the fourth and youngest  
daughter of Mr. C. M. Hays, (pres-  
ident of the Grand Trunk Railway),  
and the wedding was celebrated at his  
residence on Ontario avenue. The  
dual decorations were elaborate and  
effective. Coral pink, a color of  
which the bride is fond, dominated  
the scheme, quantities of geraniums  
of that hue being used, together with  
white roses, tall white lilies and spira-  
lowers banked the drawing room  
mantel and bay window, and were ar-  
ranged about the room and the li-  
brary adjoining, while festoons of  
laurel from the centre of the ceiling,  
garlands of smilax and vines embow-  
ered the rooms. An aisle of white  
enamelled pillars twined with green-  
ery and flowers, joined by white satin  
ribbons, led from the conservatory,  
through which the bridal procession  
entered after forming in the billiard  
room at the rear, through the library  
and drawing room to the bay window  
before which an arch with wedding  
bell was erected. There were seven  
bridesmaids, Miss Louise Hays being  
maid of honor; Miss Orian Dyer,  
the bride's cousin, from St. Louis;  
Miss Jean Adams, of New York;  
Miss Hildegard Lasell, of Boston;  
Miss Mimi Baumgarten, Miss Nancy  
Dawes, and Miss Mildred Hagar.  
The groom's brother, Mr. Maurice  
Scott, was best man, and the ushers  
were Mr. Hazen Porteous, Mr. Har-  
old Grier, Mr. Lionel Ekers, and Mr.  
George Eadie. Mr. Hays gave his  
daughter away. The bride was very  
winsome in her wedding gown of  
white satin with soft drapery of chi-  
ton, and rose point lace. Her long  
tulle veil fell from a coronet of  
orange blossoms and little sprays of  
the blossoms were caught on the  
filmy folds at the back. She carried  
a shower of orchids and lilies of the  
valley. The bridesmaids' dresses  
were alike in material, but were fash-  
ioned somewhat differently in detail.  
They were white embroidered and lace  
trimmed lingerie dresses over coral-  
pink satin, and with them were worn  
white tulle presentation veils caught  
with coral ornaments. Each of the  
girls wore a pink enamel locket pen-  
dant on a fine gold chain, a gift from  
the bride, and carried a shower bou-  
quet of geraniums and maiden-hair  
fern. The ceremony was performed  
by the Rev. Dr. Johnston, of the  
American Presbyterian Church, and  
was followed by a reception for a  
large number of guests. In the din-  
ing-room, where the bride's cake was  
cut and the refreshment table was  
set, the decorations were all of pink roses,  
which were very effective against  
the blue and mahogany of the room.  
Mrs. Hays wore a handsome gown  
of embroidered nylon over satin, in  
one of the new greenish blues. Mrs.  
Henry C. Scott, the groom's mother,  
wore blue satin with overdress of  
thin black tissue, and black hat with  
plume. The bride's grand-parents,  
Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Gregg, came  
from St. Louis for the wedding; also  
her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs.  
W. H. Gregg, jr.; Mrs. E. H. Dyer,  
another aunt; Mr. and Mrs. W. C.  
Morris; Mrs. Lasell, of Boston; Miss  
Ruth Patton, of Albany, N.Y., and  
the bride's brother-in-law and sister,  
Mr. and Mrs. George D. Hall, of  
Boston, who stayed with their sister,  
Mrs. Thornton Davidson. Mr. Hope  
Scott's sister, Mrs. Cosgrave, of New  
York, was also up for the wedding.  
The bride and groom sailed by the  
"Laurentic," and will be away in  
Europe until about the first week of  
August, after which they will take a  
flat at "The Marlborough."

Sir Thomas and Lady Shaughnessy  
entertained at an interesting dinner  
party of sixteen for Sir Ernest and  
Lady Shackleton, who were their  
guests while in town, nearly all last  
week. Lady Shaughnessy and Lady  
Shackleton were guests of Mrs. James  
Ross at luncheon one day, and an-  
other afternoon Lady Shaughnessy  
took her guest to the races at Blue  
Bonnets. Sir Ernest and Lady  
Shackleton left on Friday in Sir  
Thomas's private car, "Killarney,"  
and sailed for home after their ex-  
tended trip across Canada.

The engagement is announced of  
Miss Jane Yuile, daughter of the late  
Mr. David Yuile, and of Mrs. Yuile,  
McGregor street, to Mr. William W.  
Lawrence, of New York. Miss  
Yuile has been travelling for the past  
few months with friends in Italy,

but was ill for some time recently as  
the result of an accident.

Mrs. Frank Stephen and Miss El-  
sabeth Stephen have gone to England,  
and will spend a part of the summer  
abroad. Mrs. Stephen is a sister-in-  
law of Lord Mount-Stephen.

Mrs. George R. Starke, Sherbrooke  
street, had Mr. and Mrs. W. H.  
Gregg, jr., of St. Louis, and their  
daughter, Miss Ruth Gregg, staying  
with her while in town for the Scott-  
Hays wedding.

Among the Montreals returning  
from abroad are Mr. and Mrs. W. de  
M. Marler, who have been in Europe  
since last December, spending the  
winter in Italy.

Mrs. J. B. Snowball, widow of the  
late Lieutenant-Governor of New  
Brunswick, accompanied by Miss  
Snowball, visited Mrs. Henry Raw-  
lings, at "The Linton," for a few  
days recently.

Dr. Maude Abbott was the guest of  
honor at a reception and tea by the  
McGill Alumni Association, at the  
Royal Victoria College after Convo-  
cation on Thursday. College women,  
in their academic gowns, were pre-  
sent in large numbers at the Convo-  
cation to show their pride in the bril-  
liant and thorough success of the one  
of their number on whom the well-  
earned degree of M.D., C.M. was  
conferred. Among those in the front  
row were fellow graduates, M.D.'s, of  
Bishop's College, among them Dr.  
Grace Ritchie England and Dr. Helen  
Macdonald; also McGill graduates in  
Arts of Dr. Abbott's year, Miss Car-  
rie M. Deric, M. A., now one of the  
Professors of Botany at McGill; Miss  
Shearwood, of Ottawa; Miss Hunter,  
M. A., of the Girl's High School;  
Mrs. Read, widow of the Rev. F. W.  
Read, who spent ten years with her  
husband as a missionary in Africa.  
After the reception, Dr. England  
presented the guest of honor with an  
address and a bouquet of flowers,  
on behalf of fellow graduates of  
Bishop's, and her class in Arts mark-  
ed the occasion by presenting a silver  
salver.

The marriage of Miss Blanche Gil-  
mor, only daughter of the Hon. Dan-  
iel and Mrs. Gillmor, was solemnized  
at St. Leo's Church, Westmount, by  
the Rev. Oscar Gauthier. The bride  
wore a white satin gown with veil  
and orange blossoms, and carried a  
shower of lilies of the valley. Miss  
Ruth Stevens, of Stanstead, was  
bridesmaid, wearing a pink gown and  
black picture hat. Mr. John Hackett  
was best man. The bride and groom  
are spending their honeymoon at Lake  
Placid, in the Adirondacks.

There was a pretty wedding at the  
Church of the Messiah on June 8th,  
when Miss Ruth O'Connor, daughter  
of Mr. E. G. O'Connor, was married  
to Mr. Elmore McLellan Benedict.  
The bride was dressed in white satin,  
with veil and orange blossoms, and  
the bridesmaid, Miss Hilda Webster,  
wore pale blue satin with black pic-  
ture hat, and carried pink sweet peas.  
Mr. Vincent O'Donohue was best  
man. As Mrs. O'Connor has removed  
to Hudson Heights for the sum-  
mer, the reception was held at the  
residence of the bride's brother-in-  
law and sister, Prof. and Mrs. Nevil  
Norton Evans.

Lady Drummond and her son, Mr.  
Guy Drummond, who will spend the  
summer at Cacouna, intend going to  
England in the early autumn.

Mrs. Grace, of Toronto, and her  
young daughter, Miss Annie M.  
Grace, have been visiting Mrs.  
Grace's brother, Mr. James Ross, and  
Mrs. Ross, Peel street.

Dr. C. F. Crutchlow and Mrs.  
Crutchlow (formerly Miss Marguer-  
ite Lavolette) will spend their hon-  
eymoon on a trip to the Mediterran-  
ean, and places in Europe. Their  
marriage took place in St. Stephen's  
Church on June 8th. B. E.

## Society at the Capital

OTTAWA, June 16, 1910.

THE marriage took place at St.  
Joseph's Church on the after-  
noon of June 8, of Miss Eleanor  
Girouard, youngest daughter of Hon.

Mr. Justice Girouard, of the Supreme  
Court, to Mr. Patrick Jerome Basker-  
ville, son of the late Mr. George Hen-  
ry Baskerville. Rev. Father Mur-  
phy officiated and the handsome  
church was most artistically decorat-  
ed with white blossoms and a profu-  
sion of potted palms and ferns. Mr.  
Sam. McDougall was best man. The  
bridal procession was led by the ush-  
ers, Mr. Hector Girouard, Mr.  
D'Arcy McGee, Mr. Herbert Cham-  
bers and Mr. Lyman Ray, followed  
by the bridesmaids, Miss Agnes  
Baskerville, sister of the groom; Miss  
Beatrice Belcourt and Miss Norah  
McCullough. Next came the maid of  
honor, Miss Ada Davidson, and last-  
ly, with her father, the bride, who  
wore white Liberty satin, with pan-  
els of silver tissue and drapings of  
Chantilly lace, caught with clusters  
of orange blossoms. A bandeau of  
orange blossoms held the tulle veil  
in place. The only ornament worn  
by the bride was a pale blue enamel  
heart, in which were set two large  
pearls surrounded with diamonds.  
Her shower bouquet was of lily of  
the valley and white roses. The  
bride's four attendants were gowned  
alike in white crepe de chene made  
in tunic effect, with bands of white  
satin, and yokes and sleeves of Irish  
lace. Their large white chip hats  
were trimmed with dotted net and  
clusters of pink roses and had black  
velvet bands underneath. Pink  
sweet peas and lily of the valley  
formed their bouquets and they car-  
ried silver card-cases given them by  
the groom. The bride gave the best  
man a set of gold cuff-links and to  
the ushers she gave ruby necktie pins.  
After the ceremony the large num-  
ber of guests adjourned to the resi-  
dence of Hon. Mr. and Madame Gir-  
ouard, in Wilbrod st. Mr. and Mrs.  
Baskerville have sailed on the "Lau-  
rentic" for a two months' honeymoon  
to be spent on the continent, and on  
their return they will occupy a house  
in Wilbrod st. The bride travelled in  
a costume of brown Rajah silk with  
black revers and collar, the coat  
opening over a white silk blouse  
veiled in brown chiffon. Her hat of  
brown straw was trimmed with  
brown wings. The much admired  
gifts which were very numerous, in-  
cluded several presentations from  
various athletic clubs of which the  
groom is a member. The Ottawa  
Rowing Club sent a set of silver  
candlesticks, the Ottawa Hockey  
Club sent a mahogany clock and  
the Football Club's gift was a set  
of cut glass on a tray of mahog-  
any and silver. Guests from out-  
of-town who came to the Capital to  
attend the wedding were Mr. and  
Mrs. Lawrence Russell, the latter a  
sister of the bride; Mrs. Grant Mor-  
den, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Gilmour,  
Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Cushing and  
Mr. Ronald Skinner, all of whom  
came from Montreal; Mr. Ernest  
Girouard, of Quebec, and Mr. and  
Mrs. Jock Hart, of Kingston.

Mr. Sam. McDougall, the best man  
at the Baskerville-Girouard wedding  
was the host at a very jolly and well-  
arranged dinner followed by a dance  
at The Country Club, on the evening  
of the wedding-day given in honor of  
the bridesmaids and ushers. Covers  
for thirty guests were laid at the din-  
ner, and red roses, carnations and  
lily of the valley were effectively ar-  
ranged on the table. Later, addition-  
al guests to the number of about fifty  
arrived and a most enjoyable  
dance was kept up until midnight,  
the club orchestra supplying excellent  
music. Special cars took the guests  
back to town.

Mrs. Hamilton left at the end of  
the week for Rossland, B.C., where  
she intends spending the next two  
months with her eldest son, Mr. Chas.  
Hamilton. Col. Charles E. Eliot,  
and Mrs. Eliot, whose marriage took  
place recently in Bermuda, spent part  
of this week with His Grace the  
Archbishop of Ottawa and Miss  
Hamilton, are sailing shortly for  
England to spend several months.  
Judge Senkler, of Perth, was also a  
guest of the Archbishop's during the  
last few days.

Among the few social gatherings  
of last week was a luncheon at the  
Country Club, given by Mrs. Colling-  
wood Schreiber in honor of one of  
the recent brides, Mrs. Sutherland  
Gilmour; and a small but much en-  
joyed tea which Mrs. Dale Harris  
gave for her guest, Mrs. Cadenhead,  
who left for Montreal at the end of  
the week.

THE CHAPMAN.

In the frozen regions of the North or in the  
hot countries of the South, a pure high grade  
Coffee like

# Seal Brand Coffee

is the friend of mankind, bringing comfort and  
cheer wherever used.

Sold in 1 and 2 lb. Cans only.

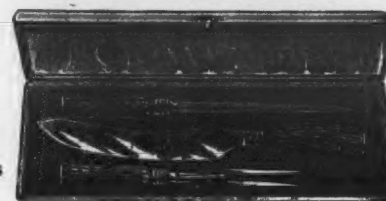
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CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL.

Gifts  
for the *Aikenhead's* Bride

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Bird  
and  
Fish  
Carvers



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Satin  
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Plush  
Lined  
Cases  
\$3 to  
\$10.50

Ivory, Celluloid and Stag Handles. 3 and 5 piece sets; Fish Servers,  
in Pearl and Celluloid; Fish Eaters; Pearl Handled Dessert Sets; Fruit  
Knives; Butter Knives; 1847 Rogers' Bros'. Silver Plated Knives,  
Forks and Spoons. We are always pleased to show you our stock,  
whether you wish to purchase or not.

Aikenhead Hardware Limited, 17-19-21 Temperance Street

Wholesale and Retail

## WEDDING FLOWERS

Newest creations for the Bride and Bridesmaid. Our Bouquets  
will impart an air of distinction. Don't mar an otherwise  
artistic effect by the use of poorly arranged flowers. Send for  
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AT EVERY POINT OF THE JOURNEY



THE difficulty of identification in  
connection with the cashing of  
drafts or cheques is one of the  
annoyances of foreign travel  
Foreign landlords and mer-  
chants have a way of being very particular  
in regard to such matters.

If you provide yourself in advance with

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**BANK OF CANADA**

you will avoid much annoyance, incon-  
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They are equivalent to ready money at  
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They are issued in assorted de-  
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before going abroad. 154

THE TRADERS BANK OF CANADA

## SHREDDED

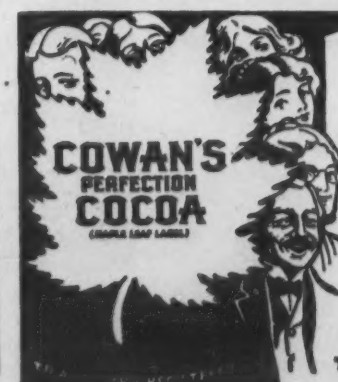
Topped with strawberries and cream,  
is simply delicious

A tasty, nutritious dessert or breakfast dish.  
Heat the biscuit in the oven to restore crisp-  
ness, smother with strawberries and cream  
and add sugar to suit taste.

Sold by all grocers, 1 lb. a carton, two for 25c.

227

## WHEAT



It Suits Them All

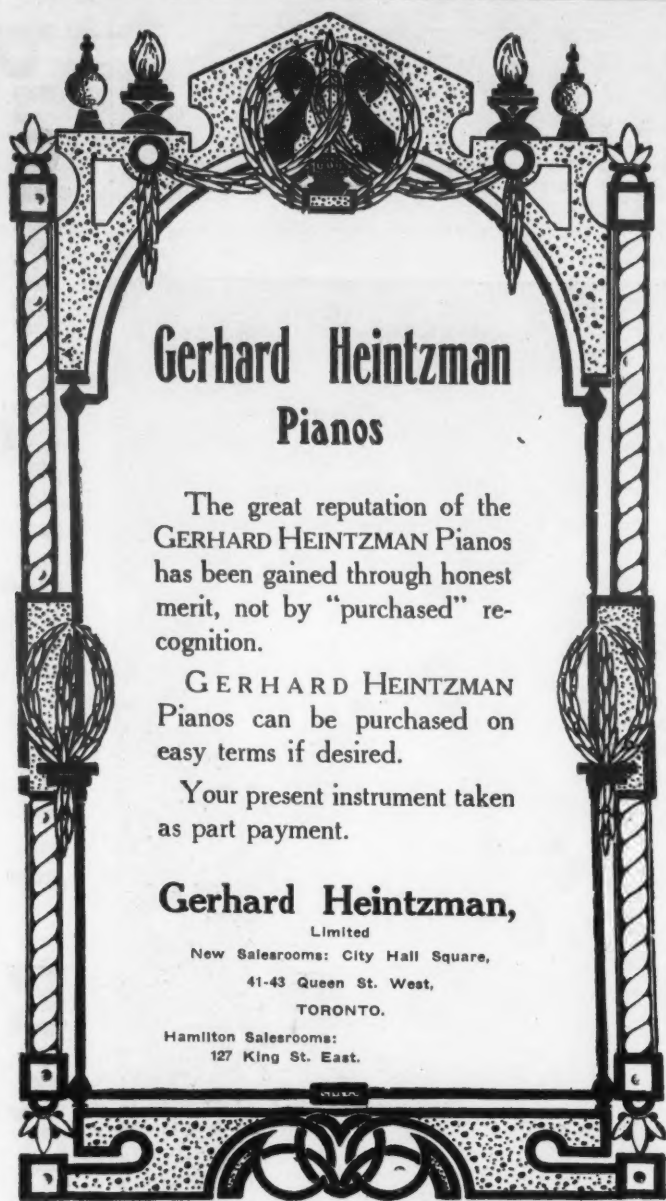
Old and young  
delight in the rich-  
ness and delicious-  
ness of

**COWAN'S**  
**Perfection Cocoa.**

It suits every  
taste.

The Cowan Co. Limited,  
TORONTO. 136





**Gerhard Heintzman  
Pianos**

The great reputation of the GERHARD HEINTZMAN Pianos has been gained through honest merit, not by "purchased" recognition.

GERHARD HEINTZMAN Pianos can be purchased on easy terms if desired.

Your present instrument taken as part payment.

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New Salesrooms: City Hall Square,  
41-43 Queen St. West,  
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**18 MONTHS  
BEATS  
16 YEARS**

In eighteen months we  
have sold more of the

**Visible-  
Remingtons**



**Models**

**10**

**and**

**11**



than were sold of the  
famous No. 2 Remington



which for sixteen years  
was the **WORLD'S STANDARD  
TYPEWRITER.**

The sales of the **VISIBLE** models 10  
and 11 have broken every record in  
the history of the typewriter business.

**Remington Typewriter Co., Ltd.**  
144 Bay Street, Toronto, Ont.

If you want to please the ladies take them to the King Edward Hotel for Table D'Hôte lunch or dinner. Refined surrounding. Good music. Delightfully cool.

Embarrassed Preacher, (reading the first chapter of Jonah and making the best of the seventeenth verse)—And the Lord prepared a great fish to swallow up Jonah, and Jonah was in the—er—a—Jonah was in the

—er—And the Lord prepared a great fish to swallow up Jonah, and Jonah was in the society of the fish three days and three nights.—Life.

Certainly where glue factories are concerned, it doesn't take ten mills to make one scent.

Dame Fortune is always willing to meet a man half way, but she won't run after him.

## Lady Gay's Column

"GIVE it a nice touch of color," said the lady to her dressmaker, as she surveyed a new grey costume. "Life's no good without a touch of color!" So the dressmaker rose to the occasion and selected a soft, rich green, just peeping out in the buttons, facings, and so on. And the uninteresting gown carried, thenceforward, a certain distinction, and was worthy of the maker and the wearer. Did you ever think what is the touch of color which makes your life interesting? Perhaps you don't notice it, but as years go by, you will see it showing more and more—peeping out in the morning hours hovering along with the shortening day, glowing in the darkness. If there is no touch of color, then you have a dull tale indeed! Sometimes the touch of color is pink, and you are the vain egoist, whose life, being self-centered, is always interesting. Every small detail is of consequence, important as adding to or reducing one's fancied perfections, (if one can reduce or add to the perfect!) The touch of color may be green, and everything in nature brings to your life joy and interest, and the sweet healthiness of mind that is so rare and so lovely. Or it may be heaven's blue, the tender color of a great love that has blessed you in passing! That blue tone will blend so subtly with the grey that one does not mark the edge of its tint. It grows into life better than any other. Or best of all, there may be the thread of gold, more distinguished than any mere color in the warp of life. The thread of gold is a perfect friendship, the most precious and comforting touch of color in any life. It turns from the rosy touch of ambition, the deep red of passion, the silver sheen of intellectual triumphs, and as it turns it seems to gather the best warm life of each. That golden thread of friendship giving its priceless touch of color to the fabric, will outwear and outlast all the warp and woof amid which it shines, and when the rags of life are fluttering in tattered decay, the golden thread will hold its own, untarnished and unchanged.

I am thinking to-day of Figlia! That wasn't her christened name, but it was what the young husband, who brought her to live here, used to call her twenty years ago, while she was still in the country near Vesuvius and he was "makka da mona," with a banana cart in Toronto. Figlia was a beautiful dream to him, and he often talked in his dream! The mixture of soft lingering caressing Italian, and the double-jointed English he used to convey his thoughts and wishes and longings in connection with Figlia was simply ravishing. It used to remain in the atmosphere like the fragrance of heliotrope and the odor of—well, there are vegetables one doesn't eat before going out to spend the evening! He was very confiding to me, while he stood before the door with his basket of fruit, or knelt on the step counting the change. And so it came to pass that when he had "plent-a-da-mona" to send for Figlia that I was moved to add a little, that she might have luxury in her steerage transit. In due time Figlia arrived, and she certainly had her southern charms with her! In her wondrous eyes, dark and velvety, there was a mystery unfathomable by mere Canadians, in her supple young form there was a lazy grace that no northern girl could honestly encompass. In her musical, slow voice and rich laughter there was the mellowness of generations of rich sun-kissed fruit, and luscious wines. So much for Figlia when she first encountered Toronto! For ten years or more I lost sight of her, while she toiled and bore children, and hoarded her money, and slaved for more. Boarders, peddling, minding the children, burying them with stony silent grief, rearing one noisy girl child, and consumed at times with a heartsick yearning for her own country. Figlia experienced in her first ten years of Canada, several martyrdoms, but she never acquired the habit of complaint. John, her husband, waxed fat and accumulated some modest competence, wrung partly from the youth and vitality of his uncomplaining wife, but he never noticed that fact, commiserating her in goodnatured tones on her illnesses, bereavements and faded looks but not thinking of in anywise ameliorating conditions. The one child grew up precocious and handsome, with her father's philosophical happy nature and her mother's capacity of devotion. She soon found a compatriot on whom to lavish the latter, and they married and settled in a musty dwelling in the city slums. Then Figlia was alone a great deal,

always furiously laboring to save and put aside and do without, as she had done since she married. There were three more boarders bunked out in the daughter's tiny room. They were not always models of conduct, and John, easily persuaded to have what stood to him for a good time, gave them more and more of his time, and the greasy pack of cards was more and more in use as days passed. Figlia spoke once, very gently, but the game only temporarily ceased, and she said no more. One day the clouds fell—John caught his boarder cheating. There was a scuffle and a gleam of steel, and John had passed into the ether. After the funeral and the trial, the daughter came with her husband to Figlia. "Landlord says get out, and things go for rent," she said stormily. "There no money left in the bank, all gone on the card game! So you be coming with us, and we see!" And Figlia came from her neat poor home to the two stuffy rooms over the Chinese laundry in the city slums. As I go in and out of her street I am ashamed to meet Figlia! She is bony and bent and very old at thirty-eight, and the pedlar's pack she carries is large and heavy. She is in draggled black, with her head tied up in a large fringed shawl, under which her dark eyes stare with patient suffering upon an empty world. The daughter and son-in-law charge her for her little bed and morsel of food. If she were not there they could have a lodger. Sometimes she sits in the sun on the doorstep of the laundry and croons to her grand-child, but there is no joy or hope in her crooning. One day last week two gutter imps had an inspiration, and set off a bunch of fire crackers under her feet as she sat on the steps. She fell over backwards with fright and the baby got a bump which it resented to the extent of bringing its mother whirling down stairs, vociferously indignant. Then Figlia followed her up the stair, her loud voice pelting with reproaches the bent form and bowed head. Shortly after, Figlia came out, her pack slung over her back and her face cast down. She has never come back, and there is a very handsome young man in her tiny apartment. He takes one hour each morning to shave, brush his hair and tie his red necktie. And that is why I have been thinking and wondering about Figlia to-day!

LADY GAY.

## Social Affairs in Hamilton

HAMILTON, JUNE 16, 1910.

The marriage took place on Saturday afternoon in Central Presbyterian Church, of Beatrice May, daughter of Mrs. William Marshall, to Mr. William Homan Myles, son of Mr. Charles J. Myles. The church decorations were in green and white, snowballs, palms and ferns being used in a most artistic setting for the bridal party. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Lyle, in the presence of about two hundred guests. The bride wore white satin, embroidered in seed pearls, with veil, and coronet of orange blossoms, and carried a shower bouquet of lilies of the valley and white roses. The bride's attendants were Miss Gladys Marshall, sister of the bride, who was maid of honor. Miss Helen Grantham and Miss Zilla Myles. Mr. George Inksetter was best man, and the ushers were Mr. Waldemar Marshall, Mr. Colin Osborne, (Beamsville), Mr. Arthur Myles, and Mr. Charles Jones, (Toronto). Following the ceremony a reception was held at "Blytheholm, and later Mr. and Mrs. Myles left for the East, the bride wearing a bronze costume, with Russian toque of net and osprey.

The marriage of Miss Emma Henrietta Louise Heming to Mr. G. James Noxon, Toronto, takes place quietly on Monday, June 20, at St. Mark's Church.

Mrs. Frank Mackelcan, Miss Agnes Dunlop, Mr. Fred Mackelcan, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. A. Tripp, Miss Horsey, Mrs. J. Given, Mr. and Miss Piper, were guests from Toronto at the Myles, Marshall wedding on Saturday.

Miss Elsie Young and Miss Constance Turnbull, are guests at the Caledon Club this week.

Mrs. George Lynch Staunton was hostess at a second buffet luncheon given on Wednesday, when her guests were Mrs. Olmsted, Mrs. Frank Glasco, Mrs. Irvine Hobson, Mrs. W. K. Marshall, Mrs. DeCoriolis, Miss Watson, Miss Mona Mur-

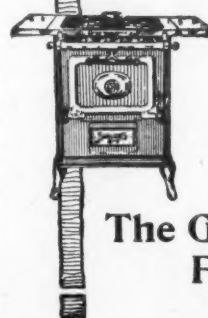
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Gurney-Oxford Gas Ranges are built with every improvement the old style ranges need. Burners provide even heat with the least consumption of gas. Valves can not leak. Oven lighter is sure and safe. Air spacing in the ovens, is the most efficient in use, assuring success in all baking and broiling. Corrugated steel lining at the back saves heat and eliminates scorching, while oven bottoms of cast iron will not burn out. Every part of Gurney-Oxford Ranges is simple and easy to clean. The entire design and finish is a delight to the eye, as is the reasonable price to the pocket.

For your own best interests, take a few minutes time to inspect these perfect ranges and see for yourself how much a Gurney-



Oxford Range will actually cut down your gas and your provision bills.

**The Gurney-Oxford Stove and  
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## "JULIAN SALE"

Look for the Name if You Want Quality

## WRITING CASES

What more useful thing could you give as a wedding present, and what more satisfaction could you have in giving anything than knowing that "Julian Sale" made?—a warrant for the quality.



Writing Cases—in Seal Grain, Walrus Grain, Real Morocco, Real Seal, Hippo Grain, Seal Grain Keratol, Dolphin Grain Keratol, Alligator—nice range of colors and black—beautifully lined and fitted. The cut printed here shows a velvet Alligator Case, fine leather linings, in assorted colors at ..... 6.00

## JEWEL CASES

A Jewel Case is a "favorite" in the long list of useful things as brides' gifts you could choose from, in a "JULIAN SALE" stock—and just now there's almost no limit to the novelty and variety to the collection—all leathers—any number shades and colors, prettily lined and fitted. Make as dainty a present as one would wish to give or get, and the prices ..... \$2.00 to \$15.00



## Safety and Skirt Pockets



Going travelling have your money as safe as a bank in one of these Safety pockets for the neck or for the skirt—all made of Suede leathers, with good fasteners.

35c to \$1.50

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**The Julian Sale LEATHER GOODS  
COMPANY, Limited**  
105 King Street West, Toronto

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KATRINE.



# Proper Equipment Makes the Summer Tour Most Enjoyable

## Auto and Dust Coats for men.

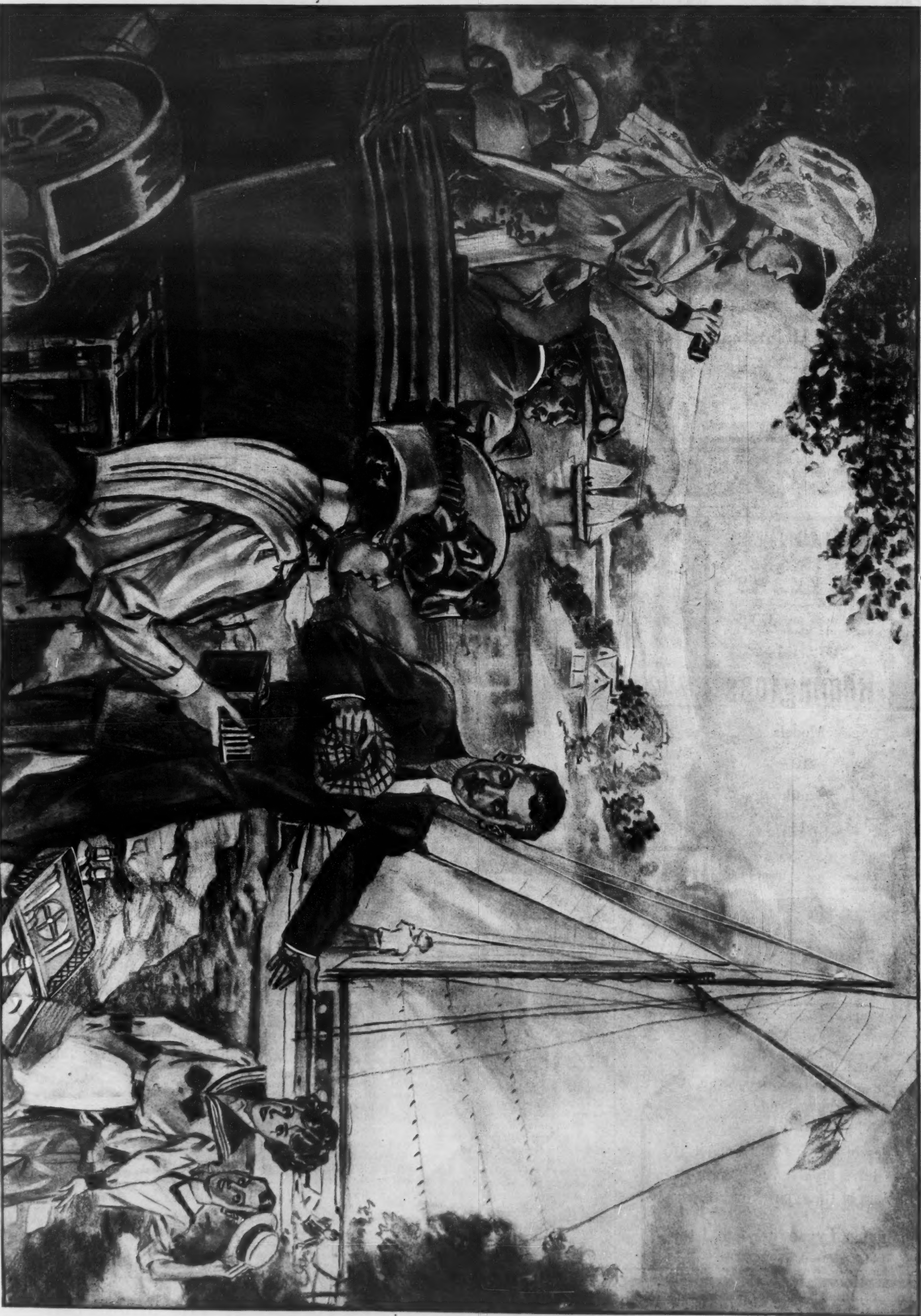
Full length duster \$1.50, self striped linen effect \$2.50, Grass linen shade \$3.50, Fawn covert cloth effect \$4.00, Holland linen dust coat \$6.00

Panama Hats, 3.75, \$4.95, \$6.75, \$7.50, \$9.00, \$10.00, \$12.50, \$13.00.

Outing and Auto Caps, 55c., 60c., 75c., \$1.00 up to \$2.50.

Outing Hats, 35c., 50c., 75c., \$1.50.

Yachting Caps, 35c., 50c., 75c., \$1.00 to \$2.00.



**AUTO BONNET** of coarse straw, edged with straw rucking, bunches of small roses at sides, all covered with shot chiffon, long streamers of same. Price \$8.25.

**DEEP AUTO BOX.** NET, plain effect, wide band of velvet, bow at top, clusters of roses at sides, velvet strap under chin. Price \$6.50.

**Marine Glasses,** each \$5.00, \$7.50, \$10.00 up to \$75.00.

**Prism Binoculars,** \$15.00 to \$55.00.

**Field Glasses,** prices \$2.89 to \$15.00.

**Auto Trunk,** enameled canvas, 30 inch, price \$13.00.

Whether by motor, water or rail, the summer tour is made more enjoyable by the completeness of the preparations, and included in that list should be such articles for both comfort and pleasure as are suggested on this page, for upon the many accessories that go to make up the equipment of the tour, depend to a great extent the success of the outing. And here also are ample selections of such necessary adjuncts to travel comfort as wearing apparel, hampers, travelling companions, proper valises, trunks, etc. We briefly list a few.

THE  
**T. EATON CO. LIMITED**





PROBABLY no development of the past century has had such an enormous influence upon the entire commercial world as that of improved transportation, the preponderating factor in which is the railways. A most wonderful system has been built upon the crude beginning of just one hundred years ago. The tons upon tons of shining steel laid around the world, the miles upon miles of freight in motion from the uttermost parts of the earth, the puffing and groaning of thousands of locomotives exerting the strength of hundreds of Niagaras, the luxurious coaches which switch us in a single night, as we lie comfortably (sometimes) asleep, through hundreds of miles of what were a few years ago almost impassable mountains and forests—all these and yet more are the work of one short century. We have longed for the wonderful lamp of Aladdin and all the time it has been here in our hands.

The development of the railway has brought with it a new problem, or, more correctly, a new phase of an old problem. The old problem is that of the nice adjustment of the relationship of man to man and the preservation of that satisfying balance without which there can be little permanent or true progress. To bring about this balance, this nicety of bookkeeping or accountancy between man and man, so that the wealth which each receives is fairly representative of that which he has added to the sum total, is a task which has never yet been accomplished. The problem clamors for settlement to-day just as it has clamored through all the centuries. That it will be settled in time there is absolutely no question; and the physician who heals the economic wound will need no monument of bronze or stone to perpetuate his memory.

That the railways and the people are out of joint with each other is made manifest by the contents of every daily newspaper. We even read that the growing power and autocracy of the railways will bring about an upheaval which may yet disrupt society. There is some truth and much nonsense in these predictions; in any case the problem deserves our best thought. Whether the railways have a right to raise their rates at their pleasure or not, whether they have a right to charge what they please, carrying Jim's freight free and charging John double, ought not to be questions which are too big for us to settle. Who built these locomotives and these railways and who administers the enormous and beneficial systems which are spread all over the world? Certainly no race of deities desiring our uplifting or of demons desiring our destruction bequeathed them to us. We made them ourselves, in our own day and generation. We are still making them—better and more efficient than ever. Surely, to administer them efficiently and with advantage and reasonable satisfaction to both proprietors and patrons should not be beyond the capacity of the race of people which has brought them into existence.

ONE of the most significant episodes which has taken place for a long time past was that in connection with the recent proposal of railways of the United States to increase their freight rates and the action of the Government by which they were restrained, for the time being at any rate; from putting the proposed increases into effect. Then took place such a weeping and gnashing of teeth as has not been seen or heard since President Roosevelt showed a disposition, a few years since, to take action which had the appearance of being inimical to the interests of the moneyed classes. Wall Street was once more panicky, and for a time it looked as though the experiences of 1907 might be duplicated. Blue ruin of the direst kind was the slogan of the railways. What was not going to happen to the industrial prosperity of the United States wasn't worth mentioning. Before the Wall Street bears found themselves out of ammunition the leading stocks had registered an aggregate decline estimated at close to \$500,000,000.

About this time the Government began to be amenable to reason—or something else—and the railways, to the relief of the whole country, looked more hopefully on the situation. Wall Street recovered from its fainting fit and the holders of stocks began to think that possibly the crops would grow more or less, even though the rates were not increased.

The significance of the episode remains. It lies in the determination of the railways to have their own way. And by their enormous power, by the aid of Wall Street and those who mistake the cries of Wall Street for real business, they were able to upset the business of the whole country and to manufacture pessimism, not only in their own country, but in Canada and England and Europe. With a hue and cry like that around it, it would not be wonderful if a Government broke ground a little. As to the justice of the demands of the railways for higher tolls, that will be dealt with in dollars and cents presently.

IN reality, the action of the Government was taken rather on a technical question than otherwise. The roads had all filed their notification through a single agent, and the Government adopted the attitude that this showed collusion between the railways and that, hence, the action was illegal.

Perhaps there are few features more calculated to deceive the people, as a whole, than these measures which seem to be in their interests. As a matter of fact, it was known to the whole country that the railways were acting in concert, and no one anticipated trouble. Otherwise, the railways would not have filed notification in the manner they did. But by taking the action referred to, the Government seems to be acting in the interest of the people of the United States. Up to the present, the real point at issue—namely, whether or not an increase in tolls is justified—has occupied but a small place in the discussion. And so, under cover of the cannonade over a technicality, the advance into increased tolls may take place.

It is hard to say whether these numerous laws which are being everywhere placed on the statute books, from day to day, purporting to be in the interest of the people, are more the product of their clever, designing enemies

or their own stupid friends. How, for instance, can any law against a combine be really effective? A combine or corporation is merely an aggregation of individuals. As such it is entitled to neither more nor less rights than those possessed by individuals and freely granted them. We freely grant that John and James may with propriety discuss the price of butter and decide to raise or lower their prices. To deny such a right is to vote ourselves into slavery. If John and James may exercise this right, so may aggregations of Johns and James—that is, a Combine. The fact is that prohibitive legislation of the character referred to is, eventually, non-effective anyway. Such a law can always be circumvented. To circumvent it may cost something. But, as all such costs are simply added to the cost of operation or production, not the corporation but its customers pay the cost in the end. Meantime, the people are lulled into the belief that because they passed a law against combines there will be no combines. By making the discovery that legislation of this kind must ever, by its very nature, be non-effective, the people will at least be spared the expenditure of misdirected energy.

The railroads, however, in raising the disturbance over the action of the Government, never for one instant will lose sight of the real point. The technicality of how their notifications shall be filed they will not come to blows over. If the people were half so intelligent in their fight as the railways, they would stand a better chance of winning.

THE railways have some strong arguments to advance in favor of higher freight rates. There is, first, the higher cost of many of the necessities of life, or the higher cost of living—some refer to this aspect of the problem as

which would be appealed to for protection against these acts of business dishonesty is the institution which has played fast and loose with our funds every time it has given them away without retaining definite proprietary interests such as each of us would have insisted upon had we had the privilege of putting the deal through on our own account.

For Government to interfere with the tolls charged by railways may look like an unwarrantable interference with private business. And so it would be were it not for the situation just pointed out. The right to exercise jurisdiction over tolls can only be based on what the Government has done for the railways, although, as a *quid pro quo*, this arrangement is manifestly inadequate and clumsy and could not be regarded as good practice where any considerable regard for analytical accountancy held sway.

A NOTHER weakness in the position of the railways appears in the nature of their capitalization. Where mercantile concerns invest \$10,000 in their business, they do not expect or ask returns on \$100,000. Where a railway or other franchise owning concern invests \$10,000, it frequently looks for returns on more than \$100,000. The difference between the amount invested and the amount of the capitalization is ordinarily—though perhaps loosely—called water. Water is a value not made by the concern in the exercise of its functions as a business concern but by the possession of certain rights or privileges—possibly a franchise. The water is roughly based on potential values inherent in franchises, privileges or possessions. Stock is issued against these values. In rapidly developing countries like Canada and the United States, these

operating expenses to gross earnings, there is practically no difference.

	Net Earnings.		Ratio Op. Exp. to Gr. Earn.	
	1909.	1908.	1909.	1908.
N.Y. Cent. ....	\$ 29,000,000	\$23,000,000	70.54	74.00
Nor. Pac. ....	28,000,000	26,000,000	59.26	62.38
Sth. Pac. ....	41,000,000	35,000,000	66.03	71.88
Union Pac. ....	38,000,000	32,000,000	47.71	51.45
Penn. R.R. ....	86,000,000	71,000,000	72.65	74.21

	\$222,000,000	\$187,000,000		
Average .....	\$ 44,400,000	37,400,000	63.24	66.78
C. P. R. ....	23,000,000	22,000,000	69.92	69.47
Soo Ry. ....	5,500,000	4,000,000	56.3	63.0

		Net Earnings.		Ratio
N.Y. Cent., 2 mos. to Feb. 28, 1910.	..	\$ 3,400,000		76.50
" " " " " " " "	"	1909..	2,700,000	78.88
Nor. Pac., 8 mos. to Feb. 28, 1910.	..	17,400,000		64.75
" " " " " " " "	"	1909..	19,200,000	58.34
Sth. Pac., 9 mos. to Mar. 31, 1910.	..	37,000,000		63.89
" " " " " " " "	"	1909..	31,000,000	65.96
Union Pac., 9 mos. to Mar. 31, 1910.	..	31,000,000		54.17
" " " " " " " "	"	1909..	29,000,000	50.65
Penn. R.R., 3 mos. to Mar. 31, 1910.	..	10,000,000		74.46
" " " " " " " "	"	1909..	7,000,000	77.89
Avg. current earnings 5 roads, 1910.	..	\$19,700,000		66.75
" " " " " " " "	"	1909..	17,700,000	66.34
C.P.R., 9 mos. to Mch. 31, 1910.	..	25,500,000		63.36
" " " " " " " "	"	1909..	18,000,000	70.16
Soo Ry., 8 mos. to Feb. 28, 1910.	..	4,700,000		55.50
" " " " " " " "	"	1909..	3,300,000	61.98

It is only just to say that the results for April are probably less favorable in the matter of ratio; but the net earnings still show an increase. The May figures may not be quite so favorable as April, inasmuch as the full increase in wages does not appear till May.

There is no good reason, however, to suppose that the net earnings, even when the increased wages have taken full effect, will not be equal to or even greater than those of 1909. But should they not be, what about it? The commerce of the world is not under any obligation to provide for an increase in the dividends of the shareholders of railways any more than the railways are under obligation to increase the dividends of the mercantile establishments. Each is indebted to the other for aid in the development of its industry and it is the desire of the country as a whole to see each prosper. The spirit of fairness has a strong hold on humanity. To nurture it and not to violate it is doubly good policy on the part of those who may need to appeal to it some day. Hence the railways should not be too grasping.

IN Canada we have, in our Railway Commission, a tribunal which has done much to hold the balance between the commerce of the country and the railways. This Commission is, in Montreal, further supplemented by the Transportation Bureau of the Board of Trade. This Bureau is a logical development of modern business. It is under very capable management and hardly a day goes by without some of its members—who must also be members of the Board of Trade—appealing to it for redress. The petitions so filed are enquired into by the manager. He places the matter before the railways, and if unsuccessful in obtaining for his client the rights he considers him entitled to, he argues the matter before the Railway Commission. Government railways alone are not subject to the Commission. So far, all this has worked out splendidly in practice. The danger is, however, in the modern world of graft, that a corrupt Commission might some day render ineffective all these precautions.

A cure-all which is frequently offered for the abolition of troubles arising between the commercial and the railway interests, is government ownership. We in Canada have had some experience with government ownership and operation of railways and certain other undertakings, and it certainly has not been such as to lead us to encourage its growth. Government ownership might not of itself be so objectionable. In fact there are some very strong arguments in its favor, and it is even possible that it might effect many improvements. But government operation could hardly be less than a calamity.

It seems to me that we ought to give scientific accountancy a trial before we begin trying experiments. It could at least do no harm. Surely it would not be too much to ask our governments to kindly refrain from distributing our moneys and our lands and other possessions among a few groups and syndicates of men, more especially without obtaining for us proprietary rights in their undertakings, whatever they may be. This is surely not an unreasonable demand. Not a mercantile house in this Dominion would permit its business to be carried on for one day in any other manner. Violation of good business principles brings punishment in governmental as surely as it does in private affairs.

The New York State authorities have taken up the case of Patriarche & Company, which corporation, it will be remembered, were charged by TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT with having operated bucket shops in both Buffalo and Toronto. On the fourth instant the charge that this firm had violated the Hughes anti-bucket law was placed before the Grand Jury at Buffalo. The case in Buffalo will, it is expected, depend largely upon the outcome of the Toronto case.

The complaining witness in the case gave an order in the Buffalo office for a block of Northern Pacific stock. The witness then demanded to know with whom the firm carried out the transaction. A written demand was made upon the Buffalo representative of the company, who made a written reply, stating that the transaction of the Buffalo office was with the Toronto office. In other words, it is charged that the two offices conniving between them bucketed the stock in question.

CANADA NEEDS CRITICS.  
(Toronto World, June 18, 1910.)

Editor World: Goldwin Smith for forty years was the great critic of Canada and his criticisms did us good. What Canada needs now more than anything else is critics. Dr. Macphail, of Montreal, is doing his work, and may measure up to Goldwin Smith's ideals. Macphail looks most like Goldwin Smith's successor.



THE REAL THING

the decline in the value of the dollar. More than all this, however, is the argument they provided for themselves in the month of May when they advanced the wages of their employees. This latter argument will rightly be deemed by them the strongest of all. It was good policy on their part to advance those wages. It made them many friends. Their employees will be more disposed to side with them in their effort to get tolls up. The trades unions will offer less opposition, and the Government may not be called upon by any save the commercial interests to oppose the advance. It should not be forgotten, however, that the railways are not under any obligation to maintain wages during hard times, but that the commercial interests stand a poor enough chance to obtain lower freight rates because of hard times; so that the railways are acting strategically.

The weakness of the position of the railways only appears to those who understand something of their career. The essential difference between the relationship of railways to the community, and that of the ordinary merchant or commercial institution to the community, is that the railways obtain special privileges from the community while the merchant and commercial institution generally do not. Many railways obtain enormous subsidies in cash and lands from both federal and provincial and civic governments. In addition to this they are practically all invested with certain special rights, as shown in their power to force an advance of their lines through private property. So that between one thing and another, the railways are very largely the creation of the people at large, rather than that of their owners. That being the case, the first question which must occur to the thoughtful person is why contributors should not be owners to the extent that they have contributed. Even though such contribution was made through Government and not direct from people to company—as in the purchase of the stocks or the bonds of the railway—it nevertheless came out of what should otherwise have been in the people's pockets. That the railways were enormously benefited by these privileges and contributions is demonstrated by the anxiety of the railways to obtain them.

That it is in any respect the place of Government to render monetary assistance to private concerns, or to grant special privileges which these concerns are able to capitalize, is greatly to be doubted. But for Government to grant this assistance without so much as receiving in return proprietary rights in the undertaking to the full value of the assistance given, is either stupidity or dishonesty. Such an act would not be tolerated in any business office on the face of the earth. The representative of any business house who would play the traitor with the funds of his concern in like manner would be landed in jail in twenty-four hours. And the very institution or body

watered capitalizations shortly become real values with a capacity of earning dividends. Then something must be done to hide or cover up earnings. It would never do to pay dividends of 100 per cent. The commercial interests of the country would in such a case demand the cutting in two of tolls. Hence, means are found to turn the garden hose on to the capitalization again. This may be done through amalgamations and other processes which need not be expanded upon at the moment. In addition to all this, is also the value of shareholders' "rights," in the case of new stock issues. Usually these issues are made at par when the old stock is selling far above par. In some railways these rights are actually looked forward to quite as much as are dividends.

It is because of these conditions that a clamor is arising to prevent these increases in capitalization and new stock issues. Once more, however, the prescription will be utterly inappropriate. Someone will suggest that legislation of some nature should be invoked. A law preventing increased capitalizations or something of that nature will be passed, and it will be as absolutely non-effective in the interests of the people as have the bulk of their much vaunted legislation. To clip off the barbs of a thistle instead of pulling out the roots is a waste of energy.

It is clear that the commercial interests of the country might annihilate themselves with increases in freight rates and still the argument for further increases in order to pay sufficient dividends on the ever-increasing railway capitalizations would be just as insistent as they are to-day and just as deserving of attention. The fact is that these capitalizations are in no way representative of investment. When they become such, it will be time enough to consider whether that will be sufficient justification for increasing tolls in order to give dividends.

We may now bring figures to our aid to show that the railway earnings are not only not falling behind but are going rapidly ahead. The figures cover five railways selected at random.

First is a comparison between the net earnings of 1908 and 1909. This shows that in every case the earnings of the 1909 exceeded those of the previous year. Then comes a comparison of the ratio of operating expenses to gross earnings. Again the comparison, in every instance, is in favor of 1909.

THE comparison is next brought as far up to date as possible. Months of 1910 are compared with corresponding months of 1909. Only in one case are the net earnings of 1910 smaller than those of the previous year, and the average is far ahead. In the case of the ratio of



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Duluth, Rainy Lake & Winnipeg Railway Company	1916
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Western Canada Flour Mills Company	1928
P. Burns & Company, Limited	1924
Canadian Car & Foundry Company, Ltd.	1939
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**DOMINION SECURITIES CORPORATION, LIMITED**  
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## MONTREAL FINANCIAL

### HERBERT S. HOLT AND HIS CONNECTION WITH THE STEEL INDUSTRY.

MONTREAL, JUNE 16, 1910.

THE formation of what in the meantime must be called the Canadian Steel Corporation, Ltd.—no matter what it may be called in the future—and the connection of the name of Mr. H. S. Holt with the directorate thereof, brings to the front once more the name of a man who has a preference for the background. If he would only quit doing things which by their very nature occasion comment, I would be quite prepared to transfer my attentions to whoever would take his place. As it is, it's got to be a few lines about Holt.

I do not know exactly what his connection with the new concern will be, but that he is on the directorate would seem to be a foregone conclusion. It augurs well for the new consolidation. I do not know of a single concern with H. S. Holt on its directorate which has failed to become prosperous. Take four concerns of which he is president—the Royal Bank, the Montreal Trust, the Montreal Light, Heat and Power, and that newer and almost unpronounceable and unspellable Kaninistiquia Power Company—and observe their annual surplus. Or consider the General Electric, the Canadian Westinghouse, the Dominion Textile, or any of the various land and other companies of which he is a director, and you will see how the profits mount up in the concerns he identifies himself with, during average seasons. If he takes his luck, or whatever you choose to call it, with him into the Canadian Steel Corporation, it will do the corporation no harm.

**Hard Headed Business Man.**—H. S. Holt is said to be, by those who know him, as nearly an ideal business man as can be found. Like the German, the Scotchman and the Jew, he does business when he is doing business and doesn't get it tangled up with his sentiments. And yet, wonderful to relate, he is an Irishman. At least he was born and brought up and educated there—I suppose that entitles him to be an Irishman. Place a proposition in front of him and he dissects it with a cold heart. Nothing but the very marrow will do. Then he will drive a hard bargain with you for it—if he wants it—but whatever he undertakes to do you may make up your mind will be done. That, at least, is what they tell me about him.

For my part I have good reason to believe that he rules with an iron hand. I remember sitting in the office of a chief official of one of the companies of which he is also an officer when he made a call. He simply passed through the room into the inner office. I did not know who he was at that time, but when the official precipitated himself after him I knew that a man who could not easily be influenced and who talked business during business hours had arrived.

Much of Mr. Holt's financial success is due to his abilities as a civil engineer. He made his start in this country in railway construction, having built several sections of the C.P.R., such as the Calgary and Edmonton section and the Quebec Central branch. Later he became identified with the Montreal Gas Co., of which he was and still is president, although that company has only a technical existence. It was no doubt his knowledge as a civil engineer which drew his attention to the possibilities of a combine between the various lighting and electrical concerns of the city and made of him an advocate of the consolidation. When it was accomplished, the office of president of the Montreal Light, Heat and Power Co. fell naturally to him. He has held it and administered the affairs of the company as though by divine right. It has been thought from time to time that other officials had some considerable say in the concern, but the probabilities are that they didn't say it out loud.

It is a good while since the electrical horse power of the M. L. H. & P. Co. has been given, and during that period it has grown considerably. It is now, or will shortly be, as follows:

Lachine Hydraulic	17,000 h.p.
Chambly development	22,000 h.p.
Soulanges canal	15,000 h.p.
Shawinigan (leased)	22,000 h.p.

Total water power	76,000 h.p.
Auxiliary steam plant	11,000 h.p.

Total development ..... 87,000 h.p.

This represents the bulk of the electrical power used in the city of Montreal and surrounding district. Probably the largest consumer is the Montreal Street Railway. This company takes about 11,000 h.p. alone, and it is the fact that it is such a large consumer of the Power Company's that has given rise to the rumors of a coming amalgamation between the two concerns. Another large consumer is, naturally, the city itself. Its requirements for street lighting probably run it into 2,500 h.p. The Dominion Textile Co. takes probably even more than that and the Dominion Wire takes probably 1,000 h.p. Almost every day electrical power is supplanting steam in the industrial establishments of the city, and it is believed that this will continue just as long as power can be provided. As to the capacity of the company to provide still more power, it will be interesting to know that 5,000 h.p. is just now being added to the Lachine development and is included in the estimates, while the Soulanges development is capable of 10,000 h.p. more. In addition to this, the company will no doubt be able to call for enormously more from the Shawinigan with which it has almost an unlimited contract.

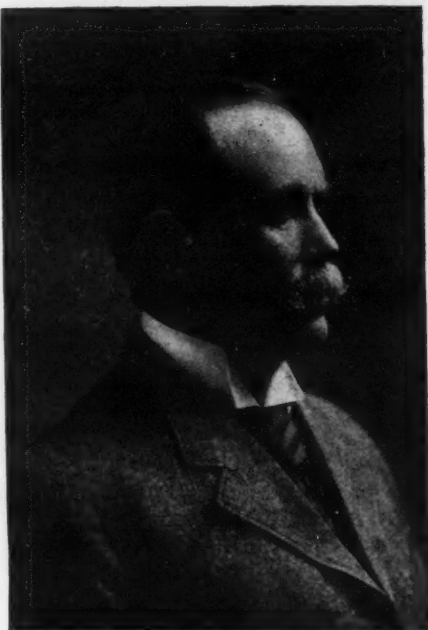
Perhaps there have been few undertakings with which

**Significant New Steel Groupings.**

Mr. Holt has been connected which are more significant than that of the Canadian Steel Corporation. This is shown in the announcement of Mr. Plummer, in which it was stated that owing to the fact that some of the biggest customers of the Dominion Iron and Steel Co.—later the Dominion Steel & Coal Corporation—had formed a merger and would be lost to the Steel & Coal Co., the latter company would erect mills of its own at suitable points. This means that the companies in the new merger will buy their raw product largely or mainly from the Hamilton Steel & Iron Co. The other companies in the merger are the Canada Screw, the Canada Bolt and Nut, the Montreal Rolling Mills and, some say, the Dominion Wire Co. The latter two concerns, being situated at Montreal, might find it more profitable sometimes to buy outside the Hamilton Co., but the new grouping will unquestionably affect the Steel & Coal Corporation considerably.

It now becomes a question of to what extent the stock market position will be affected by these recent developments. We have on the one hand the Dominion Steel and Coal Corporation, with \$25,000,000, or so, bonds; \$8,000,000 preferred and \$35,000,000 common stock, being dealt a heavy blow in the midst of its reorganization by the cutting

off of the Federal bounties, and finally by the loss of some of its largest customers. Such losses cannot but be dangerous to its profits and hence to the market value of its securities on the Stock Exchanges. On the other hand we have the barely completed Canadian Steel Corporation, with a bond issue of \$6,000,000, a preferred stock issue of \$6,000,000, and a common stock issue of \$11,500,000, being struck at its birth with the competitive club brandished by the Steel and Coal Co. It has not yet been announced what is to be done with its securities, but it is natural to suppose that they will be very shortly offered to the public. The announcement that the Steel and Coal Co. is about to erect opposition mills will naturally not assist in the sale of these securities. On the whole, the situation is not just as reassuring as one might wish it to be.



HERBERT S. HOLT.

**The Country Behind Them.**

—As against these and other danger spots—if such they may be called—is the splendid condition in which the country finds itself and its rapid growth. By the time the new mills are erected, the chances are that the opening up of the new country to the west and the north and the flocking in of immigrants with good purchasing and productive power will be calling for such quantities of new material that further mills will have to be added in order to take care of the demand. That has been the history of this country thus far, and is likely, with necessary modifications, to continue so to be.

## Canadian Trade Statistics.

The report of June 13 of the Department of Trade and Commerce thus notes the progress of Canadian trade: The exports of Canadian mineral produce from Canada during the year ended March 31, 1910, were valued at \$40,087,017, and with the single exception in 1901, exceeded any previous year. The exports in 1901 were valued at \$40,367,683, of which amount gold alone was responsible for \$24,445,156.

An examination of the various items of mineral produce exported from Canada will show that seven articles were valued at \$37,269,876, or 93 per cent. of the total export of the mine. The seven chief articles were: Asbestos, \$1,886,613; coal, \$5,013,221; copper, \$6,023,925; gold, \$6,016,126; nickel, \$3,320,054; and silver, \$15,009,937.

A further examination of the destination of Canadian mineral produce will show that the United States is by far Canada's best customer. Thus during the year 1910, the exports of mineral produce from Canada to the United States were valued at \$33,488,464 or 83.5 per cent. of the total export of the mine, while the exports to the United Kingdom were valued at only \$3,820,574 or 9.5 per cent. Although Canada finds a better market for her mineral production in the United States than in the United Kingdom the said exports are principally raw materials.

Further, it is interesting to note that while the exports of gold in 1901 were valued at \$24,445,156, the exports in 1910 were valued at only \$6,016,126, whereas, the exports of silver in 1910 were valued at \$15,009,937, as against \$4,310,528 in the year 1906. The large increase in the exports of silver during the last four years may be traced directly to the extensive mining operations at Cobalt.

In the current issue of The Financial Post, Toronto, allusion is made to the invasion of the Canadian field by United States industries. It is pointed out that one effect of the manifestation of anti-corporation mood on the part of the federal executives, is tending to drive United States manufacturers across the line into this country. One result is that in order to meet this unwelcome competition home manufacturers have in many cases formed mergers. At the same time the advent of the newcomers to Canada is bringing about a marked improvement in factory and plant efficiency here, to meet the competition on an even basis.

The Royal Bank will soon establish a London, Eng., branch.

## Bank of Montreal

(Established 1817.)

INCORPORATED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

CAPITAL (all paid up)	\$14,400,000.00
REST	12,000,000.00
UNDIVIDED PROFITS	\$89,311.08

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R. CAMPBELL, General Manager.  
Winnipeg, May 18th, 1910.

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**TORONTO FINANCIAL****J. H. PLUMMER PLAYS  
LEADING PART IN GREAT  
STEEL-COAL MERGER.**

TORONTO, June 16th, 1910.

TO the amount of \$85,000,000, stock of the new Dominion Steel and Coal Corporation has been listed on the Toronto Stock Exchange. The figure mentioned represents the common stock of the two great concerns which are now, after years of litigation, about to be merged. The first step in this direction is to have the possessors of common stock now outstanding exchange their scrip for that of the holding company.

Most of the stock has been so transferred and some method will be doubtless devised to coerce those who are inclined to object to the arrangement made. On the common stock of the Dominion Steel Company no dividend is being paid and that on the common stock of the Dominion Coal Company is also likely to be passed. The holding company guarantees a dividend. As it has no present revenue the dividends so promised will be presumably provided through the issue of short term bonds. Eventually, when all the common stock of the old concerns has come into the possession of the holding company and the assets have been transferred, funds will be provided wherewith to retire the bonds.

Mr. J. H. Plummer, who has Hon. L. J. Forget and Jas. R. Wilson associated with him on the directorate of the Dominion Steel and Coal Corporation, Limited, has presented the case for the proposed merger to the shareholders of both the component companies. But, as

Dividends are Being Passed. Orders may be telegraphed at our expense. Full particulars on request.

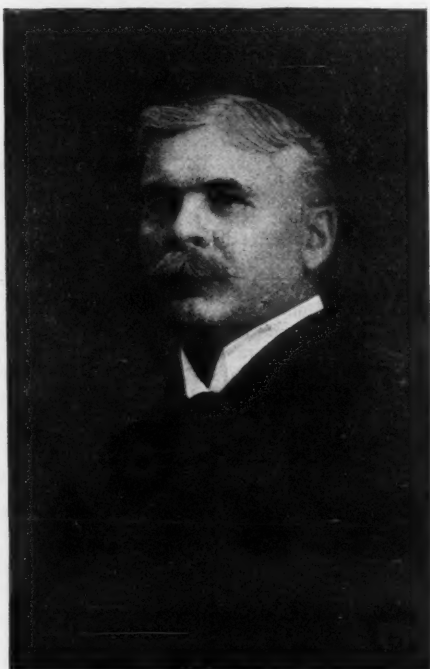
was to have been expected, not a few are inclined to be stiff-necked and perverse. These are generally men of means who are so busy cutting coupons that they are temporarily apt to lose sight of some of their investments. Upon the ears of such the alluring words of Mr. Plummer have fallen unheeded. All those still holding out, however, are not in this class, and when they come to consider that those who have exchanged their stock are to receive a bonus of four dollars on every share transferred, there may be a hastening on the part of many to get in the same boat with the majority. The dividend on Coal common is to be passed to enable the directors to maintain their position with regard to the strike, while the directors of Steel are being relieved of responsibility in this connection in order that the company's plants may be completed at the earliest possible moment. The four-dollar bonus was designed to not only give the shareholders in both concerns a return on their investment in the meantime, but to afford an additional inducement for a prompt transference of stock.

Mr. Plummer has been, for many moons now, the central figure in the Canadian steel situation. In future he is likely to loom just as largely in relation to the coal trade. No matter what are his activities, he is sure to be found playing a leading part. Unlike most of those who have achieved distinction in industrial affairs, Mr. Plummer has served no great apprenticeship in either the steel or the coal industries. In early life a banker, it is only within the past decade that Mr. Plummer has turned his attentions to a domain in which it has been generally supposed the widest possible technical knowledge was essential to success. Along in 1901, his health having become impaired, Mr. Plummer turned his back upon the banking profession, to which, up to that time, he had devoted his energies. Not for long, however, was he permitted to lead a life of restful retirement. The Dominion Iron and Steel Company was in need of a president and Mr. Plummer was considered to be the best possible choice. But he only accepted the appointment provisionally, with no intention of holding it for any great length of time. If the man did not wish the office, there is no question whatever about the office demanding the man. And thus it is that Mr. Plummer was, for ten years, in control of an office which was not of his seeking.

Rarely has a man in the best of health, to say nothing of one in impaired health, been stacked up against a proposition which required the exercise of higher talents, and perhaps never before has a man approached a task more fully equipped to meet all its exigencies. To Mr. Plummer the work was of a uniquely fascinating character. Ten years ago the steel trade in Canada was somewhat disorganized, and the outlook, while not discouraging scarcely held out hope of the great success which has since crowned the efforts of those associated with the industry. But Mr. Plummer was undaunted. While yet a banker he had overcome obstacles; he was not less hopeful of combating the difficulties, now financial, anon industrial, which were sure to beset the path. In no way was his faith misplaced. It was an up-hill fight, but the varying troubles were met with uniform resource and tact. Especially in the long legal contest with the Dominion Coal Company did Mr. Plummer display qualities of leadership of the most undoubted order. There were no brass bands to signalize any particular achievement. But those associated with the Steel Company knew that their interests were being safe-guarded by one whose judgment was hardly liable to lead him into any pitfall. During all those trying years, Mr. Plummer was given loyal, unswerving support.

By far the most extended portion of Mr. Plummer's life has been spent in following the pursuits of a banker. Many of his coups in monied circles, though less spectacular, will be remembered quite as long

by those conversant with the facts as will be his victories in the wider realm of finance. Born a Cornishman, and consequently endowed with great pluck and energy, Mr. Plummer early came to Canada with his father. He was the first officer engaged by the Canadian Bank of Commerce when that institution was established in 1867, and, save for six years, spent as assistant general manager of the Merchants' Bank, all his banking experience was confined to the Commerce. As far back as 1887 he received his first taste of industrial activity, when, for almost four years, he was in the lumber business as part owner of a sawmill in Michigan. Perhaps the greatest stroke of business ever done by Mr. Plummer as a banker was the conduct of the negotiations which led to the absorption of the Bank of British Columbia by the Bank of Commerce. This gave the latter control of a business worth \$15,000,000 and enabled it to secure at once the strongest kind of foothold in the West. As may be imagined, Mr. Plummer is endowed with a singularly attractive personality—a manner that contains just the proper degree of suavity and marks the elements of a forcible and well-rounded character. Versatility is not the least of his recommendations. While still a youth he sent for competition at the Paris International Exposition, designs of the workings of the copper mines at Bruce, of which his father was manager. So meritorious were these considered that he received a substantial money prize and a gold medal.



J. H. PLUMMER.

Steel Company Hampered. —The annual meeting of the Dominion Iron and Steel Company was held this week, when the usual statement for the year ending May 31st, 1910, was presented. Owing to the strike not all the supplies of coal were available from the customary source, the Dominion Coal Company, and the earnings for the year were unfavorably affected by the deficiency in question. A great portion of the coal necessary had to be brought, in consequence, from the United States at a greatly increased cost. In addition, the company's earnings suffered because of the irregularity of the supply, the steel output being thus seriously hampered. There was, moreover, a decrease in the amount of the bounties received. Under all the circumstances the results of the year's business was satisfactory, being approximately the same as the year previous. The last has been heard of the claim against the Dominion Coal Company. Over a year ago \$2,750,000 was paid and now all further outlying indebtedness along this line has been met by payment of a sum of \$800,000. Not only has the claim for damages been obliterated in this way, but several other claims, in dispute for many years, are also settled. The company formerly paid \$1.28 a ton for coal; it will now, and until November 1st, 1914, pay \$1.55. On the date mentioned another revision of the schedule may be demanded by either party. The Steel Company has paid all arrears of dividends on its preferred stock. After meeting all engagements the amount carried forward to next year was in excess of two million dollars.

Ten or fifteen years ago the gross earnings of the Toronto Railway Company were about the same as are those of the Duluth-Superior Traction Company to-day. But the growth of the latter has been much faster than the growth of the former. For the first four months of 1910 the gross earnings of the Duluth Company showed an increase of 13.23 per cent. If this rate is maintained, the earnings of the company, which in 1909 were \$997,605, will this year reach \$1,129,000. Having enormous iron ore deposits close at hand and great tributary wheat-growing States, the cities of Duluth and Superior are particularly well located. It is consequently not unfair to infer that the earnings of their traction company will increase at least as fast as that in Toronto, which, last year, showed gross earnings of \$3,926,828, or nearly three times what they were ten years previously. The Duluth-Superior Traction Company is in a particularly advantageous position owing to the fact that it can charge a minimum fare of five cents in both cities, and ten cents from a point in either to any point in the other. In this way the company nets eight cents a passenger—the two cents going to the company owning the bridge connecting the two cities—a condition of affairs which is apt to make Manager Fleming's mouth water when he hears about it. Not only do Toronto fares average much lower, but the company here has to pay the city a percentage of its gross receipts. In Duluth-Superior no such provision exists in the franchise.

Houston's Bank Directory for June gives the following list of Canadian bank branches opened in May: Beisecker, Alta., Traders Bank of Canada; Brock, Sask., Northern Crown Bank; Calgary, Alta., Standard Bank of Canada; Goodlands, Man., Home Bank of Canada; Isabella, Man., Northern Crown Bank; Lajord, Sask., Standard Bank of Canada; Laura, Sask., Northern Crown Bank; Montreal, Fairmont avenue branch, Bank of Ottawa; Mont St. Hilaire, Que., Eastern Townships Bank; Porcupine, Ont., Bank of Ottawa; Prince Rupert, B.C., Bank of British North America; Prince Rupert, B.C., Bank of Montreal; Scott, Sask., Royal Bank of Canada; St. Alexandre, Kamouraska, Que., La Banque Nationale; Ste. Anne de Laval, La Banque Nationale; Steelton, Ont., Traders Bank of Canada; St. Jude, Que., La Banque Nationale; Stornoway, Sask., Northern Crown Bank; Toronto, Sunnyside, United Empire Bank of Canada; Venn, Sask., Northern Crown Bank; Warsaw, Ont., Traders Bank of Canada.

Exr. Wm. Gason, President. J. Turnbull, Vice-President and General Manager.

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Reserve and Undivided Profits .....3,000,000  
Total Assets .....35,000,000

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# COMMENT ON COBALT



WITH the prospect of paying 5 per cent. quarterly McKinley-Darragh-Savage leads the camp in ratio of disbursement with the possible exception of Kerr Lake, which is supposed to be paying 40 per cent. per annum with its stock quoted a little less than double par. If there be yet any person desirous of buying Cobalt stocks and should be divided between the two mentioned above I would favor the first mentioned.

The Nipissing is reported to be resuming prospecting *a la hydraulique*. This method was initiated in 1906, a pumping plant and all installed, but the big discoveries that year, vein 49, etc., were found by the old method of pick and shovel.

The output of Cobalt is being watched very closely in its relation to that of last year. As I intimated some months ago, I am of the opinion that we are very near the apex of Cobalt's production. At the ratio of this year, so far, the gross tonnage will probably be in excess

fact alone makes me think that net results may show a lessening for the year.

THE Colonial appears on the shipping list last week. This mine, though very much spoken of in the old days, has dropped away from notice since. It has been



the basis of much history in Cobalt. The gentleman who gave his name to the Hanson mine up near Thunder Bay once had this property. He wanted \$28,000, and he wanted it bad. He went to a bunch of Cobalt financiers who charged him cent per cent for the loan of this amount for one month and never turned a hair. Later it passed into the hands of the Timmins syndicate and the two New Yorkers, who promoted it and I once bought the stock for \$7.50 per share. It now sells around fifty cents. Such is life in a mining camp.

A statement from the Crown Reserve may be expected soon, when we may be able to see how affairs are, with it. At the present time there does not seem to be very much life in the stock, but this is not to be wondered at in view of the general situation.

Chambers-Ferland have had their annual meeting and bring down a statement showing liquid assets \$117,000, or thereabouts. The assets include ore on dumps and at the smelter and in transit and, of course, cash in bank. The market fell on the news which is not wondered at. It is

gradually penetrating the slow brain of the Cobalt following that statements of value of ore in transit, ore on hand, etc., are not always substantiated by smelter returns. In a general way, I think this bears out what I said some months ago: that the stock was not worth 40 cents a share. I am now much in doubt if it is worth 10 cents per share.

The failure of a broker in Ottawa is an object lesson to the chronic bull. I once asked this man to sell some stock short and he refused. I happened to be in Ottawa when Silver Leaf was making its last great splurge and I wished to put out a few thousand shares. "Do you think this is a gambling institution?" asked the fellow. Now, selling Silver Leaf short is not gambling, it's a cinch. So do we hold different points of view. This man, no doubt, thought it wrong to sell a stock short, yet, apparently, had no compunction in involving his clients' money on the other side of the market.

WE had stories from New Ontario of discoveries of coal not long ago, and now comes word of finds of iron ore. While it is not probable that conditions will force the steel people so far afield for many years, yet



the presence of iron up there is at least interesting. Starting at Sudbury there is nickel, then silver and cobalt at Cobalt, apparently gold at Porcupine and then iron fur-

ther north. The country tributary to the T. & N. O. Ry. is, no doubt, a very great source of our prosperity where in the railway has justified its existence. What we need to keep up the excitement is a prosperous issue to the Porcupine gold prospects and then, if that begins to pale diamonds will, no doubt, remedy matters. My own idea is that there will be a great deal more interest in the new gold fields before the year is out and if we can make good here the status of New Ontario as a mining field will be established.

Referring again to Cobalt and Cobalt stocks, the position is the same as it has been for weeks. The public are away from the market forever and none of the professionals can raise courage enough to attempt a move to higher prices. They know such would result in their being handed real stock by holders who would not buy back. This is speaking of the generality of Cobalts. Nipissing and La Rose might be put higher if an upward move should occur in the big New York market. There has now been six months of steady decline through which the short interest has grown larger and larger till at the present time it must be very great. It only needs a little bull news and a little manipulation to start things on the run up again. The rottenness in U.S. politics was as apparent six months ago as it is to-day and the wealth of the republic is not depreciating at the rate of 10 per cent. in six months. If the next big move in the big market should be upwards it might carry the higher priced Cobalts away with it.

Shepherd

## BANK CLEARINGS.

	Week June 9, 1910.	Week June 10, 1910.	Changes.
Montreal	\$48,376,817	\$39,988,859	+\$8,387,958
Toronto	33,139,382	28,381,408	+4,757,974
Winnipeg	16,173,395	11,475,044	+4,698,351
Vancouver	8,275,085	5,247,393	+3,027,692
Ottawa	3,611,827	2,461,677	+1,150,150
Quebec	2,984,124	2,697,549	+286,575
Calgary	3,154,057	1,886,179	+1,267,878
Halifax	2,075,211	1,931,624	+144,587
Hamilton	1,910,789	1,637,689	+273,100
St. John	1,723,637	1,477,396	+246,241
Victoria	1,821,531	1,346,483	+475,048
London	1,537,630	1,259,970	+277,661
Edmonton	1,228,754	1,086,334	+142,420
Total	\$126,023,189	\$102,377,614	+\$23,645,575
Regina	1,073,357		
Brandon	497,063		

The industrial world has become now quite used to the merger idea. Scores of combinations have been formed with the evident purpose of cutting down the cost of production and of advantaging those entering into the merger. There appears, however, to be only one instance on record of the formation of a company right on the heels of an industrial consolidation, said company being incorporated for the purpose of protecting itself from the combination. J. H. Plummer has announced that under the auspices of the Dominion Steel & Coal Company, that a new plant will be erected probably at Sydney to manufacture wire, wire nails and other finished products. This move had been practically forced on the company. Mr. Plummer said, from the fact that the larger wire and wire nail companies had entered into a merger, such step became necessary to protect its own interests and the interests of its customers who had remained out of the merger.

Looks as if Canada were solvent, and could pay a handsome dividend. Figures made public by the Department of Finance at Ottawa show a surplus for the year ending March 31 of \$22,092,185 in revenue over all ordinary expenditure. This appears to be some \$5,000,000 better than the estimate made by the Minister of Finance last December, and it is an increase of over \$2,500,000 above the 1907-8 figure.

The total revenue was \$101,501,034, an increase of \$16,500,000 over the preceding year. The total expenditure on consolidated fund account was \$79,409,849, or \$4,500,000 less than 1908-09. On capital account last year there were spent \$34,114,994, including \$19,968,064 on the construction of the National Transcontinental Railway. Out of the revenue Canada paid last year every item of ordinary and capital expenditure, exclusive of the National Transcontinental, had over \$8,500,000 still left towards the construction of the railway.

The net debt of the Dominion at the end of the fiscal year was \$336,266,348, an increase during the year of \$12,336, due, as has been noted, to three-fifths of the year's expenditure on the National Transcontinental Railway.

The principal items of revenue were as follows: Customs, \$60,156,133; excise, \$15,253,352; post office, \$7,958,547; public works, including railways, \$10,114,990; miscellaneous, \$8,018,009.

The principal items of expenditure on capital account were as follows: Public works, railways and canals, \$27,571,225; militia, \$1,299,970; railway subsidies, \$2,048,097; bounties, \$2,411,095.

Intimations of larger dividends had a favorable effect on Nova Scotia Steel early in the week.

Montreal is under-writing \$500,000 issue of Molson's Bank shares, purchased by the Spertings. The issue price is 216.

## Financial Paragraphs

The British Government began to collect the income tax, under the postponed budget of 1909, at the opening of May. In the first week of the month, total public revenue was \$13,000,000 ahead of the same week last year; in the second week the increase was \$24,000,000. During the same two weeks, public expenditure was \$7,000,000 ahead of 1909.

A number of small towns throughout the Dominion appear to be going through a process of financial disillusionment with respect to the value that outsiders place on their securities. These minor constituencies would appear in fact to start off with a slightly exaggerated idea of their own economic importance. At the present time in Ontario the market for bonds shows a tendency to sag. These municipalities advertise for tenders for bonds, and when a figure is received, it is commonly turned down as being inadequate. A repetition of the advertisement calling for more tenders is apt to result in still narrower prices being offered, and as they are practically forced to dispose of the bonds, in the end they may receive less than was first offered, as in the meantime the market may have further depreciated.

The May production of the Transvaal mines reached 637,000 ounces fine. Only once in the past has there been a larger monthly gold output from the Rand mines, the December, 1908, total having been 660,643 ounces. Comparison of value of the May output, on the basis of the above estimate, is:

May, 1910	\$14,038,000	May, 1909	\$13,263,000
Apr., 1910	\$13,147,000	May, 1908	\$12,360,000
Mar., 1910	\$12,894,000	May, 1907	\$11,139,000
Feb., 1910	\$12,225,000	May, 1906	\$9,745,000
Jan., 1910	\$12,772,000	May, 1905	\$8,843,000

The recent decision of Chancellor Boyd to the effect that the former directors of the Sovereign Bank who allowed shares of that institution to stand in their name during a critical period, could not be held liable as purchasers to the amount of some \$400,000 is one that will not be relished by the group of banks that guaranteed the Sovereign in case of a deficit. The judge held that il-

The consensus of opinion of the best informed business and financial men appears to be that in the course of time the Steel and Coal consolidation will evolve into a great Steel merger here in Canada. While there appears at present to be no person working on such a project, yet the thing seems to be in the air, and many regard it as almost in the light of a certainty in future.

Last week J. H. Plummer was asked by SATURDAY NIGHT if there would be a merger of the Steel and Coal Company with the new \$25,000,000 merger put through at Hamilton.

"Such a report is childish; nothing in it," Mr. Plummer replied.

"Is there likelihood of such a merger in future?"

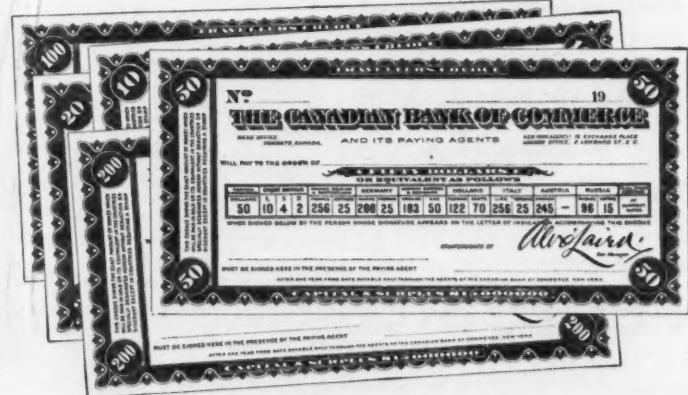
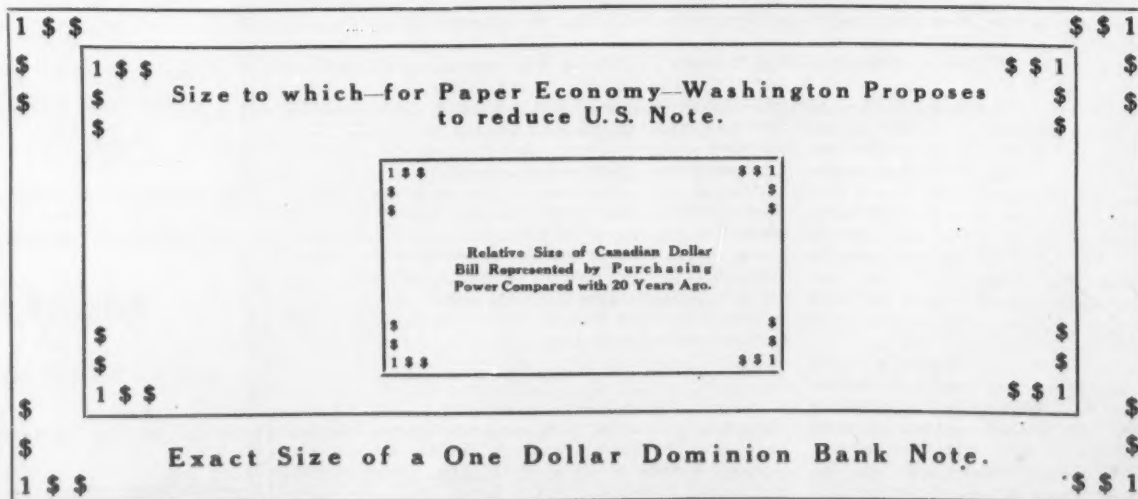
"I cannot tell; I'm no prophet," was the answer.

Reports to Bradstreet's from ninety-four cities of the United States show a total estimated expenditure for building in May of \$74,080,925, as against \$86,828,192 reported at the same cities for April, and \$87,589,632 in May a year ago. There is here indicated a decrease of 14.6 per cent. from April, and 15.4 per cent. from May, 1909.

Bartlett, Patten & Co., of Chicago, wire Erickson, Perkins & Co., as follows:-

We think wheat is nothing more than a scalping market for the present. Our stocks are so light, and being reduced daily, that there will be no pressure on the market until the new crop begins to move. It is a question whether the winter wheat farmers will be ready sellers around present prices, and we have also got to go through the crop scares of the spring wheat crop. Therefore, the long side on the breaks seems to be the safest.

Thursday of last week the Bank of England dropped



## THE TRAVELLERS' CHEQUES

Issued by THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE. are the most convenient form in which to carry money when travelling. They are negotiable everywhere, self-identifying and the exact amount payable is printed on the face of each cheque. The cheques are obtainable on application at every branch of the Bank.

against \$85,437,000 for the same month last year.

For the five months ended May, the aggregate output of new corporate securities in the United States reached \$993,741,600, as compared with \$720,900,480 for the corresponding period of 1909. The railroads have floated \$579,342,000, or \$156,086,420 more than in the same five months of last year, while industrial corporations have contributed \$354,399,600, an increase of \$56,754,700.

Poor's Manual of Industrials shows that the total capitalization of all companies in the United States is \$17,529,000,000, compared with \$17,234,000,000 for the railroads. Stock and bond issues of the industrial companies aggregate \$13,132,000,000 and \$4,397,000,000, respectively, compared with the \$7,642,000,000 stock and \$9,593,000,000 bonds issued by the railroads.

Gross earnings of the industrial companies amounted to \$2,165,000,000, whereas the railroads earned \$2,407,000,000.

A consolidated income account of the industrial companies shows the following results:

Gross earnings	\$2,165,786,215
Operating expenses	1,629,171,411
Net earnings	\$536,614,804
Interest	109,483,337
Balance	\$427,131,467
Dividends reported	227,787,831
Other deductions	54,570,981

Surplus \$144,772,655

When classified under the following heads, the industrial companies show the following interesting results on a percentage basis:

	Light.	Water.	Power.	Mining.	Tel. and Tel.	Manf. and Misc.
Gross to capital	15.27	32.79	25.50	37.51		
Net to capital	6.84	9.35	9.34	7.32		
Expenses to gross	55.20	71.49	63.34	80.48		
Interest to bonds	4.88	5.07	5.24	4.81		
Dividends to stock	3.99	5.29	5.67	4.63		
Average int. rate	4.97	5.59	5.24	5.42		
Average div. rate	3.03	2.94	4.73	4.47		

Some one says a dollar will only go half as far as it once did. Perhaps, but what it lacks in staying qualities it makes up in speed.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

It is said that when the King of Siam comes to America he will bring forty of his wives with him. Perhaps his objective point is Reno.—Atlanta Georgian.

Isn't it about time a way was found to introduce some strong soap and add a few degrees of heat to the "immunity baths"?—Boston Advertiser.





Toronto, June 9th, 1910.

J. D. Brantford:—With reference to the advertisement offering Claresholm lands for sale:

It can be said generally that many of these things that are glowingly advertised, turn out very differently when the man gets on the ground and sees the property that he has bought. This has been the case with almost all these picturesquely advertised propositions. I would not advise anyone to purchase lots unless they are familiar with the location, or can get a report from a disinterested source, as to the probable future value; and I say this knowing at the same time that a good deal of money is being turned over and will be turned over through the purchase of Western lands.

It must occur to you that the gentlemen putting out these large tracts of land, are first of all going to pay themselves a handsome profit on what they bought at, and second, that the large expenses for their advertising campaign must also go into the price you are expected to pay for the properties.

Any person that wants to acquire lands can do so through the Land Department of the C.N.R. or G.T.R. By that way they can be assured of a reasonable price, and that the statements made to them will not be colored, as they are by the general advertising salesman.

sonable investment? Do you think the directors of the company will give a square deal to the stock holders?

INQUIRER.

If you will look over Gold and Dross page for the past month or so, you will find there a number of items dealing with Atlantic Oil Company. I do not see any warrant for putting this property in the investment class at all. The company is now in the position that it must show by production that, as it claims, the unsatisfactory report made by a western man, was not well based, and that the source of the information was unreliable.

Inquirer for Kirk Lake mining property:—

Kirk Lake Mining and Leasing Company have a large acreage which appears to be their chief asset. Part of their property consists of Kirk Lake, situated just to the east of the boundary line dividing the townships of Lorrain and Coleman, while the remainder is in the immediate vicinity. Most of the rock is of granite, which is a non-productive body. Nothing of value has been found in this particular area. Stock in this concern is not likely to be of value.

G. D. Sudbury:—If your Golden Rose property is at Emerald Lake in the Temagami Forest Reserve, it is probably of no consequence as the most that has been found there is a little iron and not in commercial quantities.

F. C. B., St. Thomas. Suppose that a friend were to take up thirty minutes of your time in proving to you that a watch he held in his hand was made of solid gold, and at the end of the talk, were to offer you the timepiece for

"A prospect is materially valueless, until it becomes a commercial mine."

"Sensational promises by inexperienced men are the forerunners of disaster."

"Never build a mill until you have sufficient ore to run it for four years."

"Use a pencil and pad when buying mining stock and figure the price you are paying, the capitalization considered."

"Don't rely upon an assay, don't buy mining stocks from brokers, who are not capable by experience to draw valuable deductions from the evidence presented to them, and upon which they ask you to invest. A man may be a splendid judge of railroad values, yet a farce when valuing a mining stock."—From "Rocks in the Road to Fortune," Gotham Press, New York.

But we are simply taking chances on what nature has in store for us: The game is worth the money. We have done our duty: we have aided in disclosing nature's treasure. Even when the result brings back no anticipated fortune, if our money has been wisely expended in an honest endeavor to find the silver, our experience will enrich our character.

Also Bannell Sawyer would like shareholders to be more liberal with their quarters in subscribing for his publication, and as "mining" is expensive work, he suggests that each shareholder should send along a new subscriber and \$1.00 cash. To the shareholder that sends in the most money and the greatest number of subscribers, a cash prize of \$100 is promised, with additional prizes down to as low as \$5.

Is it pertinent, or impertinent to ask if this prize money will come from the money that applicants will send in, helped out by a proportion of the quarters realized from added subscribers, or from whence will it emanate? Surely the fine Cleopatra ore won't be sold to provide prize money. Isn't this "mining" with a vengeance, anyway!

Inquirer, Paris, Ont. There is little or no market for bonds of the National Agency Co., Ltd. Their intrinsic worth depends on what assets are behind them.

Mrs. A. H. N., Cleveland, O. After a somewhat extended enquiry as to the Kootenay Exploration Company with former office at No. 51 Wall Street, it appears that all trace of the concern has vanished. I imagine your shares are worthless, at least the company does not appear to be doing anything.

## GOLDEN DREAM MINING COMPANY

of Cobalt

No Personal Liability.

Capital \$10,000,000

NO NOTHING

ONE MILLION SHARES FOR SALE for a limited period, FOR ONE CENT EACH

NOTE.—This is the only TRUE mining statement ever put out.

Seven months ago one of our directors up in Cobalt looking for a job that would produce the gravy with little exertion, discovered a man with a claim. The man wanted \$250 cash for the claim. Our director, after ascertaining that the field was in Willet tp. made a proposition, viz.: "I don't happen to have \$250 cash loose, but I want your claim. You want money, so do I. Suppose, instead of making this a cash purchase, we organize the Golden Dream Mining Company, capital \$10,000,000. I will hand you over 250,000 shares for your claim. I will look after the rest. I know an engineer that can get up a bully report that says nothing, and a pal of mine writes the greatest prospectuses ever. He was a bum newspaperman and comic writer that couldn't hold a job. He took up finance, however, and now he has his own car. We'll put this thing on the market, get shares out at ten cents apiece, and you can unload them and make \$25,000 before the police get curious. I will take 250,000 shares for promotion, and the rest will go to the public. We'll get 'em excited over newspaper advertising, and then sell 'em our shares. It's a big thing; what do you say?" This was agreed to forthwith. The Company was formed.

Here's what the Engineer said:

"I have examined P.D.Q. 83 and X 123, and find an outcropping of native silver which MAY run into a vein. Your diabase is good. On the whole I think your proposition should develop into one of the best things in the camp."

(Sgd) J. Flodgeling,  
Shadow River, Blind County.

ISN'T THAT GOOD ENOUGH FOR YOU?

If not, let us say that NIPISSING—which is only eighteen miles from our MINE, sold once at A DOLLAR A SHARE.

REMEMBER also—that twenty curb brokers in Toronto struggling to get enough to pay office rent are BOOSTING this MINE to the limit.

COLLECT all your loose coin; beg, borrow or steal all the real MONEY you can lay your hands on and GET IN ON THIS.

Cheques, Money, Postage Stamps, or anything of value taken.

Come on in! The water's fine.

D. R. BOOMSLEY,  
Damming Bldg., TORONTO

\$1.50. Would you accept the offer, or would you conclude the watch could not possibly have solid gold value in it? When Stewart River Gold Dredging people take two pages to impress you with the fact that they have 60 miles of gold gravel, an 800-acre test of which showed from 75 cents to \$7.50 values per cubic yard, and then at the end offer you shares for six cents apiece—isn't there a flaw somewhere?

Exeter, June 11th, 1910.

Editor, Gold and Dross.—

Would you please answer the following inquiries regarding Hanson Consolidated Silver Mines, Limited:

- (1) Has the company made recent shipments?
- (2) Can the stock (though unlisted) be obtained on the markets and at what price?
- (3) In what issue, recently, of your paper was the information regarding this property and is the mine a going concern?
- (4) Would you recommend purchase of stock at or around 60c?

A. R. K.

All I know about a Hanson shipment is that an official of this company informed me shortly after the event that Hanson had, on April 21, shipped a car amounting to 38,594 pounds running \$34.45 per ton. At the time this information was given out, the official of the company said he would be glad to forward Saturday Night a report as to what the shipment has yielded. So far, however, I have not heard.

(1) I think you can pick up Hanson any time.

(2) In the last four or five issues.

(3) No.

Canadian Advertising Agency of Toronto appear to be following the lead of a number of other similar concerns in writing letters to people offering, (as an advertisement) to give away a limited number of lots. M. E. Brown, Manager, is signing the letters making this offer. Astonishing, sometimes, how much "something-for-nothing" things cost in the end.

B. H. Scheffels & Co., New York, are working a game that has been worn smooth years ago. These people are sending into Canada letters written under the firm heading, addressed personally to business men and others. This communication speaks somewhat mysteriously of a

house" is flashed over the wire, and that means to buy "Kawhide Coalition,"—the mine that made Nat Goodwin famous. People bite to it, too.

BACK TO THE SOIL.

"Back to the soil," cried the sages, "That way lies money and health." Somehow it seemed too hard labor Sowing and reaping for wealth.

"Back to the soil," cried the boomers, "Country and city in one."

Yet an existence suburban Seemed but a farce of true fun.

"Back to the soil," cried promoters, Gold mines but two cents a share, That looked a bit more inviting, Still he did not seem to care.

Yet he succumbed to the slogan, And for a tiny estate, Gee, but he ran like the dickens

Trying to reach the home plate.

—McLandburgh Wilson, New York Sun.

St. Catharines, Ont., June 10, 1910

Editor, Gold and Dross.—

Dear Sir.—Permit me to express my admiration for the fearless manner in which you have been letting in the light on the fake promotions of various sorts.

Enclosed find a letter from a New York firm about which you had something to say last week, which speaks for itself. You, probably may have already seen this plausible effusion.

WM. H. BUNTING.

The firm referred to—Scheffels & Co., New York, appear to be sitting up late at nights devising schemes to unload their Ely Central stocks on an unwary public. They seem to have procured a lot of good Canadian names some place—probably by paying for them.

Bannell Sawyer is editor of "Cleopatra News." This publication devotes itself to spreading information about the Cleopatra mine.

In the June issue the editor breaks forth as follows:

Can there be any finer business in the world than developing a mine? How intense the excitement! How we wait with bated breath to hear the news from the miners even 10 feet below where they last stood! Prophets disappear and profits arrive as development goes on. Hard cash must be risked to secure big profits in mining.

When a new camp is discovered and some sensational strike made, the country for miles around is located and prospect corporations are formed, all of which base their claim to value on the fact that they are "near" the big strike. Here is where the great loss in inexperienced mining occurs. Only a few of the locations ever turn out a dollar of profit.—From "Rocks in the Road to Fortune," Gotham Press, New York.

If some more gold is placed than silver, then the system is reversed. In some veins or deposits nature scatters the metal so widely that, although it is there, and good assays can be obtained, it is an impossible task to gather it into profitable form by modern science. Consequently, the prospector, even after he finds a crevice, is a subject of nature's whims. Some people call it "blind luck," because no man can tell positively from the surface indications of a prospect how it is going to develop.

A great many prospects have rich ore at the surface which continues down in commercial form to a depth of 300 to 400 feet, and then the body gives out and the mine becomes non-commercial.—From "Rocks in the Road to Fortune."

## JAMES R. KEENE DREW TO THE LIMIT

Snappy Anecdotes told by Chairman of Frisco Stock Exchange.

Joseph L. King's "History of the San Francisco Stock and Exchange Board" contains numerous passages of almost universal interest.

Speaking of James R. Keene, the author says:

In Keene's early days in the Board, before becoming very wealthy, being worth about \$200,000, he could foresee a great market and high prices in the immediate future. He went to Ralston, president of the Bank of California, spoke enthusiastically about the market and its future, and asked for money. A stout man, high forehead, aquiline nose, and a pair of eyes that could read down into your innermost soul, Ralston was the picture, as he sat at his desk, of a successful and cautious, yet liberal banker. His long experience had made him an excellent judge of the mercantile community, and he could be quick about making a loan or refusing it.

"How much do you want?" said Ralston.

"Don't know," answered Keene, "can't tell the exact amount, but would like to commence buying now."

"Well," said Ralston, "you draw your checks and I will tell you when to stop."

It is said Keene drew \$1,300,000 before he was halted. Keene was not always a winner. While ill at home on one occasion the stock market had a severe relapse, stocks breaking badly. Keene rose from bed and hurried to the board with his partner, John W. Coleman. The appearance of things was not of such a nature as to put health into a sick man, and they soon left the board to the rostrum and back again, still one million in value at the time. But that was incidental to the business; in a short time stocks recovered and all were happy again.

To show how quickly Keene could detect an order, let me relate an incident. Mr. Flood, at times, found it to his advantage to employ other than his regular well-known brokers. Mr. R. F. Sherwood was known to be Sharon's confidential broker. Mr. Flood met me on California Street and asked me to tell Sherwood to meet him at a designated place. In the board that afternoon Sherwood began executing an order on one of Flood's well-known stocks. Keene was on his feet instantly, buying the stock, when Sherwood stopped buying and sat down. Keene commenced writing down his purchases, with the remark: "Hello, what's up, a nigger in the fence?" After the board Sherwood related the incident to me, speaking in high praise of the power of discernment that Keene always displayed in times of emergency.

A prominent member saw a spider on the wall one morning. Nothing could induce him to buy or sell anything that day.

One day when Jacket was called, Keene was sitting listlessly in his seat, when all of a sudden he emerged into the aisle, and bidding for Jacket, rushed from the front floor all the way up the aisle to the rostrum, and back again, still buying, still bidding and carried the stock from \$58 to about \$65. He became red in the face with exertion—still redder, and finally, a bluish red, like apoplexy, frightening all of us. We expected him to drop on the floor. Finally stopping, his face resumed its natural color, and when business would allow it, we crowded around him expostulating with him on his actions, claiming it would kill him some day. All of us volunteered at any time to buy stock for him. He was calm now, and putting his hand over his heart, said that whenever he felt a peculiar sensation there, should he follow his inclinations, all would be well; if not, he would lose money. He was short on Jacket, had that peculiar feeling, acted on it, filled his shorts and was now long. As it was reported that he had made \$500,000 at that time, and principally in Jacket, perhaps he was right.

A prominent broker had traded all day on the wrong side of the market. Arriving at home in anything but good spirits, he ascertained that some kind friend had presented his family with a dog. "Well, of course," he said, "that accounts for it." One kick sent the dog out the front door. No more dogs for him.

—\$—\$—

Montreal Light, Heat & Power and Shawinigan Water & Power Companies may amalgamate.

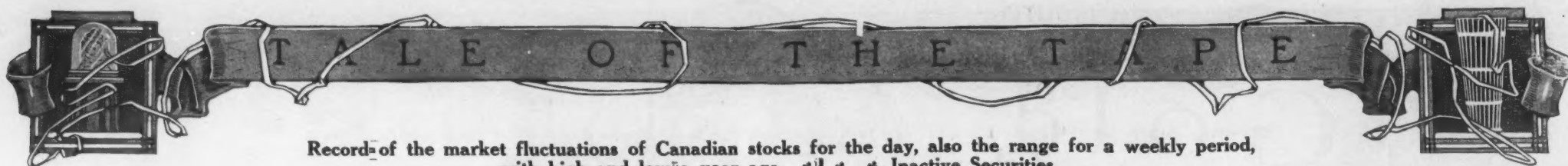
The investor should know the facts, in order that he may reflect and reason upon the time when conditions will so change that profits may be confidentially looked for. A poor man will not then mortgage his home to buy stock in a prospect that cannot, by reason of imperfect conditions, be commercial for years. Some of the more widely advertised districts are so lacking in water, transportation and smelting advantages that they may not be commercial for ten or twenty years. Those conditions are recognized by the experienced, but are seldom made a part of the public appeal for capital by the class of promoters that pay more attention to stock sales and their commissions than they do to ore extraction, the reputation of the industry, or the sorrow of those who may lose.—From "Rocks in the Road to Fortune," Gotham Press, N.Y.

June 8, 1910.

Editor, Gold and Dross.—

As your department appears to be a Court of Justice, where any concern making issue of stocks for sale to the public may appear and be equitably dealt with, I would take advantage of your space to enquire of the Atlantic Oil Co.'s property, situated in Republic of Columbia, South America, and which has been recently taken over by the Columbia Gas and Oil Co., of Canada, Ltd. What do you think of it? Would you think it a safe or rea-





Record of the market fluctuations of Canadian stocks for the day, also the range for a weekly period, with high and low a year ago. Inactive Securities

Par Value	Outstanding Common Stock	Outstanding Preferred	Bonds and Debentures	Res. Funds Profit and Loss	Last Dividend Date	Dividend Per cent.	STOCK	Range for year 1908		Range for twelve months, 1909			Closing year ago June 15		Wednesday, June 15		Range for week ending June 15 in market of activity.				
								High	Low	High	Date	Low	Date	Ask	Bid	High	Low	Last	Sales		
100	150,000,000	181,626,798	34,998,633	2,491,165	1st April	s. 3 + 1/2	TRANSPORTATION	180	142	189	Oct.	166	Mar.	182 1/2	182	196 1/2	195 1/2	196 1/2	194	196 1/2	125
100	12,500,000	25,633,000	2,491,165	2,491,165	1st April	s. 3 + 1/2	Canadian Pacific Railway	180	142	189	Oct.	166	Mar.	182 1/2	182	196 1/2	195 1/2	196 1/2	194	196 1/2	304
100	12,000,000	10,000,000	20,000,000	601,994	1st April	q. 1	Detroit United	180	142	189	Oct.	166	Mar.	182 1/2	182	196 1/2	195 1/2	196 1/2	194	196 1/2	304
100	3,500,000	1,500,000	2,500,000	437,802	1st April	q. 1	Duluth	107	95	124	Dec.	100	Jan.	116 1/2	116	124	123	124	124	123	35
100	1,400,000	600,000	600,000	437,802	1st April	q. 1	Duluth Superior Traction Co., com.	107	95	124	Dec.	100	Jan.	116 1/2	116	124	123	124	124	123	35
100	7,463,703	5,000,000	8,627,731	1,024,465	15th May	q. 1	Halifax Electric	39	20	103	Dec.	39	Jan.	60	59	94	94	94	94	94	228
100	7,463,703	5,000,000	8,627,731	1,024,465	15th May	q. 1	Havana Electric	39	20	103	Dec.	39	Jan.	60	59	94	94	94	94	94	228
100	6,395,500	3,274,300	20,030,500	3,073,400	1st April	q. 1	Illinois Traction, preferred	95	70	98	July	90	Oct.	95	94 1/2	90	90	91 1/2	90	90	730
100	15,000,000	3,073,400	3,073,400	3,073,400	1st April	q. 1	Mexico North Western Railway	139	68 1/2	146	May	122	Dec.	139	138 1/2	137	137 1/2	136	137 1/2	655	
100	10,822,500	15,158,333	371,350	7,239,851	1st May	q. 1	Mexico Tramways Co.	135	80 1/2	148	Jan.	134	Nov.	217	217	243 1/2	243 1/2	243 1/2	243 1/2	110	10
100	18,800,000	8,400,000	56,895,000	2,179,218	1st May	q. 2	Minn. St. P. and Sault Ste. Marie	204 1/2	170 1/2	223 1/2	Dec.	203	Jan.	217 1/2	217	243 1/2	243 1/2	243 1/2	243 1/2	552	
100	10,000,000	4,426,034	2,179,218	2,179,218	1st May	q. 2	Montreal Street	204 1/2	170 1/2	223 1/2	Dec.	203	Jan.	217 1/2	217	243 1/2	243 1/2	243 1/2	243 1/2	552	
100	1,000,000	58,642	58,642	58,642	20th Jan.	a. 8	Northern Navigation	105	83	123	Dec.	97	Jan.	114	112	105	110	110	110	10	10
100	9,000,000	242,900	2,941,500	142,380	15th Mar.	q. 1	Northern Ohio Traction	21	15 1/2	36	Dec.	24	Feb.	35	36	37	36 1/2	36 1/2	36 1/2	36 1/2	36 1/2
100	2,500,000	750,000	2,500,000	502,948	15th Sept.	s. 1	Porto Rico Railways Co.	39	39	69	Dec.	38 1/2	Jan.	50	45	51 1/2	50	52 1/2	49 1/2	50	1,544
100	3,132,000	1,833,573	378,700	1,707,935	1st Mar.	q. 1	Quebec Railway L. & P. Co., com.	39	39	69	Dec.	38 1/2	Jan.	50	45	51 1/2	50	52 1/2	49 1/2	50	1,544
100	31,250,000	40,336,326	1,707,935	1,707,935	1st Mar.	q. 1	Richelieu and Ontario	78	62 1/2	94 1/2	Dec.	77	Jan.	83 1/2	83	83 1/2	83 1/2	83 1/2	83 1/2	83 1/2	76
100	860,000	6,000,000	1,833,573	133,007	1st Jan.	a. 8	Rio de Janeiro	81 1/2	29	103 1/2	May	79	Jan.	98 1/2	98	94 1/2	94 1/2	94 1/2	94 1/2	94 1/2	1,000
100	9,700,000	6,000,000	1,820,814	1,820,814	1st April	q. 2	St. Law. & Chi. Steam Nav. Co.	126 1/2	109 1/2	128 1/2	Nov.	105 1/2	Jan.	117 1/2	115	115	115	115	115	115	180
100	13,875,000	13,257,000	1,691,186	1,691,186	1st April	q. 2	Sao Paulo Tramway L. & P. Co.	156 1/2	110 1/2	161 1/2	Feb.	142 1/2	Aug.	161 1/2	151 1/2	146 1/2	145 1/2	145 1/2	144 1/2	145 1/2	180
100	8,000,000	3,998,327	2,968,500	2,968,500	1st April	q. 1	Toledo Railway	15	5	14 1/2	Jan.	6	May	10	10	124 1/2	124 1/2	120 1/2	120 1/2	119 1/2	231
100	9,000,000	2,826,200	9,137,000	304,456	1st April	q. 1	Toronto Railway	109	94	130	Dec.	107 1/2	Jan.	124 1/2	124 1/2	120 1/2	120 1/2	120 1/2	120 1/2	119 1/2	231
100	20,100,000	3,000,000	19,523,000	1,922,600	1st May	q. 1	Tri-City, preferred	85	69	93	Oct.	84 1/2	Jan.	106 1/2	105	110 1/2	110 1/2	111 1/2	109 1/2	110 1/2	987
100	6,000,000	6,000,000	861,430	861,430	1st April	q. 2	Twin City	171 1/2	124	190	Dec.	156	Jan.	189	187	181	185	182 1/2	182 1/2	182 1/2	23
100	12,500,000	3,649,000	2,275,000	2,275,000	15th April	q. 2	Winnipeg Electric	171 1/2	124	190	June	156	Jan.	189	187	181	185	182 1/2	182 1/2	182 1/2	23
100	3,500,000	2,442,420	2,442,420	2,442,420	1st April	q. 2	TELEGRAPH, LIGHT AND POWER	143	119	150	April	138	Jan.	147	147	145	144	145	144	144 1/2	64
100	41,380,400	50,000,000	903,766	903,766	1st April	q. 1	Bell Telephone	200	182	207 1/2	April	195 1/2	Jan.	207	206	200 1/2	200 1/2	202 1/2	200 1/2	200 1/2	65
100	41,380,400	50,000,000	903,766	903,766	1st April	q. 1	Consumers Gas	77 1/2	52	95 1/2	Nov.	60 1/2	Jan.	82	80 1/2	88	87 1/2	87 1/2	85 1/2	87 1/2	201
100	13,585,000	2,400,000	12,000,000	910,823	15th April	q. 1	Mackay, common	77 1/2	59	77 1/2	Sept.	69 1/2	Jan.	74	73 1/2	76	75 1/2	75 1/2	75 1/2	75 1/2	226
100	13,585,000	2,400,000	12,000,000	910,823	15th April	q. 1	Mackay, preferred	77 1/2	59	77 1/2	Sept.	69 1/2	Jan.	74	73 1/2	76	75 1/2	75 1/2	75 1/2	75 1/2	226
100	17,000,000	9,063,000	2,221,360	2,221,360	15th May	q. 1	Mexican Light and Power Co., com.	108 1/2	99 1/2	107 1/2	Jan.	103 1/2	April	123	123 1/2	133 1/2	133 1/2	134 1/2	133 1/2	133 1/2	6
100	1,520,300	7,900,000	171,176	171,176	31st Mar.	q. 1	Montreal Power	113	85	136 1/2	Dec.	109	Mar.	123	122 1/2	133 1/2	133 1/2	134 1/2	133 1/2	133 1/2	639
100	7,000,000	1,036,788	1,036,788	1,036,788	20th April	q. 1	Ottawa Light, Heat & Power Co.	81	55	103 1/2	Dec.	85 1/2	Nov.	95	90 1/2	101 1/2	101 1/2	100 1/2	100 1/2	100 1/2	735
100	4,000,000	1,000,000	1,036,788	1,036,788	1st April	q. 2	Shawinigan Water and Power Co.	135	110	135	Jan.	114	May	121	122	122	120	114 1/2	120	72	
100	4,000,000	1,000,000	1,036,788	1,036,788	1st April	q. 2	Toronto Electric Light	135	110	135	Jan.	114	May	121	122	122	120	114 1/2	120	72	

Par Value	Capital Stock Outstanding	Reserve Fund	Profit and Loss	Last Dividend		STOCK	Range for year 1908		Range for twelve months, 1909				Closing year ago		Wednesday June 15		Range for week ending June 15 in market of activity.			
				Date	Per cent.		High	Low	High	Date	Low	Date	June 15	Ask	Bid	High	Low	Last	Sales	
243	4,866,666	2,530,666	294,653	8th April	3+1	BANKS	147	141	155	Mar.	148	Feb.	Ask	Bid	150	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
50	10,000,000	5,000,000	722,139	1st Mar.	q. 2	British North America	171	*155	*201	Dec.	171	Jan.	.....	180	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
50	4,000,000	5,000,000	295,766	1st April	q. 3	Commerce	246	216	248	Aug.	236	April	242	240	.....	241	240	240	240	10
100	3,000,000	2,100,000	148,841	1st April	q. 2	Dominion	150	148	165	Dec.	155	Jan.	.....	*	.....	*161	161	161	161	2
100	2,540,370(2)	2,540,370(2)	403,665	1st Mar.	q. 2	Eastern Townships	205	185	206	Dec.	199	Jan.	.....	201	200	198	*198	*198	*198	2
100	2,500,000	2,300,000	23,812	1st Mar.	q. 2	Hamilton	150	133	*148	Sept.	140	Jan.	.....	145	114	143	*144	*144	*144	10
100	5,000,000	5,000,000	696,135	1st May	q. 2	Hochelaga	234	209	234	Jan.	225	Nov.	231	228	227	226	226	*224	226	36
100	6,000,000	4,500,000	102,157	1st Mar.	q. 2	Imperial	166	151	170	Dec.	160	Jan.	163	162	.....	177	176	176	176	35
100	1,000,000	1,000,000	307,809	1st April	q. 2	Merchants	207	188	211	Jan.	199	Sept.	205	204	211	211	214	211*	211*	103
100	3,500,000	3,850,000	257,769	1st April	q. 2	Metropolitan	250	*228	254	Aug.	245	Jan.	251	251	252	250	*251	250	250	80
100	14,400,000	12,000,000	681,561	1st Mar.	q. 2	Molson's	120	120	120	May	120	Oct.	276	276	276	276	273	*270	273	3
100	2,000,000	1,200,000	26,014	1st May	q. 1	Nationale	289	274	285	Jan.	276	Dec.	281	.....	.....	*	*282	280	*282	18
100	772,780	1,377,365	26,266	1st April	q. 3	New Brunswick	208	200	213	Feb.	205	Mar.	.....	210	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
100	3,000,000	5,500,000	44,865	1st April	q. 3	Ottawa	135	120	126	June	122	Jan.	125	.....	123	123	*123	123	45	
100	3,432,400(2)	3,432,400(2)	455,919	1st Mar.	q. 2	Quebec	233	*211	*233	June	222	Feb.	.....	*	232	232	232	*232	15	
100	2,500,000	5,700,000	228,393	1st April	q. 2	Royal	221	*213	241	Jan.	224	April	.....	228	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
50	2,000,000	2,400,000	54,074	1st Mar.	q. 2	Standard	221	201	227	Jan.	215	July	220	*	.....	14	14	14	14	.....
100	4,000,000	4,750,000	68,871	1st Mar.	q. 2	Toronto	137	122	148	Dec.	136	Jan.	.....	*138	145	*144	147	146	147	16
100	4,354,500	2,200,000	102,443	1st April	q. 2	Traders	124	121	140	Dec.	120	Jan.	.....	.....	142	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
100	3,224,700	1,900,000	28,676	1st Mar.	q. 1	Union	124	121	140	Dec.	120	Jan.	.....	.....	142	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....

Par Value	Outstanding Common	Outstanding Preferred	Bonds and Debentures	Res. Funds Profit and Loss	Last Dividend Date	Per cent.	STOCK	Range for year 1908		Range for twelve months, 1909			Closing year ago June 15		Wednesday, June 15		Range for week ending June 8, in market of activity.				
								High	Low	High	Date	Low	Date	Ask	Bid	Ask	Bid	High	Low	Last	Sales
100	8,125,000	1,875,000	7,500,000	7,500,000	1st April	q. 1	INDUSTRIALS AND MISCELLANEOUS														
100	8,125,000	1,875,000	7,500,000	7,500,000	1st April	q. 1	Amal. Asbestos Corp., com.	33	27	33	Oct.	27	Dec.	21	20	21	20	21	20	21	
100	3,000,000	1,000,000	510,000	510,000	1st April	q. 1	Black Lake Cons. Asbestos, com.	91	89	91	Dec.	21	Dec.	27	26	27	26	27	26		
100	3,000,000	1,000,000	510,000	510,000	1st April	q. 1	Black Lake Cons. Asbestos, pref.	67	62	67	Dec.	21	Dec.	67	65	67	65	67	65		
100	750,000	750,000	49,000	63,588	1st April	q. 1	F. N. Burt Company, com.	59	53	59	Dec.	53	Oct.	102	102	102	102	102	102		
100	750,000	750,000	49,000	63,588	1st April	q. 1	F. N. Burt Company, pref.	93	91	93	Dec.	91	Oct.	102	102	102	102	102	102		
100	3,500,000	5,000,000	3,500,000	756,940	1st April	q. 1	Canadian Car & Foundry, com.	108	104	108	July	110	Jan.	120	119	115	115	115	115		
100	3,500,000	5,000,000	3,500,000	756,940	1st April	q. 1	Canadian Car & Foundry, pref.	108	104	108	July	110	Jan.	120	119	115	115	115	115		
100	13,500,000	10,500,000	5,000,000	75,296	1st April	q. 1	Canada Cement, com.	145	111	163	April	140	Jan.	161	170	170	170	169	169		
100	13,500,000	10,500,000	5,000,000	75,296	1st April	q. 1	Canada Cement, pref.	145	111	163	April	140	Jan.	161	170	170	170	169	169		
100	2,966,695	1,959,455	2,541,300	76,700	1st April	q. 1	Canada Permanent	23	20	106	Sept.	27	Jan.	90	88	95	95	95	95		
100	2,966,695	1,959,455	2,541,300	76,700	1st April	q. 1	Can. Consolidated Rubber, com.	85	85	125	July	83	Jan.	121	119	115	115	115	115		
100	4,700,000	2,000,000	267,568	1,829,000	1st April	q. 1	Canadian General Electric, com.	108	83	123	July	101	Jan.	120	119	115	115	115	115		
100	4,700,000	2,000,000	267,568	1,829,000	1st April	q. 1	Canadian General Electric, pref.	108	83	123	July	101	Jan.	120	119	115	115	115	115		
100	555,000	408,910	54,396	71,971	1st Jan.	s. 1	City Dairy, common	20	15	35	May	15	Jan.	33	33	32	34	34	34		
100	555,000	408,910	54,396	71,971	1st April	q. 1	City Dairy, preferred	20	15	35	May	15	Jan.	33	33	32	34	34	34		
100	15,000,000	3,000,000	6,492,648	496,234	1st April	q. 1	Crown Reserve	2,90	1,88	6,00	Oct.	2,60	Jan.	345	345	2,96	2,96	2,96	2,96		
100	15,000,000	3,000,000	6,492,648	496,234	1st April	q. 1	Dominion Coal	603	85	120	Nov.	96	Feb.	70	70	65	64	65	64		
100	20,000,000	5,000,000	13,271,500	2,414,129	1st May	s. 3	Dominion Coal, preferred	603	85	120	Nov.	96	Feb.	70	70	65	64	65	64		
100	20,000,000	5,000,000	13,271,500	2,414,129	1st April	arr. 31	Dominion Steel, common	72	14	72	Dec.	19	Jan.	46	45	108	110	110	110		
100	20,000,000	5,000,000	13,271,500	2,414,129	1st April	arr. 31	Dominion Steel, preferred	72	14	72	Dec.	19	Jan.	46	45	108	110	110	110		
100	5,000,000	1,858,113	3,461,941	457,173	1st April	q. 1	Dominion Textile, common	67	40	79	Sept.	57	Mar.	73	72	70	69	70	69		
100	5,000,000	1,858,113	3,461,941	457,173	1st April	q. 1	Dominion Textile, preferred	107	78	110	June	95	Feb.	107	107	104	103	104	103		
100	40,000,000	12,000,000	522,178	1,284,395	1st Mar.	b. 5	Lake Superior Corporation	119	103	128	Sept.	118	Jan.	116	115	126	124	126	126		
100	2,100,000	1,500,000	1,000,000	1,284,395	1st Mar.	q. 1	Lake of Woods Milling	98	71	145	Oct.	97	Jan.	116	115	135	133	135	131		
100	2,100,000	1,500,000	1,000,000	1,284,395	1st Mar.	q. 1	Lake of Woods Milling, preferred	119	103	128	Sept.	118	Jan.	116	115	126	124	126	126		
100	7,488,145	1,000,000	978,966	527,783	30th April	q. 2	La Rose Cons. Mines Co.	7,12	6,25	8,47	Aug.	4,20	Nov.	776	776	4,80	4,80	4,80	4,80		
100	1,600,000	800,000	978,966	527,783	1st April	q. 1	Laurentide, common	112	81	130	Sept.	112	Jan.	125	125	145	145	145	145		
100	1,600,000	800,000	978,966	527,783	1st April	q. 1	Laurentide, preferred	112	81	130	Sept.	112	Jan.	125	125	145	145	145	145		
100	700,000	800,000	978,966	527,783	1st Jan.	s. 1	Montreal Steel	83	57	105	Dec.	68	April	85	84	115	115	115	115		
100	700,000	800,000	978,966	527,783	8th April	q. 1	Montreal Steel, preferred	105	92	117	Dec.	104	April	106	118	118	118	118	118		
100	6,000,000	1,030,000	4,500,000	336,807	15th April	q. 1	aNipissing Mines Co.	12	6	12,91	Sept.	9,25	Feb.	10,70	10,70	1155	11,35	11,35	11,35		
100	6,000,000	1,030,000	4,500,000	336,807	15th April	q. 1	Nova Scotia Steel, common	62	41	87	Nov.	54	Mar.	68	68	84	83	88	83		
100	6,000,000	1,030,000	4,500,000	336,807	15th April	q. 1	Nova Scotia Steel, preferred	115	108	122	Dec.	114	Jan.	125	123	122	121	122	121		
100	2,500,000	2,000,000	1,750,000	723,317	1st April	q. 2	Ogilvie Flour	116	101	144	Dec.	112	Mar.	125	123	132	132	132	132		
100	2,500,000	2,000,000	1,750,000	723,317	1st April	q. 1	Ogilvie Flour, preferred	130	114	128	Sept.	118	Mar.	127	127	127	127	127	127		
100	2,150,000	1,075,000	2,000,000	602,005	15th May	q. 1	Penmans, Limited, common	50	29	66	July	42	Feb.	55	54	60	59	60	60		
100	2,150,000	1,075,000	2,000,000	602,005	1st May	q. 1	Penmans, Limited, preferred	85	60	93	May	84	Oct.	92	90	85	87	87	87		
100	937,500	900,000	685,690	685,690	1st April	q. 1	William A. Rogers, Ltd., common	152	111	152	May	101	Mar.	117	117	163	163	163	163		
100	937,500	900,000	685,690	685,690	1st April	q. 1	William A. Rogers, Ltd., preferred	152	111	152	May	101	Mar.	117	117	163	163	163	163		
100	8,750,000	1,250,000	656,950	656,950	1st April	q. 1	Shredded Wheat, common	32	30	43	Dec.	29	April	31	30	40	40	40	40		
100	8,750,000	1,250,000	656,950	656,950	1st April	q. 1	Shredded Wheat, preferred	99	94	97	Jan.	97	Jan.	96	96	96	96	96	96		
100	1,000,000	1,000,000	91,303	91,303	15th Dec.	s. 15	Tretheway Cobalt Mine	180	47	164	Feb.	129	June	133	133	125	125	125	125		



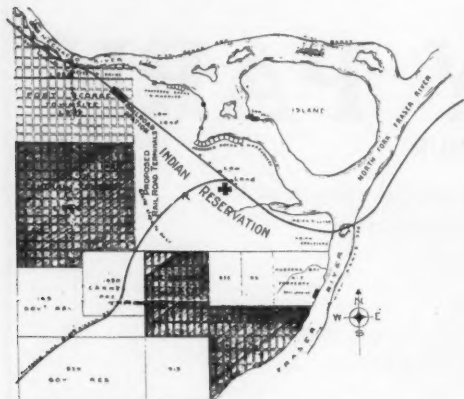
# The President of the Natural Resources Security Company, owners of what they are pleased to call the "townsite" of Fort George, becomes peevish over Saturday Night's criticism of their proposition. \$1,000 per lot being obtained for land that should be sold by the quarter section.

A gentleman at Bruce Mines, Ontario, sends me the following interesting letter from the Natural Resources Security Company, Ltd., this being the corporation which is pleased to term itself the owners of Ft. George Townsite, British Columbia, said lots being advertised extensively both in the east and west:

NATURAL RESOURCES SECURITY COMPANY, LTD.  
owners of  
Fort George Townsite, B.C.  
Vancouver, B.C., May 25, 1910.

Mr. H. A. Burk,  
Bruce Mines, Ont.

Dear Sir,—We are in receipt of your favor of the 18th inst., and note your explanation of your cancelling your contract. It hardly seems possible to us that a man of your evident standing and business acumen could be guided by articles contained in such an irresponsible publication. We would explain that our Toronto solicitors advise us that the publication mentioned is financially and morally irresponsible, and evidently



Reproduced from the literature of the Natural Resources Security Co. Note the railway station which they have placed on their own land, and which the Grand Trunk Pacific is supposed to build but won't. Note also the X at which point the Grand Trunk Pacific will build their station, it being situated in the centre of the real Fort George Townsite owned exclusively by the Grand Trunk Pacific and which has not yet been placed on the market. The distance between the real townsite of Fort George and the land being sold as high as \$1,000 per lot by the Natural Resources Co., may also be noted. At the moment there is no railway within 165 miles of this "townsite."

started this black-malling column for the reason that they are swamped with judgments. In this connection we would like to have you read carefully the enclosed article which we have marked in blue pencil.

Yours very truly,

NATURAL RESOURCES SECURITY CO., LTD.

Mr. Burk adds to the bottom of this letter:  
"I have confidence in your paper, this is why I forward same."

We are sorry that this Mr. Hammond, president of the Natural Resources Security Company, has formed such a bad opinion of SATURDAY NIGHT, but under the circumstances, he is hardly to be blamed for being a trifle peevish, as this paper has done something towards showing up his company and its alleged townsite.

As we have before stated in this paper, the real townsite of Fort George belongs to the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, and the Natural Resources Company never has and never will own a foot of it unless they purchase the same from the Grand Trunk Pacific.

The absolute falseness of the representations of the Natural Resources Company in regard to this townsite is clearly indicated by the accompanying map, which is reproduced from some of this sprightly corporation's "Come-on" literature.

That part marked Indian Reservation is owned by the Grand Trunk Pacific, and will when the proper time comes be opened up by that railway as the Townsite of Fort George. Quite naturally the railway will build its railway station and whatever else it has to build on its own land and not upon that of the "Fort George Townsite" as indicated upon the map. The railway station on the accompanying plan, is as a matter of fact, a figment of the imagination. According to the officials of the Grand Trunk Pacific, the railway station at Fort George will occupy a position somewhere near the centre of their own property, indicated by X on the accompanying map.

Just how much truth is contained in the statements of the Natural Resources Company in regard to their Fort George proposition may be gathered from the following extract from an official report handed over to this office by the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway:

"There has never been an announcement made officially that the shops or any other works would be erected at Fort George, and has not even yet been considered. The branch line from Fort George is projected, but no arrangements whatever have been made in regard to its construction. The company's townsite, which will be on the Indian Reserve at Fort George, has not been subdivided nor any undertaking to sell lots made, nor will it be placed on the market. It is expected that before a definite conclusion is reached as to whether the line from Fort George to Vancouver will be built, as it is not desired to use the same means for selling lots as adopted by the owners of the townsites in the neighborhood. These townsites are, of course, all outside the Indian Reserve and from one to two miles at least from the Company's townsite and station, and it is difficult to figure out how any lots in these townsites can be of any considerable value, even for speculative purposes. It is desirable to give publicity to the real state of affairs in

order to arrest the wild speculation which is going on at the present time, due in a large part to the unauthorized and incorrect statements being made, and in order to advise the public that there is absolutely no official connection with any of the schemes on the market."

That this Fort George proposition of the Natural Resources Company has been receiving some well merited attention from publications other than SATURDAY NIGHT is indicated by the following choice extract from one of their latest circulars, dated May 10:

## A PERSONAL WORD.

This extra bulletin is put out in advance of our No. 3 Bulletin, for two reasons:  
First—Several newspapers have recently printed articles purporting to give authentic information about Fort George townsite. Some of these articles were inspired and paid for by a company exploiting another townsite. The other articles were printed for blackmailing purposes, and in both cases our solicitors have taken out writs for libel and misrepresentation.

In the St. Thomas (Ont.) Journal of June 4 appears a long letter from E. A. Smith, who was one of a party of five St. Thomas men to journey forth recently in quest of land in the West and who visited Fort George. Mr. Smith describes his trip from Ashcroft in a stage coach via the old Cariboo road. This trip by road covers a distance of 165 miles, changes of horses being made every 20 miles or so. At Soda Creek the party took passage on a steamer and eventually arrived at Fort George. There they pitched their tent, built their camp fire and bought the only loaf of bread there was for sale in the town for 25c. Fort George, he says, consists of fifty tents, and frame shacks and one saw-mill, no streets, and everyone goes to the creek to wash and drink. There is only one bedstead in the place, and this is slept on by the secretary of the boat. He then quotes the prices of provisions, which are as follows:

White Beans, 16c. per lb.  
Bread, 25c. per loaf.  
Eggs, \$1.25 per doz. when there is any  
Bacon, 40c. per lb.  
Flour, \$14 per cwt.  
Hay, \$70 per ton.  
Oats, \$4 per bushel.

At the present time there is only about 5 acres of land cleared. There is, he says, no wagon road out of Fort George, and the only way to get out and in is either by canoe, on horseback, or on foot.

"LOTS IN FORT GEORGE," HE SAYS, "WHERE THERE IS NOTHING BUT JUST STUMPS, WERE SELLING WHEN WE WERE THERE, SOME AS HIGH AS \$1,000, NO IMPROVEMENTS WHATSOEVER, NOT EVEN GRASS TO WALK ON OR KEEP OFF OF."

—\$—\$—  
Future  
Trend of  
Money  
and  
Stocks  
Views of  
the  
Experts  
in Condensed  
Form  
GOING UP  
100%  
75%  
25%  
50%  
GOING DOWN

Erickson Perkins & Co. (J. G. Beaty), New York, say:  
The bull factors may be summed up as follows:—  
1. Good crop outlook.  
2. Cheap money prospects.  
3. Foreign buying of stocks and bonds.  
4. Declining cost of living.  
The offsetting bear factors are:—  
1. Rate advance postulated with retrenchment and a possible lowering of wages or dividends.  
2. Approach of fall election campaign with fear of Republican defeat.  
3. Poor international trade balance.  
4. Hanging over of the Sherman anti-trust law as involving in the Standard Oil and Tobacco cases.  
Pending the adjournment of Congress, we are not likely to have any considerable advance in stocks.

Herbert H. Ball in Toronto World:  
No feature to the market. Money stays tight, and banks may have some difficulty in moving the next crop.

Thomas W. Lawson:  
A big bull market up back there in the hills.

Market for Cobalts:  
Brokers look for a dull summer. Interest diverted to Forcupine and Elk Lake.

New York crop outlook:  
United States Government winter wheat crop report indicates yield of 424,042,000 bushels, as against 1909 harvest of 446,366,000 bushels.

Toronto Globe financial:  
Brokers do not expect that the attitude of lending institutions towards the market can be any more encouraging as the autumn approaches, but hopes are still held out for a revival of public interest in the market before the harvest. Otherwise the Canadian exchanges will experience the longest period of dullness which has been their lot in several years.

—\$—\$—  
The prospects appear to be that New York Savings Banks will continue to pay depositors interest of four per cent. A reduction to three and a half per cent. was feared.

—\$—\$—  
The Canadian Converters have issued their looked-for annual report. The statement is disappointing to shareholders, on the whole.

## How Stocks Stood the Storm

JUNE, 1910	2	3	4	6	7	8	9
C. P. R. ....							
Dom. Coal ....							
Mackay ....							
Rio ....							
BANKS:							
Montreal ....							
Dominion ....							

Chart illustrates how representative Canadian issues took a tumble at Toronto and Montreal, in sympathy with the New York slump, felt here at the opening Friday, June 3. C.P.R. as the quotation line shows, lowered a point, then shook off the influence and soared higher than ever. The banks also ran along pretty evenly. Rio, a speculative issue, failed to rally finally to the extent of the general list. The stock market is peculiarly susceptible to favorable or unfavorable factors, and here in Toronto Wall Street completely overshadows our market, so that an occurrence of purely United States significance, such as an anti-corporation blast, or a poor crop estimate—may at any moment take the stock temporarily out of a couple of dozen Canadian stocks which intrinsically are not hurt an atom by the United States event, whatever it may be.

## New Security Issues in Canada

H. M. P. ECKARDT

ONE of the leading banks in Montreal is said to have announced the other day that for the present it will not participate in any more security issues in Canada, but will be pleased to undertake for reputable Canadian corporations flotations of bonds or stocks in the London market. An attitude of this kind when taken by a powerful bank has considerable significance. In the first place, it means that, in the judgment of the management of the bank referred to, the Canadian financial market is getting somewhat clogged with new securities; in other words, that a considerable part of the new stuff put on the home market during the past year remains undigested.

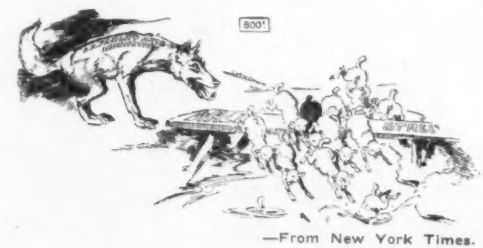
It is quite possible that the numerous flotations, in Toronto and Montreal, of new issues of securities by merged corporations and new enterprises have had more to do than is generally supposed in tightening up the money market. For the growing scarcity of funds the common explanation is that the rising tide of industrial activity is absorbing the surplus cash of the banks at a rapid rate, and that the stock market borrowers at the centres will perhaps be called upon to relinquish more credits to the industrial and mercantile borrowers between now and fall. That no doubt is the chief reason for the moderate degree of stringency we have been experiencing, but at the same time it is open to question whether that process would have altered the complexion of the money markets in so short a time if the security issues had not also been in evidence.

In order to illustrate how the latter may have affected the local markets it is only necessary to call attention to some of the differences between loans or advances made to industrial and mercantile concerns and loans made on the security of new bonds and stocks. In the first place, when a bank decides to utilize a portion of its surplus cash in an advance to an industrial customer it does so in the knowledge or belief that the advance will be a continuing one. In a certain sense it may even be a permanent loan. Of course the customer's loan will run up and down, and the items comprising the total of his advance will be paid

off and succeeded by other items—the account will be in a state of flux, so to speak; but the bank executive calculates that in carrying this particular account a certain average amount of the bank's funds will be in permanent employment. It is not intended that the funds shall be withdrawn from this employment so long as the customer finds profit in using them and so long as his condition and that of the bank is such as to permit it to carry the loan.

In the other kind of loan the circumstances are not the same. The bank wishes to have the bulk of its resources engaged in good commercial advances. At certain times its reserves of cash accumulate because the demand from its mercantile customers does not absorb the increase of its deposits. Then, temporarily, it will increase its loans on bonds and stocks. But there is no intention or idea of leaving the funds permanently in that form. They will be withdrawn just as soon as it is possible to take up new commercial business. Every one of those new flotations in Canada resulted in increasing the loans of the banks; and it was the temporary or surplus monies that went into the loans. In the case of a flotation of say \$1,500,000 the banks would perhaps be required to advance \$1,250,000 or \$1,300,000 at the outset, and then the course of their loans would depend upon the fate of the issue. Suppose the whole thing was taken up within a couple of months by investors who paid hard cash for the securities without borrowing from the banks to get the funds. Then the bank loans would be wiped off in that time. But this does not happen even in the case of the most successful flotation. In a case wherein the public does actually take up the whole of an issue at the time of flotation there will be nevertheless a variety of bank loans called into existence. The subscribers, large and small, who apply for allotments, in the majority of cases borrow from their banks in order to make their payments to the issuing house. The stock will appear in considerable quantities in the collateral brought in by the brokers as security for fresh loans required by them. This when the flotation is an unqualified success. But all the flotations made in the past year have not been successful. Of course the promoters usually claim that they were. There are not very many new security issues in Canada wherein the issuing house acknowledges that the whole issue was not taken. In London, however, public issues of this kind sometimes fail; and it would be most remarkable if failures were never met in Montreal and Toronto.

Where the public does not take the offering it means large loans to the underwriters. A bank may put up half a million or so in loans to underwriters of a new issue; and, if it goes but slowly or not at all, the loan is dead and would be permanent if the bank executive was weak enough to let it run on. And in the meantime opportunities are presenting themselves for the acquisition of excellent commercial and industrial accounts, which would be a source of profit to the bank for years. Some of these may have to be declined because the bank has more of its funds than it wishes to have in dead loans on securities which have no active market. On considering these points the action of the bank referred to at the beginning of the article becomes more intelligible. If the other institutions follow the lead no large issues of new securities by our corporations will be made, until conditions relax again, except those suitable for the London market.



—From New York Times.

One of the most frequently expressed objections to postal savings banks is that "we don't need them"—that there are plenty of regular savings banks in which the man with any disposition to save can put his money, says Harper's Weekly. That is true—in New York, Massachusetts, and Connecticut. Between them, the savings banks of those three States hold just 60 per cent. of the savings bank deposits of the whole country. Which, however, only emphasizes the fact that outside of the three States mentioned there is only one savings bank depositor among every twenty-four inhabitants. In Germany and France nearly one-third of the population have savings bank accounts, while in England every fourth inhabitant is a depositor.

—\$—\$—  
F. Maclure Selanders, Commissioner of the Board of Trade, Saskatoon, predicts this year the largest crop yet cut in the West.

—\$—\$—  
Messrs. McGibbon & MacDougall are opening a stock brokerage office in Montreal.

## JOHN KAY AND MURRAY'S TO FORM THREE MILLION DOLLAR FIRM

Amalgamation nearly completed of two of Toronto's oldest business houses. To erect \$1,000,000 building.

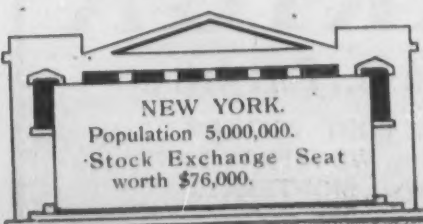
The preparatory work is, it is understood, completed in connection with amalgamating two of the oldest high-grade retail business houses of the city—the firm of John Kay Co., Ltd., of No. 36-38 King Street West, and the W. A. Murray Co., Ltd., of No. 17 King Street east. The plan is to combine these two prosperous concerns under the firm name of Murray-Kay, Ltd., with an evenly divided preferred and common share capital totalling \$3,000,000, and to erect a modern fireproof and centrally located headquarters in Toronto at a cost of approximately \$1,000,000. The result will be the establishment here of a shop of the general tone of Altman & Co. of New York, and it is said that when an offering is made to the public that statements will be published showing that present earnings will be sufficient to pay six per cent. on the common shares, which will be allotted with the preferred. The president of this new business will be W. Parkyn Murray, the present head of The W. A. Murray Co., Ltd. It is understood that the majority of officers of both Kay's and Murray's will figure in the new firm. The amalgamation of Kay's and Murray's appears to be

an evidence of the growth of the demand in this city for a class of goods of high-grade and substantial quality. Both firms have added a series of departments to their businesses from time to time, but their quarters are today considered to be inadequate and the surroundings not sufficiently modern to do justice to the large trade each store has developed.

Both of the firms entering into the amalgamation have been for many years part of Toronto's business life. John Kay's was established in the year 1843, and Murray's was formed just ten years later. Of recent years both have operated as stock companies, with a few people in each holding all the shares.

W. Parkyn Murray is President of the Murray Co., with Major J. A. Murray, Vice-President, Messrs. J. W. Drynan and Dr. C. S. Murray, directors, and J. E. Featherstonhaugh, Treasurer. The board of John Kay Co., Ltd., is composed of W. T. Bradshaw, President; D. K. Ridout, Vice-President; W. K. McNaught, M.P.P., director, and Wilson Fenton, Secretary-Treasurer.

## COST OF STOCK EXCHANGE SEATS



Profits for the year, as shown by the annual report of the Quebec Bank were \$278,926.58, or over eleven per cent. on the capital. This is an increase of one per cent. over earnings for last year. The general statement shows that the bank's assets are in more liquid shape than formerly. The Quebec Bank has opened a Winnipeg branch.

## THE STERLING BANK OF CANADA

BRANCHES IN TORONTO:—Cor. King and Bay Sts.; Cor. Adelaide and Simcoe Streets. Cor. College and Grace Streets. Corner Queen and Closs Avenue; Corner Dundas and Keele Streets.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENTS AT ALL BRANCHES



## A Building of Historic Interest.



BANK BUILDING, 55 YEARS OLD.  
Scene of the spectacular raid by Dalton imitators seventeen years ago, now Home Bank branch office.

Somewhat curious and interesting is the history attaching to the building at No. 78 Church street. Now a branch of the Home Bank of Canada, originally this structure housed what may be called the parent of the Home Bank in the shape of the Toronto Savings Bank. This early institution was practically legislated out of existence. It merged into the Home Savings & Loan Company, but later on again assumed the status of a bank.

The three phases of this fiscal existence are plainly decipherable from the photograph of this building, shown above.

On January 27, 1893, while the institution now known as the Home Bank was then the Home Savings & Loan Company, a gang of four men, each armed with a pair of revolvers, imitating the deeds and the methods of the Dalton gang, entered the place and endeavored to force their way into the steel cage and seize what money they could lay their hands upon. They met a stout resistance. The present assistant general manager of the Home Bank, Major J. Cooper Mason, D.S.O., then a youth in the office, helped to successfully resist the invaders and was laid out for his trouble. The gang, composed of Bennett, Archer, Ed. Archer, and Norris, were finally captured after clever detective work on the part of Detective Walter Duncan, now chief of detectives, and the leader was sentenced to 15 years in the penitentiary, and the others for lesser terms.

The present general manager of the Home Bank, Colonel Mason, has been connected with each of the three institutions which have been housed in the Church street building.

The history of the various changes is interesting.

About the beginning of the reign of Queen Victoria there were practically no facilities afforded mechanics and others in receipt of moderate salaries, or incomes, for saving their money. There were but very few banks in existence, with but few branches, and these banks did not encourage the depositing of small sums, so that, unless anyone desirous of saving money chose to make his deposits with private bankers, he had to keep his surplus earnings in his own custody.

The Government of the day recognized this fact, and an Act was passed by the Parliament of Canada, then consisting of the provinces of Upper Canada and Lower Canada, in the 4th and 5th years of the reign of Queen Victoria. This Act authorized the establishment of Savings Banks, to be managed by trustees. Authority to establish a bank could easily be obtained, and trustees would elect annually among themselves a board of directors to manage the affairs of the institution. These directors took an oath before the clerk of the peace that they would properly perform the duties of their position. There were no shareholders, nor capital of any kind provided for by the Act. Investments were defined, and any profits arising would be distributed among the depositors, or handed over to the public charities of the city or town in which the Savings Bank was established. A number of banks were organized, under the authority of this Act, and did much good in encouraging habits of economy and thrift among the people. Deposits were accepted as low as 20 cents by some of them.

About the year 1870, Confederation of the Provinces having then been effected, the Government of Canada conceived the idea of establishing Government and Post Office Savings Banks, and, no doubt, in order to encourage the people to use these new institutions, repealed the Act of 4 and 5 Vic., giving the Savings Banks, organized under the authority of that Act, one of three choices:

(1) To become a Joint Stock Savings Bank.

(2) To become a Government Savings Bank under the new Act.

(3) To wind up.

The Savings Banks went out of existence in some of these three ways. The City and District Savings Bank of Montreal and Le Caisse d'Economie, Quebec, became Joint Stock Savings Banks, both of which are now large and flourishing institutions.

The Toronto Savings Bank was established in 1854 under the authority of Act 4 and 5 Vic. The first office premises were on Colborne street. Shortly afterwards the office was moved up to Church street. The building was then No. 72, but is now No. 78. When the Act referred to was repealed the Toronto Savings Bank received from the Government an extension of ten years, but in 1878 the directors of the bank, having obtained a charter from the Ontario Government, organized The Home Savings & Loan Co., and the transfer of the assets and business of the Toronto Savings Bank to the Loan Company was made under the authority of an Act of the Dominion Parliament. The Toronto Savings Bank then, of course, went out of existence, having at the time a surplus of some \$20,000, which, under the provision of the said Act of the Dominion Parliament, was set aside as a trust fund, which was called the Toronto Savings Bank Charitable Trust—but having no connection with the Loan Company. This trust was to be managed by certain trustees, and is still in existence, and the annual returns from its investments are distributed each year among different charities of the city. The business of the Loan

Company proved to be successful, deposits increasing rapidly, and about the year 1904 it was considered necessary, owing to the increase of its business, to make another change, and a charter was obtained from the Dominion Government for The Home Bank of Canada, and on the 1st January, 1906, the Home Bank of Canada commenced business, having taken over the assets, and assumed the liabilities of the Loan Company. There was no change or break in the office premises of these various institutions, nor in the management, the same building and the same people—allowing, of course, for the natural changes which would arise in the directorate or management in so long a period. As a matter of fact, Mr. Eugene O'Keefe, the well-known brewer, was a clerk in the Toronto Savings Bank at its organization, and is now the president of The Home Bank. The general manager of The Home Bank, Colonel James Mason, began as a junior in the Toronto Savings Bank shortly before the repeal of the Act referred to, in due time became managing director of The Home Savings & Loan Company, and then general manager of The Home Bank of Canada, so it can be said that the office building of the Church street branch has been used continuously by practically the same institution for a period of about 55 years. This cannot be said of any other financial corporation in Toronto.

## 17 Rules for Investors

A member of a well-known Toronto financial house has prepared the following interesting memo. on the subject of investing one's capital. The points brought out are well worth serious consideration on the part of those with limited experience in these matters, and a perusal may well freshen up the lore of old hands at the game:

1. The making of an investment requires as much judgment as it takes to accumulate money, and in these days when promoters are so smooth and advertisements of propositions so alluring, it is always wise to consult a broker of standing before making an investment. It costs nothing, and one cannot lose anything by so doing. It may be the means of saving one from making an unprofitable investment.
2. If an order is given to a broker to buy or sell listed bonds or stocks, the order is executed on a cash basis of  $\frac{1}{4}$  of 1 per cent. or 25c. per share (representing a par value of \$100). That is to say that 100 shares of Toronto Railway stock would cost \$25 brokerage.
3. It is dangerous to buy securities on small margins, and if you pay for securities outright, never leave them lying in the broker's office. Put them carefully in a safe deposit box, because if a broker fails and has your securities, your claim on the broker would rank only as an ordinary creditor. Buying on margin is very speculative, and the danger is in buying more than you can protect if the market declines and you are called upon for additional margin, which you cannot afford to put up.
4. A first mortgage bond or debenture is a first mortgage on the assets of a city, town, railroad, factory or any other corporation. Bonds or debentures are usually considered one of the safest forms of investment, especially municipal bonds. In selecting corporation bonds, returns are greater, but it is wise to see that these bonds have behind them assets to the extent of about three times the bond issue of the company in question, and if the bond is, say, paying 6 per cent., it is wise to select only those that are earning about three or four times their bond interest. As a rule it is unwise to invest in new issues or flotations. Stick by the old and established companies who have been running and have proven themselves.
5. There are two classes of stocks, namely, Preferred and Common. The Preferred ranks before the Common as to dividend and claim in case of insolvency. The Common stock usually represents water, in other words, capitalization and prospective earning power. This is a speculative issue. Usually a corporation is controlled by the Common stock on account of having the voting power.
6. Cumulative Preferred stock means that the dividend accumulates. If one period of dividend is passed, same will be paid at a later date.
7. Never invest money on the advice of a friend who is connected with that proposition, unless same can stand the severest investigation, like any other security. It is only natural that a person connected with a company is enthusiastic, and his judgment is often misleading as he does not get away from the proposition and view it under ordinary financial circumstances and conditions which surround all investments.
8. In selecting investments never put all your eggs in one basket; take a little of everything (this everything so far as safety is concerned, should be bonds) and see that the investments are scattered and all of different natures. The idea being that if one goes wrong, everything would not be lost.
9. Bank stocks are high priced as a rule and a target for reduced prices in bad times. Although bank stocks sell high, the return on the investment is small, and should a bank fail, the double liability clause holds you liable for as much more as you put in the stock, if the failure is very disastrous.
10. In having good bonds as an investment, little trouble is experienced as in real estate, where one has a lot of solicitor's fees to pay, law papers to sign, tenants to be balliffed out and rents to collect from tenants who are in arrears.
11. Do not seek investments that give large returns. The best investments only yield from about 4 to 5½ per cent. or 6 per cent. Usually when the return is as large as 6½ to 7½ per cent., the security is in weak hands or there is something else wrong. Preferred stock should yield these days to yield the investor 6 to 7 per cent., and the Common stock should also give big returns.
12. There are times that come once every few years when the market has a panic or great decline, when it is safe to sell bonds and buy stocks for big advances.
13. In selecting bonds for investment, most people prefer something of a liquid nature, that is when a security has a broad and ready market in which the security can be converted into cash without delay or much variation in price.
14. Usually bonds of a railroad or other public utility corporations are preferable to industrial corporations' bonds because a public utility corporation is not so affected by hard times, changes of tariff, competition and so many other minor troubles that enter into municipal and industrial business.
15. Never buy mining stocks as an investment. They are too speculative, and like most securities, the great danger is over capitalization.
16. Very often the securities of a company which shows a good financial statement are not viewed with favor. Statements can be juggled by expert bookkeepers. Sometimes it is very hard to get at the actual position of the company by its statement.
17. It is safer to have funds invested carefully in a good security than lying in one lump in a bank. Bank interest is not so great, and sometimes the security offered by depositing in a bank is not as great as various sound investments. Every six months a bond's coupons are torn off and placed in the bank or cashed, the same as a cheque.

Par means 100.

Premium means above par.

Discount means below par.

Bear means downwards.

Bull means upwards.

—\$—\$—

The monthly Bank Directory gives the number of branches of Canadian chartered banks as of May 31 as follows:

In Canada .....	2,296
Ontario .....	982
Quebec .....	360
Nova Scotia .....	108
New Brunswick .....	71
Prince Edward Island .....	16
Manitoba .....	187
Alberta .....	177
Saskatchewan .....	245
British Columbia .....	147
Yukon .....	3

In Newfoundland .....	6
Elsewhere .....	44

Total .....

2,346

Volume Ten of the Annual Financial Review, compiled by W. R. Houston, has just been issued. This work is practically invaluable to business people as a constant work of reference. It shows in the most convenient form the position at the time of compilation of the principal incorporated concerns of the country. This book is strictly up-to-date, is accurate in its information, and it is in its way a standard.



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TELEPHONE NO.  
9058 GERRARD.

*For William  
Ont  
June 16<sup>th</sup> 1910*

*J. J. Carrick Esq  
Port Arthur  
Ontario*

*Dear Sir*

*I wish you would kindly forward deeds of the two lots I purchased from your numbers 48 and 49 Mariday Park, C/o Sir Thomas Shaughnessy Montreal*

*I would like to add that in all my travels I have never seen more any property more ideal for residences than Mariday and anticipate a good profit on my investment*

*Yours truly  
Ernest Shackleton*

**LISTEN!** MARIDAY PARK property is selling beyond every reasonable expectation. Over

**TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS**

worth has already been purchased by Port Arthur and Fort William Investors—men whose acknowledged business acumen and sagacity have made them representative of the commercial life of these cities. They know good investments and they backed their judgment by liberal purchases of this beautiful residential property. We repeat, MARIDAY PARK lots are selling fast; if you want to participate the profits that will inevitably accrue from buying property in a growing city—buy now.

We have what we think is one of the most beautiful booklets on real estate ever published, and will be glad to send you a copy on request. It tells you everything you might possibly want to know about Mariday Park. We want you to investigate this proposition thoroughly before you buy, and would therefore suggest the importance of writing TODAY.

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